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229
IN THE COURSE OF OCTOBER.

Mr. MORTIMER will publish

SAINT JAMES'S:

OR,

THE COURT OF QUEEN ANNE.

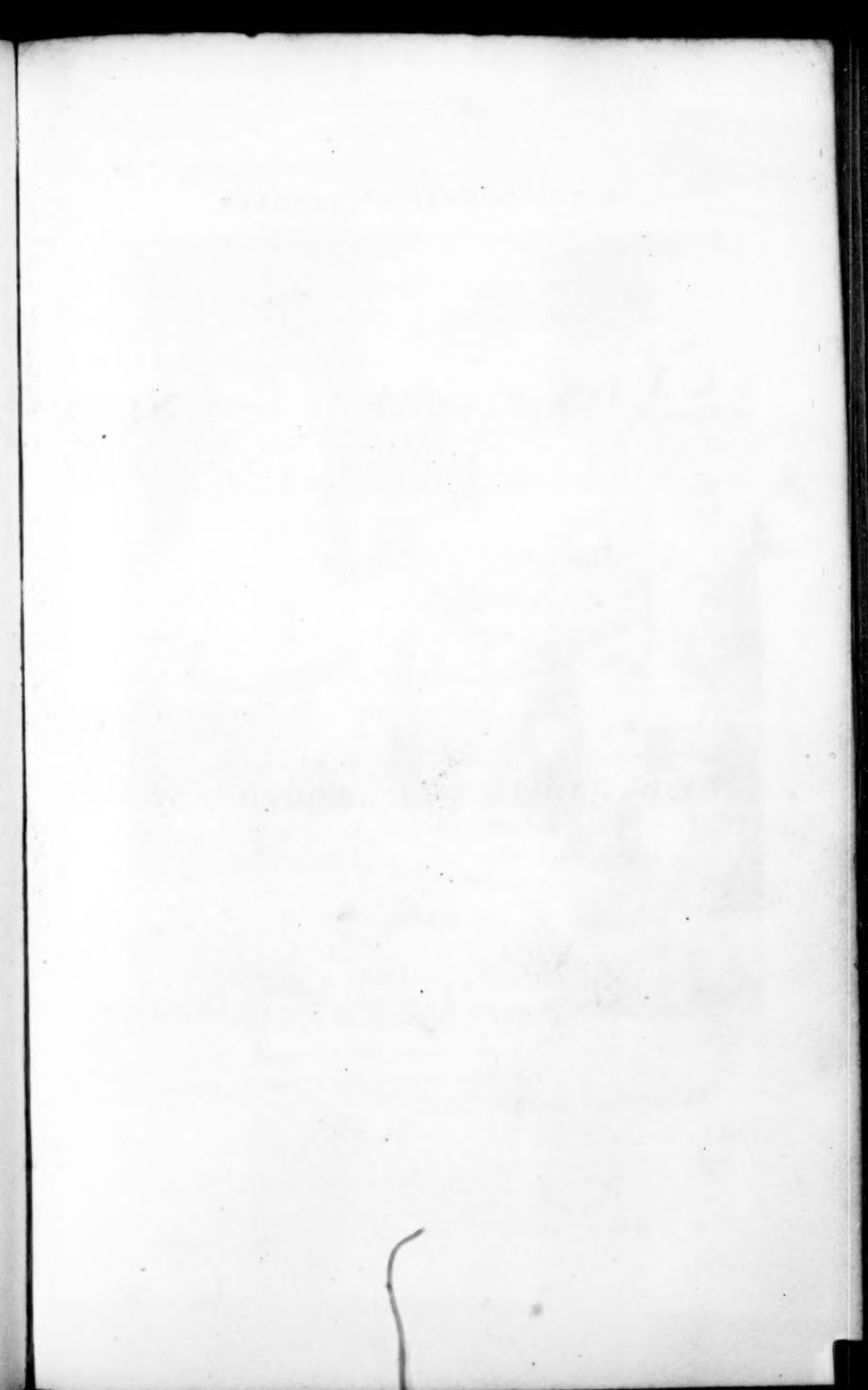
An Historical Romance.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

Adelaide Street, Trafalgar Square.





-SPITZ-

The Elixir of Long Life.

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REVELATIONS OF LONDON.

BY THE EDITOR.

Prologue.

1599.

THE ELIXIR OF LONG LIFE.

THE sixteenth century drew to a close. It was the last day of the last year, and two hours only were wanting to the birth of another year and of another century.

The night was solemn and beautiful. Myriads of stars paved the deep vault of heaven; the crescent moon hung like a silver lamp in the midst of them; a stream of rosy and quivering light issuing from the north traversed the sky, like the tail of some stupendous comet; while from its point of effluence broke forth, ever and anon, coruscations rivalling in splendour and variety of hue, the most brilliant discharge of fireworks.

A sharp frost prevailed; but the atmosphere was clear and dry, and neither wind nor snow aggravated the wholesome rigour of the season. The water lay in thick congealed masses around the conduits and wells, and the buckets were frozen on their stands. The thoroughfares were sheeted with ice, and dangerous to horsemen and vehicles; but the footways were firm and pleasant to the tread.

Here and there a fire was lighted in the streets, round which ragged urchins and mendicants were collected, roasting fragments of meat stuck upon iron prongs; or quaffing deep draughts of metheglin and ale, out of leathern cups. Crowds were collected in the open places, watching the wonders in the heavens, and drawing auguries from them, chiefly sinister, for most of the beholders thought the signs portended the speedy death of the queen, and the advent of a new monarch from the north—a safe and easy interpretation, considering the advanced age and declining health of the illustrious Elizabeth, together with the known appointment of her successor, James of Scotland.

Notwithstanding the early habits of the times, few persons had retired to rest, an universal wish prevailing among the citizens to see the new year in, and welcome the century accompanying it. Lights glimmered in most windows, revealing the holly-sprigs and laurel-leaves stuck thickly in their diamond panes; while, whenever a door was opened, a ruddy

gleam burst across the street; and a glance inside the dwelling shewed its inmates either gathered round the glowing hearth, occupied in mirthful sports—fox-i'th'-hole, blind-man's-buff, or shoe-the-mare—or seated at the ample board groaning with Christmas cheer.

Music and singing were heard at every corner, and bands of comely damsels, escorted by their sweethearts, went from house to house, bearing huge brown bowls dressed with ribbons and rosemary, and filled with a drink called "lamb's-wool," composed of sturdy ale, sweetened with sugar, spiced with nutmeg, and having toasts, and burnt crabs floating within it,—a draught from which seldom brought its pretty bearers less than a groat, and occasionally a more valuable coin.

Such was the vigil of the year Sixteen Hundred.

On this night, and at the tenth hour, a man of striking and venerable appearance was seen to emerge upon a small wooden balcony, projecting from a bay-window near the top of a picturesque structure situated at the southern extremity of London Bridge.

The old man's beard and hair were as white as snow—the former descending almost to his girdle—so were the thick overhanging brows that shaded his still piercing eyes. His forehead was high, bald, and ploughed by innumerable wrinkles. His countenance, despite its death-like paleness, had a noble and majestic cast, and his figure, though worn to the bone by a life of the severest study, and bent by the weight of years, must have been once lofty and commanding.

His dress consisted of a doublet and hose of sad-coloured cloth, over which he wore a loose gown of black silk. His head was covered by a square black cap, from beneath which his silver locks strayed over his shoulders.

This venerable personage was known by the name of Doctor Lamb, and being devoted to alchemical and philosophical pursuits, was esteemed by the vulgar as little better than a wizard. Strange tales were reported and believed of him. Amongst others, it was said he possessed a familiar, because he chanced to employ a deformed, crack-brained dwarf, who assisted him in his operations, and whom he appropriately enough styled Flapdragon.

The alchemist's gaze was fixed intently upon the heavens, and he seemed to be noting the position of the moon with reference to some particular star.

After remaining in this posture for a few minutes, the doctor was about to retire, when a loud crash arrested him, and he turned to see whence it proceeded.

Immediately before him stood the Southwark gateway—a square stone building, with a round, embattled turret at each corner, and a flat, leaden roof, planted with a forest of poles, fifteen or sixteen feet high, garnished with human heads. To

his surprise, the doctor perceived that two of these poles had just been pulled down by a tall man, who was in the act of stripping them of their grisly burthens.

Having accomplished his object, the mysterious plunderer thrust his spoil into a leathern bag with which he was provided, tied its mouth, and was about to take his departure by means of a rope-ladder attached to the battlements, when his retreat was suddenly cut off by the gatekeeper, armed with a halberd, and bearing a lantern, who issued from a door opening upon the leads.

The baffled marauder looked round, and remarking the open window at which Doctor Lamb was stationed, hurled the sack and its contents through it. He then tried to gain the ladder, but was intercepted by the gatekeeper, who dealt him a severe blow on the head with his halberd. The plunderer uttered a loud cry, and attempted to draw his sword; but before he could do so, he received a thrust in the side from his opponent. He then fell, and the gatekeeper would have repeated the blow, if the doctor had not called to him to desist.

"Do not kill him, good Baldred," he cried. "The attempt may not be so criminal as it appears. Doubtless, the mutilated remains, which the poor wretch has attempted to carry off, are those of his kindred, and horror at their exposure must have led him to commit the offence."

"It may be, doctor," replied Baldred; "and if so, I shall be sorry to have hurt him. But I am responsible for the safe custody of these heads, and it is as much as my own is worth to permit their removal."

"I know it," replied Doctor Lamb; "and you are fully justified in what you have done. It may throw some light upon the matter, to know whose miserable relics have been disturbed."

"They were the heads of two rank papists," replied Baldred, "who were decapitated on Tower Hill, on Saint Nicholas' day, three weeks ago, for conspiring against the queen."

"But their names?" demanded the doctor. "How were they styled?"

"They were father and son," replied Baldred;—"Sir Simon Darcy and Master Reginald Darcy. Perchance they were known to your worship?"

"Too well—too well!" replied Doctor Lamb, in a voice of anguish, that startled his hearer. "They were near kinsmen of mine own. What is he like who has made this strange attempt?"

"Of a verity, a fair youth," replied Baldred, holding down the lantern. "Heaven grant I have not wounded him to the death! No, his heart still beats. Ha! here are his tablets," he added, taking a small book from his doublet; "these may give the information you seek. You were right in your conjecture, doctor. The name herein inscribed is the same as that borne by the others—Auriol Darcy."

"I see it all," cried the doctor. "It was a pious and praiseworthy deed. Bring the unfortunate youth to my dwelling, Baldred, and you shall be well rewarded. Use dispatch—use dispatch!"

As the gatekeeper essayed to comply, the wounded man groaned deeply, as if in great pain.

"Fling me the weapon with which you smote him," cried Doctor Lamb, in accents of commiseration; "and I will anoint it with the powder of sympathy. His anguish will be speedily abated."

"I know your worship can accomplish wonders," cried Baldred, throwing the halberd into the balcony. "I will do my part as gently as I can."

And as the alchemist took up the weapon, and disappeared through the window, the gatekeeper lifted the wounded man by the shoulders, and conveyed him down a narrow winding staircase, contrived in one of the turrets, to a lower chamber. Though he proceeded as carefully as he could, the sufferer was evidently put to excruciating pain; and when Baldred placed him on a wooden bench, and held a lamp towards him, he perceived that his features were blackened and distorted.

"I fear it's all over with him," murmured the gatekeeper; "I shall have merely a dead body to take to Doctor Lamb. It would be a charity to knock him on the head, rather than to let him suffer thus. The doctor passes for a cunning man, but if he can cure this poor youth, without seeing him, by the help of his sympathetic ointment, I shall begin to believe, what some folks avouch, that he has dealings with the devil."

While Baldred was ruminating in this manner, a sudden and extraordinary change took place in the sufferer. As if by magic, the contraction of the muscles subsided; the features assumed a wholesome hue; and the respiration was no longer laborious. Baldred stared as if a miracle had been wrought.

Now that the countenance of the youth had regained its original expression, the gatekeeper could not help being struck by its extreme beauty. The face was a perfect oval, with regular and delicate features. A short silken moustache darkened the upper lip, which was short and proud, and a pointed beard terminated the chin. The hair was black, glossy, and cut short, so as to disclose a highly intellectual expanse of brow.

The figure of the youth was slight, but admirably proportioned. His attire consisted of a black satin doublet, slashed with white, hose of black silk, and a short velvet mantle. His eyes were still closed, and it was difficult to say what effect they might give to the face when they lighted it up; but notwithstanding its beauty, it was impossible not to admit that a strange, sinister, and almost demoniacal expression pervaded the countenance.

All at once, and with as much suddenness as his cure had

been effected, the young man started, uttered a piercing cry, and placed his hand to his side.

"Caitiff!" he cried, fixing his blazing eyes on the gatekeeper, "why do you torture me thus? Finish me at once—Oh!" And overcome by anguish, he sank back again.

"I have not touched you, sir," replied Baldred. "I brought you here to succour you. You will be easier anon. Doctor Lamb must have wiped the halberd," he added to himself.

Another sudden change. The pain fled from the sufferer's countenance, and he became easy as before.

"What have you done to me?" he asked, in a low tone; "the torture of my wound has suddenly ceased, and I feel as if a balm had been dropped into it. Let me remain in this state if you have any pity,—or despatch me, for my late agony was almost unsupportable."

"You are cared for by one who has greater skill than any surgeon in London," replied Baldred. "If I can manage to transport you to his lodgings, he will speedily heal your wounds."

"Do not delay then," replied Auriol, faintly; "for though I am free from pain, I feel that my life is ebbing fast away."

"Press this handkerchief to your side, and lean on me," said Baldred. "Doctor Lamb's dwelling is but a step from the gateway—in fact, the first house on the bridge. By the way, the doctor declares he is your kinsman."

"It is the first I ever heard of him," replied Auriol, faintly; "but take me to him quickly, or it will be too late."

In another moment they were at the doctor's door. Baldred tapped against it, and the summons was instantly answered by a diminutive personage, clad in a jerkin of coarse grey serge, and having a leathern apron tied round his waist. This was Flapdragon.

Blar-eyed, smoke-begrimed, lantern-jawed, the poor dwarf seemed as if his whole life were spent over the furnace. And so, in fact, it was. He had become little better than a pair of human bellows. In his hand, he held the halberd with which Auriol had been wounded.

"So you have been playing the leech, Flapdragon, eh?" cried Baldred.

"Ay, marry have I," replied the dwarf, with a wild grin, and displaying a wolfish set of teeth. "My master ordered me to smear the halberd with the sympathetic ointment. I obeyed him; rubbed the steel point, first on one side—then on the other; next wiped it; and then smeared it again."

"Whereby you put the patient to exquisite pain," replied Baldred; "but help me to transport him to the laboratory."

"I know not if the doctor will like to be disturbed," said Flapdragon. "He is busily engaged on some grand operation."

"I will take the risk on myself," said Baldred. "The youth will die if he remains here. See, he has fainted already!"

Thus urged, the dwarf laid down the halberd, and between the two, Auriol was speedily conveyed up a wide oaken staircase to the laboratory. Doctor Lamb was plying the bellows at the furnace, on which a large alembic was placed, and he was so engrossed by his task, that he scarcely noticed the entrance of the others.

"Place the youth on the ground, and rear his head against the chair," he cried, hastily, to the dwarf. "Bathe his brows with the decoction in that crucible. I will attend to him anon myself. Come to me, on the morrow, Baldred, and I will repay thee for thy trouble. I am busy now."

"These relics, doctor," cried the gatekeeper, glancing at the bag, which was lying on the ground, and from which a bald head protruded—"I ought to take them back with me."

"Heed them not—they will be safe in my keeping," cried Doctor Lamb, impatiently; "to-morrow—to-morrow."

Casting a furtive glance round the laboratory, and shrugging his shoulders, Baldred departed; and Flapdragon, having bathed the sufferer's temples with the decoction, in obedience to his master's injunctions, turned to inquire what he should do next.

"Begone!" cried the doctor, so fiercely that the dwarf darted out of the room, clapping the door after him.

Doctor Lamb then applied himself to his task with renewed ardour, and in a few seconds became wholly insensible of the presence of a stranger.

Revived by the stimulant, Auriol presently opened his eyes, and gazing round the room, thought he must be dreaming, so strange and fantastical did all appear. The floor was covered with the implements used by the adept—bolt-heads, crucibles, cucurbites, and retorts, scattered about without any attempt at arrangement. In one corner was a large terrestrial sphere; near it was an astrolabe; and near that a heap of disused glass vessels. On the other side, lay a black, mysterious-looking book, fastened with brazen clasps. Around it, were a ram's horn, a pair of forceps, a roll of parchment, a pestle and mortar, and a large plate of copper, graven with the mysterious symbols of the Isaical table. Near this was the leathern bag containing the two decapitated heads, one of which had partly rolled forth. On a table, at the further end of the room, stood a large open volume, with parchment leaves, covered with cabalistical characters, referring to the names of spirits. Near it were two parchment scrolls, written in letters, respectively denominated by the Chaldaic sages "the Malachim," and "the passing of the river." One of these scrolls was kept in its place by a skull. An ancient and grotesque-looking brass lamp, with two snake-headed burners, lighted the room. From the ceiling depended a huge, scaly sea-monster, with outspread fins, open jaws, garnished with tremendous teeth, and great goggling eyes. Near it hung the celestial sphere. The chimney-piece, which

was curiously carved, and projected far into the room, was covered with various implements of Hermetic science. Above it were hung dried bats and flitter-mice, interspersed with the skulls of birds and apes. Attached to the chimney-piece was an horary, sculptured in stone, near which hung a large star-fish. The fireplace was occupied by the furnace, on which, as has been stated, was placed an alembic, communicating by means of a long serpentine pipe, with a receiver. Within the room were two skeletons, one of which, placed behind a curtain in the deep embrasure of the window, where its polished bones glistened in the white moonlight, had a horrible effect. The other enjoyed more comfortable quarters near the chimney, its fleshless feet dangling down in the smoke arising from the furnace.

Doctor Lamb, meanwhile, steadily pursued his task, though he ever and anon paused, to fling certain roots and drugs, which he took out of glass vessels near him, upon the charcoal. As he did this, various-coloured flames broke forth—now blue, now green, now blood-red.

Tinged by these fires, the different objects in the chamber seemed to take other forms and to become instinct with animation. The gourd-shaped cucurbites were transformed into great bloated toads bursting with venom; the long-necked bolt-heads became monstrous serpents; the worm-like pipes, adders; the alembics looked like plumed helmets; the characters on the Isaical table, and those on the parchments seemed traced in fire, and to be ever changing; the sea-monster bellowed and roared, and, flapping his fins, tried to burst from his hook; the skeletons wagged their jaws, and raised their fleshless fingers in mockery, while blue lights burnt in their eyeless sockets; the bellows became a prodigious bat fanning the fire with its wings; and the old alchemist assumed the appearance of the arch-fiend presiding over a witch's sabbath.

Auriol's brain reeled, and he pressed his hand to his brows, to exclude these phantasms from his sight. But even thus they pursued him; and he imagined he could hear the infernal riot going on around him.

Suddenly, he was roused by a loud joyful cry, and uncovering his eyes, he beheld the old alchemist pouring the contents of the matrass—a bright, transparent liquid—into a small phial. Having carefully secured the bottle with a glass stopper, the doctor held it towards the light, and gazed at it with rapture.

“At length,” he exclaimed aloud—“at length, the great work is achieved. With the birth of the century now expiring, I first saw light, and the draught I hold in my hand shall enable me to see the opening of centuries and centuries to come. Composed of the lunar stones, the solar stones, and the mercurial stones—prepared according to the instructions of the Rabbi Ben Lucca, —namely, by the separation of the pure from the impure, the volatilization of the fixed, and the fixing of the volatile; this

elixir shall renew my youth, like that of the eagle, and give me length of days greater than any patriarch ever enjoyed."

While thus speaking, he held up the sparkling liquid, and gazed at it like a Persian worshipping the sun.

"To live for ever!" he cried, after a pause—"to escape the jaws of death just when they are opening to devour me! to be free from all accidents!—'tis a glorious thought!—ha!—I bethink me, the Rabbi said there was *one* peril against which the elixir could not guard me—*one* vulnerable point, by which, like the heel of Achilles, death might reach me! What is it?—where can it lie?"

And he relapsed into deep thought.

"This uncertainty will poison all my happiness," he continued; "I shall live in constant dread, as of an invisible enemy. But no matter! Perpetual life!—perpetual youth!—what more need be desired?"

"What more, indeed!" cried Auriol.

"Ha!" exclaimed the doctor, suddenly recollecting the wounded man, and concealing the phial beneath his gown.

"Your caution is vain, doctor," said Auriol. "I have heard what you have uttered. You imagine you have discovered the elixir vitæ."

"Imagine I have discovered it!" cried Doctor Lamb. "The matter is past all doubt. I am the possessor of the wondrous secret which the greatest philosophers of all ages have sought to discover—the miraculous preservative of the body against decay."

"The man who brought me hither told me you were my kinsman," said Auriol. "Is it so?"

"It is," replied the doctor, "and you shall now learn the connexion that subsists between us. Look at that ghastly relic," he added, pointing to the head protruding from the bag—"that was once my son Simon. His son's head is within the sack—your father's head—so that four generations are brought together."

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed the young man, raising himself on his elbow. "You, then, are my great-grandsire. My father supposed you had died in his infancy. An old tale runs in the family that you were charged with sorcery, and fled to avoid the stake."

"It is true that I fled, and took the name I bear at present," replied the old man; "but I need scarcely say that the charge brought against me was false. I have devoted myself to abstrusest science; have held commune with the stars; and have wrested the most hidden secrets from Nature—but that is all. Two crimes alone have stained my soul, but both, I trust, have been expiated by repentance."

"Were they deeds of blood?" asked Auriol.

"One was so," replied Darcy, with a shudder. "It was a

cowardly and treacherous deed, aggravated by the basest ingratitude. Listen, and you shall hear how it befel. A Roman rabbi, named Ben Lucca, skilled in Hermetic science, came to this city. His fame reached me, and I sought him out, offering myself as his disciple. For months, I remained with him in his laboratory—working at the furnace, and poring over mystic lore. One night, he shewed me that volume, and pointing to a page within it, said,—‘Those characters contain the secret of confecting the elixir of long life. I will now explain them to you, and afterwards we will proceed to the operation.’ With this, he unfolded the mystery; but he bade me observe, that the menstruum was defective on one point. Wherefore, he said, ‘there will still be peril from some hidden cause.’ Oh, with what greediness I drunk in his words! How I gazed at the mystic characters, as he explained their import! What visions floated before me of perpetual youth and enjoyment. At that moment, a demon whispered in my ear,—‘This secret must be thine own. No one else must possess it.’”

“Ha!” exclaimed Auriol, starting.

“The evil thought was no sooner conceived, than acted upon,” pursued Darcy. “Instantly drawing my poniard, I plunged it to the rabbi’s heart. But mark what followed. His blood fell upon the book, and obliterated the characters; nor could I by any effort of memory recall the composition of the elixir.”

“When did you regain the secret?” asked Auriol, curiously.

“To-night,” replied Darcy—“within this hour. For nigh fifty years after that fatal night I have been making fruitless experiments. A film of blood has obscured my mental sight. I have proceeded by calcitration, solution, putrefaction—have produced the oils which will fix crude mercury, and convert all bodies into sol and luna; but I have ever failed in fermenting the stone into the true elixir. To-night, it came into my head to wash the blood-stained page containing the secret with a subtle liquid. I did so; and doubting the efficacy of the experiment, left it to work, while I went forth to breathe the air at my window. My eyes were cast upwards, and I was struck with the malignant aspect of my star. How to reconcile this with the good fortune which has just befallen me, I know not,—but so it was. At this juncture, your rash, but pious attempt occurred. Having discovered our relationship, and enjoined the gate-keeper to bring you hither, I returned to my laboratory. On glancing towards the mystic volume, what was my surprise to see the page free from blood!”

Auriol uttered a slight exclamation, and gazed at the book with superstitious awe.

“The sight was so surprising, that I dropped the heads I had brought with me,” pursued Darcy. “Fearful of again losing the secret, I nerved myself to the task, and placing fuel on the fire, dismissed my attendant with brief injunctions relative to you.

I then set to work. — How I have succeeded, you perceive. I hold in my hand the treasure I have so long sought,—so eagerly coveted. The whole world's wealth should not purchase it from me."

Auriol gazed earnestly at his aged relative, but he said nothing.

"In a few moments, I shall be as full of vigour and activity as yourself," continued Darcy. "We shall be no longer the great-grand sire and his descendant, but friends—companions—equals,—equals in age, strength, activity, beauty, fortune—for youth is fortune—ha! ha! Methinks, I am already young again!"

"You spoke of two crimes with which your conscience was burthened," remarked Auriol. "You have mentioned but one."

"The other was not so foul as that I have described," replied Darcy, in an altered tone, "inasmuch as it was unintentional, and occasioned by no base motive. My wife, your ancestress, was a most lovely woman, and so passionately was I enamoured of her, that I tried by every art to heighten and preserve her beauty. I fed her upon the flesh of capons, nourished with vipers; caused her to steep her lovely limbs in baths distilled from roses and violets; and had recourse to the most potent cosmetics. At last, I prepared a draught from poisons—yes, *poisons*—the effect of which I imagined would be wondrous. She drank it, and expired horribly disfigured. Conceive my despair at beholding the fair image of my idolatry, destroyed—defaced by my hand. In my frenzy, I should have laid violent hands upon myself, if I had not been restrained. Love may again rule my heart—beauty may again dazzle my eyes; but I shall never more feel the passion I entertained for my lost Amice—never more behold charms ravishing as hers."

And he pressed his hand to his face.

"The mistake you then committed should serve as a warning," said Auriol. "What if it be poison you have now confectioned? Try a few drops of it on some animal."

"No—no; it is the true elixir," replied Darcy. "Not a drop must be wasted. There is only sufficient for the purpose. You will witness its effects anon. Like the snake, I shall cast my slough, and come forth younger than I was at twenty."

"Meantime, I beseech you render me some assistance," groaned Auriol, "or, while you are preparing for immortality, I shall expire before your eyes."

"Be not afraid," replied Darcy, "you shall take no harm. I will care for you presently; and I understand leechcraft so well, that I will answer for your speedy and perfect recovery."

"Drink, then, to it!" cried Auriol.

"I know not what stays my hand," said the old man, raising the phial; "but now that immortality is in my reach, I dare not grasp it."

"Give me the potion, then," cried Auriol.

"Not for worlds," rejoined Darcy, hugging the phial to his

breast. "No, I will be young again—rich—happy. I will go forth into the world—I will bask in the smiles of beauty—I will feast, revel, sing—life shall be one perpetual round of enjoyment. Now for the trial!—ha!" and as he raised the potion towards his lips, a sudden pang shot across his heart. "What is this?" he cried, staggering. "Can death assail me when I am just about to enter upon perpetual life? Help me, good grandson! Place the phial to my lips. Pour its contents down my throat—quick! quick!"

"I am too weak to stir," groaned Auriol. "You have delayed it too long."

"Oh, heavens! we shall both perish," shrieked Darcy, vainly endeavouring to raise his palsied arm,—“perish with the blissful shore in view.”

And he sank backwards, and would have fallen to the ground if he had not caught at the terrestrial sphere for support.

"Help me—help me!" he screamed, fixing a glance of unutterable anguish on his relative.

"It is worth the struggle," cried Auriol. And, by a great effort, he raised himself, and staggered towards the old man.

"Saved—saved!" shrieked Darcy. "Pour it down my throat. An instant, and all will be well."

"Think you I have done this for you?" cried Auriol, snatching the potion—"no—no."

And, supporting himself against the furnace, he placed the phial to his lips, and eagerly drained its contents.

The old man seemed paralysed by the action, but kept his eye fixed upon the youth till he had drained the elixir to the last drop. He then uttered a piercing cry, threw up his arms, and fell heavily backwards.

Dead—dead!

Flashes of light passed before Auriol's eyes, and strange noises smote his ears. For a moment he was bewildered as with wine, and laughed and sang discordantly like a madman. Every object reeled and danced around him. The glass vessels and jars clashed their brittle sides together, yet remained uninjured; the furnace breathed forth flames and mephitic vapours; the spiral worm of the alembic became red hot, and seemed filled with molten lead; the pipe of the bolt-head ran blood; the sphere of the earth rolled along the floor, and rebounded from the wall as if impelled by a giant hand; the skeletons grinned and gibbered; so did the death's head on the table; so did the skulls against the chimney; the monstrous sea-fish belched forth fire and smoke; the bald decapitated head opened its eyes, and fixed them, with a stony glare, on the young man; while the dead alchemist shook his hand menacingly at him.

Unable to bear these accumulated horrors, Auriol became, for a short space, insensible. On recovering, all was still. The lights within the lamp had expired; but the bright moonlight,

streaming through the window, fell upon the rigid features of the unfortunate alchemist, and on the cabalistic characters of the open volume beside him.

Eager to test the effect of the elixir, Auriol put his hand to his side. All traces of the wound were gone; nor did he experience the slightest pain in any other part of his body. On the contrary, he seemed endowed with preternatural strength. His breast dilated with rapture, and he longed to expend his joy in active motion.

Striding over the body of his aged relative, he threw open the window. As he did so, joyous peals burst from surrounding churches, announcing the arrival of the new year.

While listening to this clamour, Auriol gazed at the populous and picturesque city stretched out before him, and bathed in the moonlight.

"A hundred years hence," he thought, "and scarcely one soul of the thousands within those houses will be living, save myself. A hundred years after that, and their children's children will have gone to the grave. But I shall live on—shall live through all changes—all customs—all time. What revelations I shall then have to make, if I should dare to disclose them!"

As he ruminated thus, the skeleton hanging near him was swayed by the wind, and its bony fingers came in contact with his cheek. A dread idea was suggested by the occurrence.

"There is one peril to be avoided," he thought; "one peril!—what is it? Pshaw! I will think no more of it. It may never arise. I will begone. This place fevers me."

With this, he left the laboratory, and hastily descending the stairs, at the foot of which he found Flapdragon, passed out of the house.

BOOK THE FIRST.

AURIOL.

I.

THE RUINED HOUSE IN THE VAUXHALL ROAD.

LATE one night, in the spring of 1830, two men issued from a low, obscurely situated public-house, near Millbank, and shaped their course apparently in the direction of Vauxhall Bridge. Avoiding the footpath near the river, they moved stealthily along the further side of the road, where the open ground offered them an easy means of flight, in case such a course should be found expedient.

So far as it could be discerned by the glimpses of the moon, which occasionally shone forth from a rack of heavy clouds, the appearance of these personages was not much in their favour. Haggard features, stamped deeply with the characters of crime and debauchery; fierce, restless eyes; beards of several days' growth; wild, unkempt heads of hair, formed their chief personal characteristics; while sordid and ragged clothes; shoes without soles; and old hats without crowns, constituted the sum of their apparel.

One of them was tall and gaunt, with large hands and feet; but, despite his meagreness, he evidently possessed great strength: the other was considerably shorter, but broad-shouldered, bow-legged, long-armed, and altogether a most formidable ruffian. This fellow had high cheek-bones, a long aquiline nose, and a coarse mouth and chin, in which the animal greatly predominated. He had a stubby, red beard, with sandy hair, white brows and eyelashes. The countenance of the other was dark, and repulsive, and covered with blotches, the result of habitual intemperance. His eyes had a leering and malignant look. A handkerchief spotted with blood, and tied across his brow, contrasted strongly with his matted black hair, and increased his natural appearance of ferocity. The shorter ruffian carried a mallet upon his shoulder, and his companion concealed something beneath the breast of his coat, which afterwards proved to be a dark lantern.

Not a word passed between them, but, keeping a vigilant lookout, they trudged on with quick, but shambling steps. A few sounds arose from the banks of the river, and there was now and then a plash in the water, or a distant cry, betokening some passing craft; but generally, all was profoundly still. The quaint, Dutch-looking structures on the opposite bank, the line of coal-barges and lighters moored to the strand, the great timber-yards and coal-yards, the brew-houses, gas-works, and water-works, could only be imperfectly discerned; but the moonlight fell clear upon the ancient towers of Lambeth Palace,

and on the neighbouring church. The same glimmer also ran like a silver belt across the stream, and revealed the great, stern, fortress-like pile of the Penitentiary—perhaps the most dismal-looking structure in the whole metropolis. The world of habitations beyond this melancholy prison were buried in darkness. The two men, however, thought nothing of these things, and saw nothing of them; but, on arriving within a couple of hundred yards of the bridge, suddenly, as if by previous concert, quitted the road, and leaping a rail, ran across a field, and plunged into a hollow formed by a dried pit, where they came to a momentary halt.

“You’ve haven’t been a-gammonin’ me in this matter, Tinker?” observed the shorter individual. “The cove’s sure to come?”

“Why, you can’t expect me to answer for another as I can for myself, Sandman,” replied the other; “but if his own word’s to be taken for it, he’s sartin to be there. I heerd him say as plainly as I’m a-speakin’ to you,—‘I’ll be here to-morrow night—at the same hour——’”

“And that was one o’clock?” said the Sandman.

“Thereabouts,” replied the other.

“And who did he say that to?” demanded the Sandman.

“To hisself, I s’pose,” answered the Tinker; “for, as I told you afore, I could see no one with him.”

“Do you think he’s one of our purfession—one of the Family?” inquired the Sandman.

“Bless you! no—that he ain’t,” returned the Tinker. “He’s a reg’lar slap-up svell.”

“That’s no reason at all,” said the Sandman. “Many a first-rate svell practises in our line. But he can’t be in his right mind to come to such a ken as that, and go on as you mentions.”

“As to that I can’t say,” replied the Tinker; “and it don’t much matter as far as we’re consarned.”

“Devil a bit!” rejoined the Sandman, “except—you’re sure it warn’t a sperrit, Tinker. I’ve heerd say that this crib is haunted, and though I don’t fear no livin’ man, a ghost’s a different sort of customer.”

“Vell, you’ll find our svell raal flesh and blood, you may depend upon it,” replied the Tinker. “So come along, and don’t let’s be frightenin’ ourselves vith ould vimen’s tales.”

With this, they emerged from the pit, crossed the lower part of the field, and entered a narrow thoroughfare, skirted by a few detached houses, which brought them into the Vauxhall-bridge Road.

Here they kept on the side of the street which was most in shadow, and crossed over whenever they came to a lamp. By and by, two watchmen were seen advancing from Belvoir-terrace, and, as the guardians of the night drew near, they crept into an alley to let them pass. As soon as the coast was clear, they ventured forth, and quickening their pace, came to a row



The Ruined house in the Vauxhall Road

of deserted and dilapidated houses. This was their destination.

The range of habitations in question, more than a dozen in number, were, in all probability, what is vulgarly called "in chancery," and shared the fate of most property similarly circumstanced. They were in a sad, ruinous state — unroofed, without windows and floors. The bare walls were alone left standing, and these were in a very tumble-down condition.

In this state, the only purpose to which the neglected dwellings could be applied, was to turn them into receptacles for old iron, blocks of stone and wood, and other ponderous matters. The aspect of the whole place was so dismal and suspicious, that it was generally avoided by passengers after nightfall.

Skulking along the blank and dreary walls, the Tinker, who was now a little in advance, stopped before a door, and pushing it open, entered the dwelling. His companion followed him.

The extraordinary and incongruous assemblage of objects which met the gaze of the Sandman, coupled with the deserted appearance of the place, produced an effect upon his hardy but superstitious nature.

Looking round, he beheld huge mill-stones, enormous water-wheels, boilers of steam-engines, iron vats, cylinders, cranes, iron pumps of the strangest fashion, a gigantic pair of wooden scales, old iron safes, old boilers, old gas pipes, old water pipes, cracked old bells, old birdcages, old plates of iron, old pulleys, ropes, and rusty chains, huddled and heaped together in the most fantastic disorder.

In the midst of the chaotic mass frowned the bearded and colossal head of Neptune, which had once decorated the fore part of a man-of-war. Above it, on a sort of framework, lay the prostrate statue of a nymph, together with a bust of Fox, the nose of the latter being partly demolished, and the eyes knocked in. Above these, three wooden figures from a summer-house,—an old gentleman and two ladies,—laid their heads amicably together. On the left stood a tall Grecian divinity, or warrior, but minus the head and right hand. The whole was surmounted by an immense ventilator, stuck on the end of an iron rod, ascending, like a lightning-conductor, from the steam-engine pump.

Seen by the transient light of the moon, the various objects above enumerated produced a strange effect upon the beholder's imagination. There was a mixture of the grotesque and the terrible about them. Nor was the building itself devoid of a certain influence upon his mind. The ragged brickwork, overgrown with weeds, took with him the semblance of a human face, and seemed to keep a wary eye on what was going forward below.

A means of crossing from one side of the building to the other, without descending into the vault beneath, was afforded by a couple of planks; though as the wall on the further side was

some feet higher than that near at hand, and the planks were considerably bent, the passage appeared somewhat hazardous.

Glancing round for a moment, the Tinker leaped into the cellar, and unmasking his lantern shewed a sort of hiding-place, between a bulk of timber and a boiler, to which he invited his companion.

The Sandman jumped down.

"The ale I drank at the 'Two Fighting Cocks' has made me feel somewhat drowsy, Tinker," he remarked, stretching himself on the bulk, "I'll just take a snooze. You'll wake me up if I snore—or when our sperrit appears."

The Tinker replied in the affirmative; and the other had just become lost to consciousness, when he received a nudge in the side, and his companion whispered—"He's here!"

"Where—where?" demanded the Sandman, in some trepidation.

"Look up, and you'll see him," replied the other.

Slightly altering his position, the Sandman caught sight of a figure standing upon the planks above them. It was that of a young man. His hat was off, and his features, exposed to the full radiance of the moon, looked deathly pale, and though handsome, had a strange sinister expression. He was tall, slight, and well-proportioned; and the general cut of his attire, the tightly-buttoned, single-breasted coat, together with the moustache upon his lip, gave him somewhat of a military air.

"He seems a-valkin' in his sleep," muttered the Sandman. "He's a-speakin' to somebody unwisable."

"Hush—hush!" whispered the other. "Let's hear wot he's a-sayin'."

"Why have you brought me here?" cried the young man, in a voice so hollow that it thrilled his auditors. "What is to be done?"

"It makes my blood run cold to hear him," whispered the Sandman. "What d'ye think he sees?"

"Why do you not speak to me?" cried the young man—"why do you beckon me forward? Well, I obey. I will follow you."

And he moved slowly across the plank.

"See, he's a-goin' through that door," cried the Tinker. "Let's foller him."

"I don't half like it," replied the Sandman, his teeth chattering with apprehension. "We shall see summat as 'll scare away our senses."

"Tut!" cried the Tinker—"it's only a sleepy-valker. Wot are you afeerd on?"

With this, he vaulted upon the planks, and peeping cautiously out of the open door to which they led, saw the object of his scrutiny enter the adjoining house, through a broken window.

Making a sign to the Sandman, who was close at his heels, the Tinker crept forward on all fours, and on reaching the window, raised himself just sufficiently to command the interior of the

dwelling. Unfortunately for him, the moon was at this moment obscured, and he could distinguish nothing except the dusky outline of the various objects with which the place was filled, and which were nearly of the same kind as those of the neighbouring habitation. He listened intently, but not the slightest sound reached his ears.

After some time spent in this way, he began to fear the young man must have departed, when all at once a piercing scream resounded through the dwelling. Some heavy matter was dislodged, with a thundering crash, and footsteps were heard approaching the window.

Hastily retreating to their former hiding-place, the Tinker and his companion had scarcely regained it, when the young man again appeared on the plank. His demeanour had undergone a fearful change. He staggered, rather than walked, and his countenance was even paler than before. Having crossed the plank, he took his way along the top of the broken wall towards the door.

"Now, then, Sandman!" cried the Tinker—"now's your time!"

The other nodded, and grasping his mallet with a deadly and determined purpose, sprang noiselessly upon the wall, and overtook his intended victim just before he gained the door.

Hearing a sound behind him, the young man turned, and only just became conscious of the presence of the Sandman, when the mallet descended upon his head, and he fell crushed and senseless to the ground.

"The work's done!" cried the Sandman to his companion, who instantly came up with the dark lantern; "let's take him below, and strip him."

"Agreed," replied the Tinker; "but first let's see wot he has got in his pockets."

"Vith all my 'art," replied the Sandman, searching the clothes of the victim. "A reader!—I hope it's well-lined. We'll examine it below. The body 'ud tell awkvard tales if any von should chance to peep in."

"Shall we strip him here?" said the Tinker. "Now the darkey shines on 'em, you see wot famous togs the cull has on."

"Do you want to have us scragged, fool?" cried the Sandman, springing into the vault. "Now, hoist him down here."

With this, he placed the wounded man's legs over his own shoulders, and, aided by his comrade, was in the act of heaving down the body, when the street door suddenly flew open, and a stout individual, attended by a couple of watchmen, appeared at it.

"There the villains are!" shouted the new comer. "They have been murdering a gentleman. Seize 'em—seize 'em!"

And as he spoke, he discharged a pistol, the ball from which whistled past the ears of the Tinker.

Without waiting for another salute of the same kind, which might possibly be nearer its mark, the ruffian kicked the lantern into the vault, and sprang after the Sandman, who had already disappeared.

Acquainted with the intricacies of the place, the Tinker guided his companion through a hole into an adjoining vault, whence they scaled a wall, got into the next house, and passing through an open window, made good their retreat, while the watchmen were vainly searching for them under every bulk and piece of iron.

"Here, watchmen!" cried the stout individual, who had acted as leader; "never mind the villains just now, but help me to convey this poor young gentleman to my house, where proper assistance can be rendered him. He still breathes; but he has received a terrible blow on the head. I hope his skull aint broken."

"It's to be hoped it aint, Mr. Thornicroft," replied the foremost watchman; "but them wos two desperate characters, as ever I see, and capable of any hatterosity."

"What a frightful scream I heard to be sure!" cried Mr. Thornicroft. "I was certain somethin' dreadful was goin' on. It was fortunate I wasn't gone to bed; and still more fortunate you happened to be comin' up at the time. But we musn't stand chatterin' here. Bring the poor young gentleman along—bring him along."

Preceded by Mr. Thornicroft, the watchmen carried the wounded man across the road towards a small house, the whole front of which, together with two wooden out-buildings, were decorated with articles of iron. The door was held open by a female servant, with a candle in her hand. The poor woman uttered a cry of horror, as the body was brought in.

"Don't be crying out in that way, Peggy," cried Mr. Thornicroft, "but go and get me the brandy. Here, watchmen, lay the poor young gentleman down on the sofa—there, gently, gently. And now, one of you run to Wheeler-street, and fetch Mr. Howell, the surgeon. Less noise, Peggy—less noise, or you'll waken your young missis, and I wouldn't have her disturbed for the world."

With this, he snatched the bottle of brandy from the maid, filled a wine-glass with the spirit, and poured it down the throat of the wounded man. A stifling sound followed, and after struggling violently for respiration for a few seconds, the patient opened his eyes.

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF G. P. R. JAMES.

"THE GIPSY," "MARY OF BURGUNDY," AND THEIR AUTHOR.

THERE is an incidental remark in one of the romances of Mr. James, to the effect, that if one could write the history of man's heart and its motives, how much more interesting, and instructive too, would the record be than the brightest volume that ever was written upon man's actions. It is because we hold that the stories of this popular contributor to the pleasures of the wide world of readers, wherever fiction in any of its infinite shapes is relished, are in an eminent degree combinations of the two essentials to interest and instruction—uniting with all that is bright and picturesque in man's actions, much that relates to the inner wonders of his heart and its motives,—for this reason it is, that we make the present reprint and collection of his works the subject of a welcome in these pages.

If any work were wanting to prove that this writer, besides being a powerful and brilliant chronicler of events, is a close, keen, searcher into the secrecies of humanity, an expounder of the heart's inexhaustible philosophy, and an uncompromising though unobtrusive moralist, here it is at once to be found in the opening volume of his proposed series: the series being a revised and corrected edition of those tales and novels with which he has enriched the modern library of fiction during the past twenty years, and invested history, tradition, and fancy, with fascinations for readers of all ages.

Of this design, which is to be worked out in quarterly volumes, each containing a novel, the commencement has already appeared—in a form the most attractive to the true novel-reader, presenting a page neither too meagre nor too full. The author has assigned himself the task of revising the whole of his writings, and doubtless it will be no light one, though his readers can have as little question that the result will amply reward his labours. In the production of such a series of works, of tales which must have involved so much previous research, and acquaintance with books of almost every period and country, such minute and curious knowledge, such patient investigation of subjects often quite away from the beaten track, it is quite impossible that any anxiety or habits of accuracy could be an effectual guard at all seasons against mistake; nor is it more possible that pages written with such dazzling rapidity, and with such a free and spontaneous flow of language, can be wholly free from those errors of composition, and defects in point of polish or concentration, which do not always escape the most laboured and fastidious pen. The memory possessed by Mr. James is perfectly wonderful, and more than a literary curiosity; and his style, as well as his facts, is singularly correct, if not invariably concise; but there cannot be a doubt that he is highly fortunate in this golden opportunity of revising and correcting his works, and giving them the benefit of his matured and deliberate judgment. That pleasant fortune his readers will share, unless he should happen to follow the example set by some writers, and under the plea of correcting, proceed to remodel his stories; changing the "venue" perhaps from Devon-

shire to Venice, bringing on new characters and displacing an old one, marrying off his hero instead of touchingly murdering him, or leaving a fair heroine, at the close of the scene, preparing for a nunnery instead of the nursery: whither Romance, after all, ordinarily tends, the common-place being supplementary to the sublime.

There is no danger of such grievous bewilderment to readers with good memories in Mr. James's case, if we may assume the principle of revision to be laid down in the opening story of the series. That story, moreover, has been well chosen for the introductory office; it is "The Gipsy," eminently worthy of the post of honour. This volume, we believe, has obtained a wide circulation in its present form; and we say it most cordially and unaffectedly, that it merits the widest. Few tales are calculated to interest more deeply, or to leave upon the enthusiastic and sensitive mind, a more delightful, a more lasting impression.

If we may presume to suppose that "The Gipsy," from its being selected as Volume One of the attractive series, stands high, or even highest in the estimation of its author, few of his readers, perhaps, would dissent from such a judgment. With ourselves it is an especial favourite. It takes a firm moral hold of an honest reader.

And here we may as well remark at once, that whatever defects of haste, misapprehension, or crudeness, Mr. James may detect in the course of his experiment of correcting, he is one of those authors who have nothing to erase but blots of a literary kind, perceptible, more or less, by all; nothing to strike away but redundancies or obscure passages; nothing to correct but imperfect narrative or misconstructed plot. For with as much gratification as confidence it may be declared, and every critical reader of his books must feel it to be true, that in no one portion of them, domestic or historical, is Mr. James called upon, by his conscientiousness and just feeling of responsibility as an author, to "revise or correct" any lesson inculcated by a story of his, to alter the tone or tendency of any chapter he has written, in regard to its moral influences upon the reader, young or old—to blot out a single line on the score of coarseness, or vulgarity, or offence of any kind to the highest or the nicest taste of the present time. Not a word anywhere. On the contrary, all his writings have a healthy and refining tendency; raising the mind by the contemplation of what is ennobled and exalted, softening it by pictures of suffering and endurance, moving the universal sympathies, and invigorating its virtuous passions by bold, but never overcharged delineations of evil, with misery dogging its steps, even when riot, luxury, and apparent success are of the company.

Such we believe to be the spirit of all the fictions referred to; the instructive points are never thrust forcibly into view, but neither are they ever lost sight of; no false doctrine, in respect either to sentiment or conduct, finds encouragement in any of them; a devout adoration of the Deity, we may venture to say, infuses into some appropriate scene or passage, not unfrequently, a feeling of beautiful solemnity, and is indicative of the objects and character of the writer. To say all in fewer words—his works, throughout their extent, supply by subject and by illustration, the most effective rebuke to the thoughtless undervaluers and the fanatical denouncers of novel and romance; they are sure to afford innocent pleasure, while they are not destitute of signs

that they may serve even a higher purpose. They seldom fail to beget in us a better temper towards men, and in proportion as they do that, they inspire us with a profounder reverence for the Creator.

In the feeling awakened by the story of "The Gipsy," which we may at least regard as the specimen tale of the domestic kind, all the impressions here described are embodied. The incidents of the tale, it is intimated, are true; they may or may not be, but we know the characters are; we are sure that the motives, the feelings, and the lessons to be drawn from them are very true. It is a story of actions, but more of motives, passions, and the mind; in other words, the reader derives more knowledge of the characters through the medium of their feelings and speculations, their antipathies, affinities, and prejudices, than by any actual deeds done and performed by them, though these are all perfectly consistent and expressive. The persons of the story have characters by which they would be known, though they chanced to do nothing at all. Action in this tale illustrates character with remarkable nicety.

It is a story of a supposed fratricide, the reputed murderer succeeding to a title and large estates; and his beloved son, a chivalrous and quick-spirited youth, receiving for the first time intelligence of the appalling event, when he is just on the eve of marriage, from a gipsy chief, who had been once suspected as the assassin. He was but the unseen witness of the deed, the resolute concealer of the assassin's name. When he breathes it, its effects can only be to strike down a gallant, generous youth from high nobility and affluence to a condition whose lightest penalties were exile and beggary. But the poor gipsy is a more potent spirit than Lord Dewry, dead or living, and he weaves some threads of blessedness into this web of evil. A light, golden edge, with summer hopes peering above it, is at intervals visible round the dark thunder-cloud of fate. The story is not overshadowed (none of this author's are) by pain and gloom.

The positive action comprises but few persons, and covers but a short space of time; the interest, however, is so concentrated, that from the point where it first, after long smouldering, bursts into a flame, it never for a moment abates, or ceases to lighten up all that there is of the imaginative, the wondering, and the sympathizing in the reader's nature. There is a spell cast over him, close and irresistible as that which works upon his mind, when Fenimore Cooper carries him, breathless with curiosity and suspense, over his trackless and interminable prairies. The glorious gipsy, Pharold, is a sort of Indian "pale-face," a white skin, with a red man's instincts; or rather, he is a Leatherstocking of the fields, hill-sides, and hedgeways of England. All the scenes in which he is prominently engaged are drawn with admirable power—a power that gathers strength at each repetition of its exercise: certain test of the vivid reality of the conception, and of the author's faith in his own work. In the keen gipsy's midnight excursions and adventures in park and wood, his starlight flittings on mysterious roads, his collisions with foresters and keepers to protect even the misguided and worthless of his wandering race,—above all, in those scenes where this generous and disinterested being, with courage and fidelity blending in every drop of the blood that rushes through his proud heart, is hunted and chased, hour by hour, by hound-like enemies through the tangled mazes of woods; where,

amidst a hundred perils and unspeakable persecutions, he snatches from the torrent, into which he plunged, the daughter of the family whose chief seeks his life with insatiable hatred and vindictiveness, bearing her to her very house, only to be captured; where, too, the gipsy hero, firm to meet inevitable death rather than violate a promise given, is lured in cold-blooded treachery into a trap by the youth whose life he is perilling his own to save;—we are continually reminded, in all these encounters and escapes, of the alarms, vicissitudes, agitation, excitements and suspense, of Cooper's Indian Scenes; and if we knew how to express higher admiration, the Gipsy should have it.

Pharold is a creature of the rarest virtues and the wildest and most incurable prejudices. His bitter misanthropy, his intellectual and ardent love of nature, his contempt for law and law-practices, his unconquerable aversion to the habits and usages of towns and social life, his thirst for liberty, which is the passion of its existence, are all equalled, but only equalled in intensity, by the native heroism of his heart, by the depth of his affections, by his trustworthiness under awful temptations, and by his eager love of all good and noble men. Such a character, unless bravely developed as it was richly imagined, would be apt to degenerate into the melo-dramatic and the extravagant. Pharold, on the contrary, shoots, as he should do, from the broad level of the natural, on which the character is based, into the romantic and the poetical. There is a great deal of tender and beautiful writing embodying these gipsy humanities, and the page often glows with lofty sentiment, while it sparkles with thought.

There is nothing to be read in any book much more affecting than Pharold's dejected love and unrewarded devotedness; nothing more elevating to the spirit than the spectacle of his truthfulness and dignity amidst persecutions.

And what a thrilling, well-constructed story is that of which Pharold is the humble hero! Moreover, it has a well-concealed catastrophe, mitigating the pain which had been growing excessive; though this pain is softened all through, in some degree, by a gentleness of heart and a sympathy with all genial and loving natures, that insensibly oozes through the narrative and wins one to the course of the story, wander as it will—which is never far from the point. It teaches a better lesson than despondency. But the terrible exhibition of depravity in the usurping Lord Dewry, his gradual dropping into low degrees of wretchedness and crime, the constant widening of the foul circle of sin, the spasms of daily and hourly fear, the withering influences of remorse—these required relief, and relief we have in delineations of three or four of the most genial characters that ever, by their manifest reality, made melancholy people, studious of romance, fall violently in love with real life again. These are chiefly ladies, three graces, of whom one might be a grandmother, and yet is she the first divinity of the three. Fine old Mrs. Falkland is, without exception, the most exquisite and worshipable elderly lady in all literature; every part of her conduct is delightful, and yet she is pure nature, without exaggeration or disguise. No picture could be touched with less pretence or more happy effect. But the two younger fascinators—the high-minded, affectionate Marian, and the more frolicsome and giddy, but hardly less fervid and soft-hearted

Isadore—are heroines worthy to repose under the wings of a Mrs. Falkland. In loftier phrase, we already have the portraits of this pair, in their fresh colours and unfading lustre, placed “on the line” in the portrait-gallery of the true feminine ideal.

No extract would fully exemplify the spirit of this romance, not even one of the spirited park scenes, or the interview between the proud, guilty nobleman and the miserable gipsy lad whom he lures into treachery at which the heart sickens, it is so unspeakably base.

“Mary of Burgundy,” the second volume of this edition, commences the historical series. This was the first of his works on which the author employed an amanuensis, the plan of dictation being suggested by Sir Walter Scott as a great alleviation of literary labour. The reader, by a comparison of these pages with the previous writings of Mr. James, may judge if any difference or peculiarity be consequent upon this change in the process of composition. If the plan of dictating have a general tendency, as some think, to engender a profusion of words and habits of needless elaboration—the distinction being that which exists between a written essay and a speech delivered—it should at least be remembered that “Paradise Lost” is no example of verboseness.

This romance seems to have resulted from speculations and inquiries growing out of the Three Days in Paris, and the general state of opinion in Europe at that time. Revolutions were not just then very extraordinary romances; nevertheless, Mr. James being on the actual scene of the great French drama, had opportunities of learning the motives, and even some of the secret proceedings of various agents in the giant work; and hence a train of speculation and some historical research regarding the important point, whether such insurrections are not very frequently failures, even when they appear to be successes; whether the changes commonly effected by revolutions, even where they interfere with dynasties, subvert parties, transpose factions, and threaten to alter the framework of society, are not, nevertheless, changes more apparent than real.

He remarks:—“On looking back throughout all history, I found that, in almost every case, where great movements of the masses had taken place, the ultimate results were by no means commensurate with the forces brought into operation; that institutions very similar to those which had been carried away rose again in their place; modified it is true—but slightly; and that changes of names were more commonly to be found than changes of things, as the consequences of a revolution.” This is to some extent true, and the reasons are obvious. The great qualities of energy, patriotism, courage, and unity, in the assertion of rights and privilege, often displayed by a people, are called forth by the pressure of grievances, and the ill-working of institutions. With their overthrow and removal, the great effort for redress ceases; the myriads who effect the revolution are not adequate to the task of re-construction; and having with toils and sacrifices performed their part of the compact, they are apt to conclude the work accomplished, and to tolerate, in the season of comparative ease and tranquillity, re-erectations under the name of new erections.

At all events, with reflections on revolutions in his mind, he turned to the striking subject of the revolt of the people of Ghent, in the time of the beautiful and interesting Mary; and in the chronicles

of Flanders, and various writers rich in the narratives of the time, he found incidents sufficiently romantic and abundant to give invention a holiday. Fiction, however, by no means sleeps through the course of these historical pages; for although the principal incidents are unquestionably authentic, imagination supplies not merely the rich colouring and the connecting scenes, but facts and characters in the liveliest profusion. It is one of the most dramatic, vigorous, and animated of his narratives, interesting us both by persons and events. The Princess herself is a noble reality, adorned with all the loveliness of fancy; and of the characters purely imaginary, Albert Maurice, the chief, stands out as a figure conceived in a masterly mould of revolutionary romance; while every modification of the character, as it is affected in its course by its own innate weaknesses and by the influence of outward circumstances, is marked with consummate discrimination. With the political philosophy of the hero and the story, we have nothing to do. The romance has now the advantage of a graphic introduction.

But it is the general preface, introductory of the series, at which we have, in conclusion, to glance. If Mr. James is herein egotistical, as he says, all that the better. The egotism of an author is generally the gain of his readers, who have no other chance of a personal meeting with him. There is little, however, of the personal in it. Of story, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, he "has none to tell;" but he affords us a pleasant peep or two into the dim opening corners of his boyish mind, and shews us how much of the pleasure derivable from the many-coloured devices of his fancy, and from his intellectual ardour and penetration, we owe to the favour and encouragement extended to his early essays in literature, by two men who will ever be known to the world as equally amiable and eminent—Washington Irving and Walter Scott. To the latter he once wrote, sending him a youthful volume, innocently asking the great author *to read it*, and promising to abide by his decision—be it to write on or desist. Scott read and advised:—Write on! Hence this splendid and prosperous series of romances! As Sir John was not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in others, so Sir Walter was not only an immense novelist, but the cause of novels. Mr. James will readily forgive us, when we profess to be grateful to his illustrious adviser in each of the two characters.

Mr. James, however, favours us with some particulars of his boyhood. He was at a large school at Putney, where being very idle, though quick, Horace and Homer were driven into him with difficulty. But this idleness could not have been long-lived, for besides "fancying that he understood Dante," he really did know at fifteen more of the niceties of the French language than he is master of now. He tried Arabic and Persian, re-constructed papers in the "Rambler," (very unprofitably to himself, and perhaps not advantageously to Johnson,) afterwards dipped deep into religious and metaphysical controversies, and gave attention besides, for some considerable period, to comparative anatomy. But above all, when a mere child, he seems to have relished with most ardour and rapture—the "Arabian Nights!" No wonder. May we live to owe to him a thousand and one English nights.

We close with the simple mention of a fact which will interest the reader, while it exalts the author in his esteem. Mr. James acquired,

while yet in boyhood, two habits which he justly says are not common with boys. "One was to analyze all my own sensations, and the other to examine the results of other people's conduct, and apply the lesson to myself." These early-formed habits seem partly to have led him in after-life to a high and steadfast sense of the grave responsibilities of authorship, and he confidently believes that he has derived from them important advantages.

We hope, ere long, to see Mr. James upon another arena, even more distinguished than that of literature, where his varied and brilliant talents, his active habits of business, and his eloquence, are sure to be brought fully into play.

A JAR OF HONEY FROM MOUNT HYBLA.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

NO. X.

THE LEGEND OF KING ROBERT OF SICILY; SHEWING HIS PRIDE AND MISERY, AND WHO IT WAS THAT TAUGHT HIM A LESSON, AND SATE ON HIS THRONE.

HAVING skimmed over the general ground of pastoral, and reserving its latest Sicilian development for our closing number, we return to the point we diverged from, in the history of the fair island, to see what measure of honey it will best suit our Blue Jar to select for the present. And we can find none of a more surpassing sweetness, turbid as it seems at first, and as unlike pastoral as need be, than the most strange, mirthful, serious, royal, plebeian, earthly, heavenly, edifying, and most vicissitudinous legend, entitled the Legend of King Robert.

We can find nothing to equal it during the two hundred years' reign of the Saracens, who succeeded the Greeks and Romans; nor yet during the Norman sway, romantic as the origin of that was, and the work of a handful of gentlemen. Who King Robert, however, might have been, in common earthly history, whether intended to shadow forth one of those adventurous Norman chieftains, or one of the various dukes who contend for the honour of being called Robert the Devil, or whether he was Robert of Anjou, hight Robert the Wise, the friend of Petrarch and Boccaccio, and father of the calumniated Joanna, we must leave to antiquaries to determine. Suffice to say, that in history angelical, and in the depths of one of the very finest kinds of truth, he was King Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urban, and of the Emperor *Valemond*. A like story has been told of the Emperor *Jovinian* (whoever that prince might have been,—doubtless somebody else); and we shall not dispute that something of the kind may have occurred to him also, since very strange things happen to the most haughty of princes, if we did but know their whole lives; not excepting their being taken for fools by their own people, or meeting a rebuke, however rare, from an angel. We shall avail ourselves of any light which either of these histories of king and emperor may throw on the other.

Writers, then, inform us, that King Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urban and of the Emperor Valemond, was a prince of great valour and renown, but of a temper so proud and impatient, that he did not like to bend his knee to Heaven itself, but would sit twirling his beard, and looking with something worse than indifference round about him, during the gravest services of the church.

One day, while he was present at vespers on the eve of St. John, his attention was excited to some words in the Magnificat, in consequence of a sudden dropping of the choristers' voices. The words were these: "*Deposuit potentes de sede, et exaltavit humiles.*" (He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble.) Being far too great and warlike a prince to know anything of Latin, he asked a chaplain near him the meaning of these words; and being told what it was, observed, that such expressions were no better than an old song, since men like himself were not so easily pulled down, much less supplanted by poor creatures whom people called "humble."

The chaplain, doubtless out of pure astonishment and horror, made no reply; and his majesty, partly from the heat of the weather, and partly to relieve himself from the rest of the service, fell asleep.

After some lapse of time, the royal "sitter in the seat of the scornful," owing, as he thought, to the sound of the organ, but in reality to a great droning fly in his ear, woke up in more than his usual state of impatience; and he was preparing to vent it, when, to his astonishment, he perceived the church empty. Every soul was gone, excepting a deaf old woman who was turning up the cushions. He addressed her to no purpose: he spoke louder and louder, and was proceeding as well as rage and amaze would let him, to try if he could walk out of the church without a dozen lords before him, when, suddenly catching a sight of his face, the old woman uttered a cry of "Thieves!" and shuffled away, first closing the door behind her.

King Robert looked at the door in silence, then round about him at the empty church, then at himself. His cloak of ermine was gone. The coronet was taken from his cap. The very jewels from his fingers. "Thieves, verily!" thought the king, turning white, for shame and rage. "Here is conspiracy—rebellion! This is that sanctified traitor, the duke. Horses shall tear them all to pieces. What ho, there! Open the door for the king!"

"For the constable, you mean," said a voice, through the keyhole. "You're a pretty fellow!"

The king said nothing.

"Thinking to escape, in the king's name," said the voice, "after hiding to plunder his closet. We've got you."

Still the king said nothing.

The sexton could not refrain from another jibe at his prisoner:

"I see you, there," said he—"by the big lamp, grinning like a rat in a trap. How do you like your bacon?"

Now, whether King Robert was of the blood of that Norman chief who felled his enemy's horse with a blow of his fist, we know not; but certain it is, that the only answer he made the sexton was by dashing his enormous foot against the door, and bursting it open in his teeth. The sexton, who felt as if a house had given him a blow in the face, fainted away; and the king, as far as his sense of dignity allowed him, hurried to his palace, which was close by.

“Well,” said the porter, “what do *you* want?”

“Stand aside, fellow!” roared the king, pushing back the door, with the same gigantic foot.

“Go to the devil!” said the porter, who was a stout fellow too, and pushed the king back before he expected resistance. The king, however, was too much for him. He felled him to the ground; and half strode, half rushed into the palace, followed by the exasperated janitor.

“Seize him,” cried the porter.

“On your lives,” cried the king. “Look at me, fellow:—who am I?”

“A mad beast and fool; that’s what you are,” cried the porter; “and you’re a dead man, for coming drunk into the palace, and hitting the king’s servants. Hold him fast.”

In came the guards, with an officer at their head, who was going to visit his mistress, and had been dressing his curls at a looking-glass. He had the looking-glass in his hand.

“Captain Francavilla,” said the king, “is the world run mad? or what is it? Do your rebels pretend not even to know me. Go before me, sir, to my rooms.” And as he spoke, the king shook off his assailants, as a lion does curs, and moved onwards.

Captain Francavilla put his finger gently before the king to stop him; and then looking with a sort of staring indifference in his face, said, in a very mild tone, “Some madman.”

King Robert tore the looking-glass from the captain’s hand, and looked himself in the face. *It was not his own face.* It was another man’s face, very hot and vulgar; and had something in it at once melancholy and ridiculous.

“By the living God!” exclaimed Robert, “here is witchcraft! I am changed.” And, for the first time in his life, a sensation of fear came upon him, but nothing so great as the rage and fury that remained. All the world believed in witchcraft, as well as King Robert; but they had still more certain proofs of the existence of drunkenness and madness; and the king’s household had seen the king come forth from church as usual, and were ready to split their sides for laughter at the figment of this raving impostor, pretending to be King Robert *changed!*

“Bring him in—bring him in!” now exclaimed other voices, the news having got to the royal apartments; “the king wants to see him.”

King Robert was brought in; and there, amidst roars of laughter (for courts were not quite such well-bred places then as they are now), he found himself face to face with *another King Robert*, seated on his throne, and as like his former self as he himself was unlike, but with more dignity.

“Hideous impostor!” exclaimed Robert, rushing forward to tear him down.

The court, at the word “hideous,” roared with greater laughter than before; for the king, in spite of his pride, was at all times a handsome man; and there was a strong feeling at present that he had never in his life looked so well.

Robert, when half way to the throne, felt as if a palsy had struck him. He stopped, and essayed to vent his rage, but could not speak.

The figure on the throne looked him steadily in the face. Robert

thought it was a wizard, but hated far more than he feared him, for he was of great courage.

It was an angel.

But the angel was not going to disclose himself yet, nor for a long time. Meanwhile, he behaved, on the occasion, very much like a man; we mean, like a man of ordinary feelings and resentments, though still mixed with a dignity beyond what had been before observed in the Sicilian monarch. Some of the courtiers attributed it to a sort of royal instinct of contrast, excited by the claims of the impostor; but others (by the angel's contrivance) had seen him, as he came out of the church, halt suddenly, with an abashed and altered visage, before the shrine of St. Thomas, as if supernaturally struck with some visitation from Heaven for his pride and unbelief. The rumour flew about on the instant, and was confirmed, by an order given from the throne, the moment the angel seated himself upon it, for a gift of hitherto unheard-of amount to the shrine itself.

"Since thou art royal-mad," said the new sovereign, "and in truth a very king of idiots, thou shalt be crowned and sceptered with a cap and bauble, and be my fool."

Robert was still tongue-tied. He tried in vain to speak—to roar out his disgust and defiance; and half mad, indeed, with the inability, pointed, with his quivering finger, to the inside of his mouth, as if in apology to the beholders for not doing it. Fresh shouts of laughter made his brain seem to reel within him.

"Fetch the cap and bauble," said the sovereign, "and let the King of Fools have his coronation."

Robert felt that he must submit to what he thought the power of the devil; and began to have glimpses of a real though hesitating sense of the advantage of securing friendship on the side of Heaven. But rage and indignation were uppermost; and while the attendants were shaving his head, fixing the cap, and jeeringly dignifying him with the bauble-sceptre, he was racking his brains for schemes of vengeance. What exasperated him most of all, next to the shaving, was to observe, that those who had flattered him most when a king, were the loudest in their contempt, now that he was the court-zany. One pompous lord in particular, with a high and ridiculous voice, which continued to laugh when all the rest had done, and produced fresh peals by the continuance, was so excessively provoking, that Robert, who felt his vocal and muscular powers restored to him as if for the occasion, could not help shaking his fist at the grinning slave, and crying out, "Thou beast, Terranova;" which, in all but the person so addressed, only produced additional merriment. At length, the king ordered the fool to be taken away, in order to sup with the dogs. Robert was stupified; but he found himself hungry against his will, and gnawed the bones which had been chucked away by his nobles.

The proud King Robert of Sicily lived in this way for two years, always raging in his mind, always sullen in his manners, and subjected to every indignity that his quondam favourites could heap on him, without the power to resent it. For the new monarch seemed unjust to him only. He had all the humiliations, without any of the privileges, of the cap and bells, and was the dullest fool ever heard of. All the notice the king took of him, consisted in his asking, now and then, in full court, when everything was silent, "Well, fool, art thou

still a king?" Robert, for some weeks, loudly answered that he was; but, finding that the answer was but a signal for a roar of laughter, converted his speech into the silent dignity of a haughty and royal attitude; till, observing that the laughter was greater at this dumb show, he ingeniously adopted a manner which expressed neither defiance nor acquiescence, and the angel for some time let him alone.

Meantime, everybody but the unhappy Robert blessed the new, or, as they supposed him, the altered king: for everything in the mode of government was changed. Taxes were light; the poor had plenty; work was reasonable; the nobles themselves were expected to work after their fashion—to study, to watch zealously over the interests of their tenants, to travel, and bring home new books and innocent luxuries. Half the day throughout Sicily was given to industry, and half to healthy and intellectual enjoyment; and the inhabitants became at once the manliest and tenderest, the gayest and most studious people in the world. Wherever the king went, he was loaded with benedictions; and the fool heard them, and began to wonder *what the devil* the devil had to do with appearances so extraordinary. And thus, for the space of time we have mentioned, he lived wondering, and sullen, and hating, and hated, and despised.

At the expiration of these two years, or nearly so, the king announced his intention of paying a visit to his brother the pope and his brother the emperor, the latter agreeing to come to Rome for the purpose. He went accordingly with a great train, clad in the most magnificent garments, all but the fool, who was arrayed in fox-tails, and put side by side with an ape, dressed like himself. The people poured out of their houses, and fields, and vineyards, all struggling to get a sight of the king's face, and to bless it, the ladies strewing flowers, and the peasants' wives holding up their rosy children, which last sight seemed particularly to delight the sovereign. The fool, bewildered, came after the court-pages, by the side of his ape, exciting shouts of laughter, and, in some bosoms, not a little astonishment, to think how a monarch so kind and considerate to all the rest of the world, should be so hard upon a sorry fool. But it was told them, that this fool was the most perverse and insolent of men towards the prince himself; and then, although their wonder hardly ceased, it was full of indignation against the unhappy wretch, and he was loaded with every kind of scorn and abuse. The proud King Robert seemed the only blot and disgrace upon the island.

The fool had still a hope, that when his holiness the pope saw him, the magician's arts would be at an end; for though he had had no religion at all, properly speaking, he had retained something even of a superstitious faith in the highest worldly form of it. The good pope, however, beheld him without the least recognition: so did the emperor; and when he saw them both gazing with unfeigned admiration at the exalted beauty of his former altered self, and not with the old faces of pretended good-will and secret dislike, a sense of awe and humility, for the first time, fell gently upon him. Instead of getting as far as possible from his companion the ape, he approached him closer and closer, partly that he might shroud himself under the very shadow of his insignificance, partly from a feeling of absolute sympathy, and a desire to possess, if not one friend in the world, at least one associate who was not an enemy.

It happened that day that it was the eve of St. John, the same on which, two years ago, Robert had heard and scorned the words in the Magnificat. Vespers were performed before the pope and the two sovereigns: the music and the soft voices fell softer as they came to the words, and Robert again heard, but with far different feelings, *Deposuit potentes de sede, et exaltavit humiles*: "He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and exalted the humble." Tears gushed into his eyes, and, to the astonishment of the court, the late sullen and brutal fool was seen with his hands reverently clasped upon his bosom in prayer, and the water pouring down his face in floods of penitence. Something of holier feeling than usual had turned all hearts that day. The King's own favourite chaplain had preached from the text which declares charity to be greater than faith or hope. The emperor began to think mankind really his brothers. The pope wished that some new council of the church would authorize him to set up over the Jewish Ten Commandments, and, in more glorious letters, the new, *eleventh*, or great Christian commandment,—"*Behold, I give unto you a new commandment, LOVE ONE ANOTHER.*" In short, Rome felt that day like angel-governed Sicily.

When the service was over, and the sovereigns had retired to their apartments, the unknown King Robert's behaviour was reported to the unsuspected King-Angel, who had seen it, but said nothing. The sacred interloper announced his intention of giving the fool a trial in some better office, and he sent for him accordingly, having first dismissed every other person. King Robert came in his fool's-cap and bells, and stood humbly at a distance before the strange great charitable unknown, looking on the floor and blushing. He had the ape by the hand, who had long courted his good-will, and who, having now obtained it, clung to his human friend in a way that, to a Roman, might have seemed ridiculous, but to the angel, was affecting.

"Art thou still a king, said the angel?" putting the old question, but without the word "fool."

"I am a fool," said King Robert, "and no king."

"What wouldst thou, Robert?" returned the angel, in a mild voice.

King Robert trembled from head to foot, and said, "Even what thou wouldst, O mighty and good stranger, whom I know not how to name,—hardly to look at!"

The stranger laid his hand on the shoulder of King Robert, who felt an inexpressible calm suddenly diffuse itself over his whole being. He knelt down, and clasped his hands to thank him.

"Not to me," interrupted the angel, in a grave, but sweet, voice; and kneeling down by the side of Robert, he said, as if in church, "Let us pray."

King Robert prayed, and the angel prayed, and after a few moments, the king looked up, and the angel was gone; and then the king knew that it was an angel indeed.

And his own likeness returned to King Robert, but never an atom of his pride; and after a blessed reign, he died, disclosing this history to his weeping nobles, and requesting that it might be recorded in the Sicilian Annals.

It happened that day that it was the eve of St. John, the same on which, two years ago, Robert had heard and scorned the words in the Magnificat. Vespers were performed before the pope and the two

THE REBELS: A TALE OF EMMETT'S DAYS.

BY MRS. WHITE.

PART I.—THE COUSINS.

UPON a bright and sunny morning in the early part of the summer of 1803, an immense funeral procession might be traced winding from the Rathfarnham road, through some of the principal streets of Dublin, over Essex-bridge, and so on towards Clontarf. The velvet trappings of the horses, the heavy plumes that decorated their heads and canopied the hearse, together with the number of mourning and other carriages that followed, bespoke the deceased lady to have been one of the higher rank of life, while the multitude of pedestrians that lengthened the procession ostensibly evinced the respect in which she had been held.

Rudely attired horsemen, bestriding steeds as rough and wild looking as if newly taken from the Kerry mountains, followed the coaches; and then came an indiscriminate throng of men and women clad in the blue-caped coat, or hooded cloak of the country—the latter drawn over the head, and held down, giving, when seen in the mass, a most sombre effect; but when occasionally thrown side-ways off the clear ruddy cheek of some young *coleen*, bestowing no little piquancy to the roguish glance of a dark Milesian eye, that might here and there be seen coquettishly peeping from under them.

There was no "keening," as the funeral cry is technically called in Ireland; but now and then the women would break off from gossip and laughter to clap their hands, and move their heads from side to side with the peculiar action of grief. The occupants of the coach, who in right of consanguinity followed at the head of the corpse, were four young men—the two sons of the deceased, and two nephews, the children of her sister; but although thus nearly connected, it was easy to observe that on the present occasion but little kindred feeling existed between them. A gloomy silence that might have passed for the taciturnity of grief, but for the sullenness that darkened the countenances of the two elder cousins, had continued unbroken throughout their melancholy journey. When crossing the bridge, however, that leads over the canal, the narrowness of the road occasioned a temporary delay, and amongst the crowd a shrill voice was heard exclaiming—

"Where am I—at all, at all, good people? Och! I believe I'm on God's earth on a hill. Will nobody take me out of this—the eyes are dim wid me?"

"'Tis on the bridge you are, Ansty! Give us a grip of your hand before the berryin' 'll be done on ye!" answered a woman, who made one amidst the crowd.

"Take me out o' this, for the love of God!" she continued, in the same nasal whine with which she was in the habit of soliciting the charity of the passers-by—"take me out o' this, for the love of God, Nelly Orrigan! I'm kilt entirely wid the *hate*, and the *druth*!"

"Is it to lose the burrin'?" inquired her friend, in a tone of similar import to the modern—"Don't you wish you may get it?"

"Ye, a finer funeral than ever this was 'ill pass this way next week," replied the old woman.

"Who's that, then?" inquired Nelly, with no little curiosity.

"Take me out of this, a cushla!" continued the beggar, pertinaciously. And the other, fearful of losing both the funeral and the intelligence she wanted, succeeded in drawing her out of the crowd to the shelter of a dilapidated shed near them.

"Ye, whose 'ill the funeral be, Ansty?" she inquired, as she seated the old mendicant against the wall.

"The life's not out ov him yet, asthore!" replied the other. "But for one that's at this burrin', there 'ill be three to his."

"The Lord be good to us, Ansty! but 'tis you're the queer woman; for all the sun is fine an' warm, I declare you'd freeze the life in us wid the dthroll talk you have!" rejoined her companion. "But isn't it the fine funeral, God bless it!" she continued, her fears of Ansty subsiding in the feeling of admiration the scene before her awakened.

"'Tis so, a nenow!" assented the old woman. "Many's the day since I seen such a sight laving Dublin; but not a dthrop of rain," she muttered, alluding to a popular superstition—"not a dthrop of rain fell this blessed morning!—the heavens do be always shut against the Sassenach!"

"'Tis herself had the good heart then," exclaimed the other, warmly; "and 'tis she was the *ræle* lady, and the charitable, God rest her soul! signs by many's the eye that's wet this way for her, and many's the lone heart that's grieving afther her this morning. I'll engage it isn't her bad deeds brought all these to the fore," and she glanced round triumphantly on the dense multitude that thronged the road from the city.

"Is any of her own people here?" inquired the mendicant, carelessly.

"Her two sons, and some more of her people."

"When did the eldest come home from the North?" asked the old woman.

"Faith, that's more nor I can tell ye," rejoined the other; "but I seen 'em coming out of the house this morning, an' I hear 'em saying they war the two sons—an' fine handsome boys they are, entirely."

"Where are they, I wondther?" said the crone, peering her dim, blood-shot eyes around, that blinked in the sunshine like those of a cat.

"These should be them," said her informant, as the hearse slowly passed them, and the first mourning coach came on—"these should be them, next the head of the coffin. 'Tis, sure enough; I know the look of the dark-faced young man. Ye, don't they look lost entirely?"

"Help me, till I'll get a sight of 'em!" exclaimed the old woman, hastily lifting herself on her crutch. "Are them two blood relations," she inquired, pointing her long fleshless hand at the two young men, who sat confronting each other.

"By coorse they are—sister's chilther."

"They'll be more so than iver, by this to-morrow," replied the weird-looking old woman.

"How 'ill that be," asked the other.

"Nabochalish;* 'tis the truth I'm telling you," replied the hag.

* Never mind.

"That one op-pos-it ye, is the makings of a fine man," said Nelly, gazing admiringly on the younger of the two sons; "he is the dead image of his mother."

"Faith, if he isn't, he soon will be," replied old Ansty, with a hollow laugh at the dark wit of her suggestion, which appeared not to be understood by her companion, who continued—

"I declare to ye, there isn't an inch between himself an' the young mather; an' for all that, he's but a gossoon. I never seen any one grow up so quick; 'tis only the other day since I used to see him with the other young boys fishing of a summer's evening in the Dodder; an' to-day, till I hear the people say they war the brothers, I didn't know him for the same."

"I'll tell ye a greater miricle," said Ansty, her yellow, withered face, distorted to more than its natural repulsiveness, by her fearful laugh; "he will grow more between this an' to-morrow night, than he did in any twelve months of his life."

"Ye, you're a queer woman; what meaning have ye, at all—at all?" said Nelly, with a very perceptible shiver.

"Just what I'm saying," said old Ansty; "sit down, till we'll hav' a shuffle of the cards, an' I'll tell you the forthune of them four."

"God be good to us!" exclaimed Nelly, in real horror; "is it in the face of the corpse, and before all the people, you'd entice me!"

"Devil a much the corpse 'ill mind us," returned the old woman; "and for them that's following her, not one of 'em but 'ud run a mile to hear what I'll tell you now."

"I'm obliged to you all the same," rejoined Nelly Orrigan; "but I intind to follow the funeral." And she endeavoured to disentangle herself from the grasp the ancient sybil retained of her cloak.

"Time enough," returned the latter; "don't you see something has crossed the hearse, more luck to it, an' they're obliged to wait this way. Sit down awhile, it 'ill be asy for you to pick up wid 'em again."

Afraid of offending her companion, Nelly reluctantly yielded to her ill luck, and once more sat down beside her.

"As I was going to tell you," continued Ansty, coming closer than ever to her victim; "the youngest of them two forenent me, will come this journey again this day week; but if it is, he'll be the length of himself before himself, all the way."

"Blessed hour! is it a corpse he'll be?" asked Nelly, breathlessly.

"As sure as I hav' a head on me," said the other, bringing her cadaverous visage into startling proximity to Nelly's.

"The cross of Christ between us an' all harm!" exclaimed Nelly, devoutly crossing herself. "But 'tis you are the wondtherful woman, Ansty Connelly! Is it his fetch you've seen?"

"That's neither here nor there," answered Ansty, mysteriously; "believe me or believe me not, till you see it come to pass. But here's another thing I hav' to tell you, the corpse hav' but a small share in bringing all these together. I see men from all counties, neither friends nor followers—what is it brought them to the burrin', do ye think?"

"'Tis yourself knows best, Ansty," replied her now thoroughly frightened companion, "I thought they were tinents, or people like myself that had a respect for her."

"Look at that man upon the rough pony that hav' his hat pulled

down over his face, and the great coat upon him; see, he keeps up to the side of the carriage that the young masther is in. Do ye know who that is?"

"Not the laste in the world!"

"Whisper!" continued the mendicant, approaching her head to the other's, "that is Mr. Robert Emmett! Now, do ye guess what's bringing them together?"

"Och! he's sold—he's lost!" exclaimed Nelly, leaping from the ground; "one of them in the car b'longs to the Castle sogers—Mr. Douglass Hewitt."

"Hould ye'r whist, ye omadhaun!" interrupted Ansty, dragging her again to her side, "unless you'd give him up to them yourself, will ye be quiet. His friends don't know him there, so 'tis hard if the Castle people would find him out!"

"Och! a yea! but these are the bad times," said Nelly, lamentingly, "when two in a house wont be of the same heart and mind; and the one blood itself 'ill belong to different factions."

"Wait awhile; why wait awhile?" said Ansty, raising herself on her crutch; "before that corpse is well under the ground, you'll know the truth of what you're saying." And with this assurance the old woman took leave of her gossip, and turning down a narrow lane at the back of the shed, disappeared.

"Faith, an' it's you're the dthroll woman, Ansty Connelly!" muttered Nelly, also rising. "Devil welcome you here, any way. I declare the heart in me is as low as a carroge's kidney,* listening to the queer talk you had."

So saying, Nelly shook the dust from her cloak, and again took her place among the crowd, pondering over all that the beggar-woman had predicted, and determining to see the end of the affair.

For the first four months of the infatuated Emmett's attempts to organize a rebellion in Ireland, government continued perfectly ignorant of the danger with which it was menaced; but after that period, rumours of his proceedings reached the authorities, although no means were taken to frustrate them, either from an idea that it was in itself too unimportant to be much regarded; or, in the cruel policy of the times, to allow time for its full development, in order to entrap a greater number of victims, and thus insure more signal vengeance than a trifling execution of two or three individuals.

Deeply imbued with the visionary and romantic projects which the unfortunate Emmett so wildly followed out, young, ardent, and impetuous, the names that still scatter a sad radiance over the otherwise dark page that is characterized with the rebellion of '98 had for many an enthusiastic son of "Old Trinity" a meretricious glare, that, *ignis-fatuus*-like, glowed only to destroy. And for none more fatally than for young Perring! Schoolfellows, and afterwards brother-col-

* A black creeping insect, something like the beetle, very much detested by the lower order of Irish, who have a legend, that on the Sunday on which our Saviour plucked the ears of corn, some Jews pursued him, and coming up to one of his followers, demanded which way he had gone. The disciple affected ignorance, when one of these insects, instigated no doubt by the devil, exclaimed, "Through the fields!—through the fields!" And to this day it is not unfrequent to observe the lower order of catholics killing them, all the while exclaiming, "Seven deadly sins off my soul!—seven deadly sins off my soul!" which they absolutely believe are remitted on the destruction of one of those Judas's insects.

legians, their imaginations had taken the same view of the political state of their country, and had arrived at the same false conclusion as to the means of amending it. But there was "method" in Perring's "madness;" and upon leaving Alma Mater, having a large and independent fortune at his command, he determined to travel; and taking advantage of the peace between England and France in 1801, he continued on the Continent till the death of his mother, and the development of his friend's projects required his return.

Doubtless in the society of many of the self-exiled or outlawed members of the cause in '98, and in a country where the crusade against monarchy was still at its height, the revolutionary principles of the young man had received no discouragement. On the contrary, it is natural to believe that his intentions in visiting France had been to methodize a scheme for the redemption of his country from the English yoke, which the impatience and rashness of the enthusiastic Emmett so completely overthrew.

Although some portion of Ansty Connelly's remarks had been overheard by the party in the coach, no comment had been made upon them, and the silence remained uninterrupted, except by the heavy, half-strangled sobs of the younger son, as they approached the closing scene of his earthly portion in a mother. Douglas Hewitt, the elder of the cousins, who held a commission in a regiment at that time on duty at the castle, and who, but for his aunt's death, was about to exchange the relation of nephew for that of son-in-law, also seemed much affected, either from sympathy to the evident affliction of his relative, or from personal affection to the deceased. But her first born, Hugh, though his brow looked more than usually pale, and the dark and glossy hair that in his boyhood she so loved to part upon it, had lost its crispness, and hung down in lank masses, maintained an unmoved countenance, as if he had no concern in the sad ceremony in which he took part.

At length, the cavalcade stopped: the last duties were completed. Hugh Perring stood at the head of his mother's coffin, and saw it deposited in the vault of his ancestors with the same apparent apathy that he had exhibited on their journey; but instead of returning home, to entertain the friends and followers of his family, who had come from distant counties to pay this last mark of respect to his parent, he ceremoniously informed his cousin Douglas that, in order to spare his sister's feelings, arrangements had been made to entertain them at an inn, and coldly requested his presence. Douglas, however, pleaded duty; and throwing off the trappings of a mourner, mounted his horse which his groom had brought for him, and before returning to the castle, mingled tears with his orphan cousin at Rathfarnham. His brother, however, remained, but his presence occasioned no drawback to the plans of the elder Perring.

The wine circulated freely; and while the "quality" feasted up stairs, care was taken for the comforts of the humbler parties below; whisky-punch, and the oath of the "United Irishmen" were equally administered, and both as readily accepted, for, in a word, though ostensibly met out of respect for the dead, the funeral had been made subservient to things of even more melancholy import than the laying of a lifeless corpse in the earth.

Members were elected, plans concocted, rebellious toasts pledged

in overflowing glasses, and speeches uttered, full of the talent, the energy, the eloquence, that afterwards drew tears from the stern judge who eulogized the victim while he condemned him.*

In those days, a gentleman was considered to have done the honours of his table but indifferently, if he suffered his guests to depart with clear heads, and legs sufficiently steady to carry them; and the raising of the host was as frequent and naturally anticipated an event at a dinner-party as at the celebration of high mass. On this occasion, therefore, though abstemious as an anchorite himself, Hugh Perring passed the wine freely as became the son of his father and the prejudices of his countrymen; and only two or three of the party, who felt too much interested in the affairs they were met to canvass to more than quicken imagination with the rosy spirit, continued to keep cool heads and unfilled glasses. It was an axiom with most of the persons present, that claret was the best panacea for sorrow, and each man felt himself bound to pledge the younger Perring, whose sadness, instead of yielding to the increasing conviviality of those around him, became every moment more depressing. Again and again he drained the glass; and at length, the liquid spell working upon him, his grief gave place to the wild hilarity of intoxication.

By this time, the melancholy occasion which had brought them together appeared to be wholly forgotten; wit, piquant and racy as the wine they quaffed, flashed round the circle till the sublimation of intellect subsided, and ribaldry, like the dregs of the same cup, succeeded; the song was trolled, and stale Joe Millerisms digested, as the brains of the greater number of the party grew too confused to offer an original conceit.

Amidst all this Babel of ill-timed revelry, none was now more boisterously gay than Sydenham Perring—he laughed, sang, shouted, and then, as the unnatural madness reached its climax, burst into a wild passion of tears, calling aloud on his dead mother. Hugh endeavoured to pacify him, but the other, springing at his throat, fiercely asked—

“Was it well to profane my mother’s funeral, by making it an opportunity for plotting rebellion? Or is riot the best proof we could give of our grief for her?”

One or two not so oblivious of passing events as to be deaf to the meaning of the young man’s expressions, rose, exclaiming—

“Hugh Perring, you have misled us! Your brother is a traitor!”

“Pshaw!—he is drunk!” exclaimed Hugh, vainly endeavouring to break from the other’s grasp.

“That’s no argument,” hiccupped one of the party, rising, “in *vino veritas*, you know. Your brother’s a Reynolds! He’s not to be depended on. We must bind him by an oath.”

“Peace, fool!” said Hugh, fiercely, pushing back the inebriated young lawyer with a force that sent him some distance across the apartment, and would have made an excellent case of assault in the Four-Courts.

But he could not thus easily shake off his infuriated brother, who clung to him with the grasp of a maniac. At length, the cousin, Gerald Hewitt, rushed between them; and Sydenham Perring, transferring

* Emmett’s trial.

his rage to him, a furious struggle ensued: blows were given and returned; and while Sydenham, drawing his sword, made a desperate thrust at his antagonist, the other sprang aside, and dashed him against a heavy piece of furniture. His head struck violently against the sharp corner of the sideboard, and he never rose again.

The heavy fall—the one deep groan—and the sudden, awful silence that succeeded, sobered at once every reveller in the room; and the frantic despair of his unwitting murderer was only less terrible than the stern, tearless, unrepenting silence of the elder brother. By and by, when a surgeon, who had been called in, pronounced that life was irrecoverably fled, Hugh Perring confronted his unfortunate kinsman, and sternly bade him begone.

“Death,” he said, “may be contented with two of my family within so short a period of each other; but beware, sir, how you cross my path again, or I may yet make you answerable for my brother’s blood.”

“Do not delay your vengeance, Hugh,” exclaimed young Gerald, hoarsely. “My life is of little value to me now.”

“Enough of our blood has been spilt for the present,” returned Hugh, bitterly; “though, I doubt not, it would be all the better for your brother’s designs if I could be put aside as well as Sydenham.”

“Gentlemen!” said Gerald, appealing to the others, “bear witness for me, that it was in my cousin Hugh’s defence I came between him, and——”

“Go, sir!” interrupted Perring, furiously. “Go, before I forget you are my guest, and rid myself of you as I would of a venomous reptile.”

Goaded by this insult, Gerald’s hand clenched instinctively, as if he had grasped a weapon; but his eye fell on the upturned, rigid features of his dead cousin, and his anger sunk before their voiceless reproach.

THE GIPSIES’ TRAGEDY.

A TALE OF WELSH HAMLET HISTORY.

BY JOSEPH DOWNES.

PART II.—RETRIBUTION.

THE loneliest outcast of an outcast tribe, Lydia Coombe was again, after a dismal interval of hysterical frenzy, to be seen haunting the vale of Cothey *alone*, and after a further interval, though heart-broken in look and gesture, *not* alone! To loathe life, and earth, and sky—to languish for the blessing of death, even eternal death, if bringing forgetfulness—such was her first impulse; the next, the fiercer yearning still, was for one human being, but one, to tell how she loathed life, and earth, and heaven, and herself! And one *did* live—one of her own tribe, to whom she might unload that heavy heart—she could turn with a claim for sympathy—he for whom she had become that self-hating penitent! A worldly sister, not feeling half the sister-love which tormented this poor outcast, would have shrunk with horror from the man whose crime had proved that brother’s ruin and death. But our unworldly sufferer writhed beneath such an agony

of remorse as allowed no alternative but comfort or death. For the last, the timidity of her sex and nature still drew her back from the tempting pool, withheld her hand when half nerved for retribution on herself; and for the former, where could she seek it? Where but on the bosom of one more guilty than herself! Perhaps the most truly pitiable of the world's rejected and condemned would be found among those from whom that world is most unanimous in withholding its pity, could the occult springs of human action be laid bare to man as they lie naked to God and angels, if angels partake of omniscience. Poetry might exhaust its illustrations on such a topic.

Should an eager hand be espied in the midst of some deep, glassy pool, beautiful with aquatic summer-flowers, snatching eagerly at a water-lily, waving with the little waves, a child, or any unreflecting person on the brink would imagine that hand's trembling to be from eagerness; its action, the playful impulse of one so happy as to disport himself with a water-flower. But a thinking creature would know that action to be the forlorn hope—the instinctive desperation of a man drowning; clutching that feeble plant because his bursting bosom is full of that dreadful water which smiles so bluely ethereal to the gazer, because he is himself in the clutch of death. Unhappy child of fatal circumstance and powerful passion—gipsy heroine of that sad tale which has given to rustic fame one, at least, of our unknown vales—might not such an image apply to thee, and thy unnatural-seeming extension of those young arms to the villain Zephaniah? More allied to despair than passion, at least, doubtless, was the spirit in which that forlornest of the world's wanderers did at last consent to become the wife of him whose preservation was to her brother death! True it was, that some fortitude—nay, some virtue, was requisite in the act of self-devotion he *ought* to have performed, and made her believe that he designed to perform. To die for another, even where demanded by justice, is a stupendous human effort. His youth and his beauty pleaded for him. His reluctance to exchange a happy bridal-tent with her for the horrid gibbet-cage with the birds of prey was at least a natural reluctance. The whisperings of vanity in young beauty, which could not but approve that reluctance, were they not also natural?

The tribe to which Zephaniah belonged, after a time, pitched their tents in the vale of Cothey. Force of habit, and now the melancholy wildness of her mind, that could less than ever tolerate the restrictions of ordinary civil life, induced Lydia to reject all offers of the housewives round of night-shelter and more social life. She preferred a lonely tent, apart from the encampment, where she might sit at the mouth, in midnight, talk to spirits that she fancied murmuring the name of Gilbert, by the river-pools, and in the rock-caverns. The scene of the crime for which he suffered was not distant—only severed by a mountain, through a *bwlech* or gorge of which, known but to the native dwellers, a chasm-like way led to the spot—and to her brother's gibbet, there erected! During her long, resolute rejection of Zephaniah's overtures of renewed love, the wretched girl had sometimes crept alone through all this blind and brambled pass by moonlight, even to where it opened on the little rushy moorish plain surrounded by mountains, whose russet monotony of treeless morass was only broken by one upright object—the gibbet and its pendent cage.

Far different from that dun, melancholy scene, was the valley where she passed the night, not long previous to her ill-omened marriage—the richly-wooded Cothey, with its greensward river border, where her tent gleamed white in the moon reflected in the still water, its whole course walled in from the world, as it seemed, by its mossy, wooded, and stupendous wall of crags. A waterfall, with its sheeted silver, high above, smoothly rolling over its ledge, and its ceaseless thunder below, added solemnity to the deep loneliness of the nook in which the little separated tent, with its fire-embers not quite extinct, appeared. Doubtless, her thoughts that night were with the dead, far more than with the living. The guilty lover had respected her grief, awed by her determined devotion of a long period to mourning, and hence won on her regard. Then the extraordinary resemblance he bore to her brother, which had proved so fatal, served to rivet her wayward fancy round that unworthy object. But it was not of him she thought that night, when, about the meeting of night and morning, she quitted the tent, and wandered to the waterfall, whose spray flew in feathery showers between her and the low, sunken moon, while the owl hooted, and the ceaseless roar itself seemed to form rather a grand accompaniment to silence than any interruption to its solemn effect on the mind's listening ear. But the density of mist now reddened, while it dilated the face of the moon, seen hanging exactly in the centre of a vast cleft in the mountain, from top to base, which, being duskily visible in a placid reach of the river, gave the headlong picture of a mighty arch, or portal, with a colossal lamp suspended in the midst. The blood-coloured disk, the heavy haze, restored to her thought the terrible morning of that juridical murder, making memory horror, and the peace of nature all round her more terrible than the wildest war of elements to a conscience at rest.

Suddenly, she heard her own name uttered by some one invisible through the fog. The voice called her again; and stepping forward, she caught a glimpse of the face and form of the speaker, who, however, instantly retreated so far back as to be again hidden; but she saw what seemed Gilbert—her dear brother's own features, but changed, as if by age, by care and captivity, it might be thought, supposing, for a moment, that, having escaped death, or reappearing as a ghost, he wore the very aspect he did after his sufferings.

It is a very common superstitious fancy in Wales, that persons are sometimes called, or beckoned away from the door of their home, by a spiritual stranger, who leads them through dark, and in silence, to reveal the spot of some murder, or robbery, of a concealed treasure, or corpse, or sometimes to throw a key into a pool, or bog (for what purpose I never could learn), which key is pointed out in its hiding-place.

The fancy-fraught girl followed, not doubting a moment the character of her visitant, he just waving his long arm, to invite her onwards, and still availing himself of the dense white mist, to veil himself as in a shroud, and cried, as she followed—

“I have been looking for you, Gilbert—*dear* Gilbert!—long looking. Oh! you have been slow to haunt me. Lead me where you will—to death! I hope, if I may come where you are——But stop to hear me!—hear me swear——”

“Come, come!” he only muttered, hollowly, still proceeding.

"Anywhere!" she shrieked, between hysterical grief and awe rather than dread. "Pardon, or kill me, brother!"

She was hurrying on, to seize his hand, or his knees, to supplicate, to embrace the dear familiar form, only half shewn to her for a moment, but still he preserved the same concealing distance; and thus they reached the fatal spot and darkling gibbet.

She had hardly time to utter a cry of horror, as it rose unexpectedly through the fog upon her eyes, when astonishment banished horror at seeing the body in chains gone, and one of some later sufferer, suspended by a rope, thrown over the cross bar at the top, occupying its place.

"Go, kiss the bridegroom—kiss your dear Zephaniah—go, go, go!" a horrid voice thundered, and she was pushed quite up to the dead face, grim exposed, of the strangled wretch, whose feet almost touched the ground, and springing from the strong grasp by a jerk, she saw, in her assailant, the same resemblance of face to her dead brother, but now visibly marked by added years, and disguised by a malignity, she believed, that *he* could not have looked alive or dead.

It was the vindictive father—the returned transport—returned to learn the tragical fate of the boy he had left, and indeed loved, and hear rumours of dark nature against the sister, and still stronger charges against the gipsy who had won her heart! With the aid of two returned convicts, his companions, he removed the corpse of his ill-fated son, and furiously seized the fierce comfort adapted to his nature—that of a wild revenge against his daughter, seen only as an infant, while the son had attained an age to attach the better part of his feelings to him. Besides, he now learned how well he had followed his own parting counsel; and to be thus rewarded! Lydia, on the other hand, was unattached by any intercourse to this dreadful, separated, alien father. She knew him only, by sad report, as the murderer of her mother; and he now stood before her bodily, gaunt, gigantic, threatening, declaring, and glorying in his murder of her betrothed husband.

The death of one who was soon to have commenced life with her brought not one pang of *disappointment*, for she had not known what *hope* was, from the hour of her brother's death. Her consent, hardly obtained, to a union, at which she shuddered, was a self-sacrifice to pity, believing that he truly loved her, to good faith, by gratitude—anything but a yielding to passion. Those gentle feelings natural to a young bride could not exist under the freezing perpetual presence of a self-loathing despair. Her murdered brother was for ever in her eyes, and would not let her see one beauty or attraction more in the youth she *had* loved so tenderly. Gilbert, who had nursed, and fed, and bred her, had carried her, an infant, in his arms, a child, upon his back, that he might watch her, and enjoy her prattle, while at work, that kind Gilbert dead, and Zephaniah alive, was a ceaseless source of secret, horrible recoiling from his endearments, notwithstanding her half reckless, half pitying consent.

But the sight of that loathed, though accepted lover, lifeless—gone to the same dark world whither he had allowed another to be hurried, to save himself—restored the wretch at once to that place he had at first held in her depth of heart, and every past moment of the early innocent intoxication of a first passion in the gentle savage of the

mountains (as she might almost be designated), when she saw him beautiful, and thought him innocent—those unforgettable moments all came rushing now, and the gulf of sin, and blood, and conflict of passions between, vanished at once! She saw only him whom she used to watch for by the hour, at twilight, till his figure appeared on the high ridge of mountain, stealing down to her—watch intensely on his difficult descent, even till he reached her and sprung into her arms, which had never enfolded man, but her father-brother with the pure fondness of a daughter—she saw only the *innocent* lover, cut off in his bloom, and by the hand of her father, already red with the blood of her mother!

“Wretch of wretches!” the gigantic, but bowed and care-worn wanderer began, “where is my son?—where is my boy, Gilbert? Gilbert, that I recrossed the ocean on purpose to see again; not *thee*, thou warmed snake, that hast stung his bosom for cherishing thee! Here I am, alone in this my old country, lonelier than I was when working in chains in a strange one! What art thou? As strange and hateful to my sight as thy cruelty to that boy is in the sight of God, whose blood be on thy head and on thy soul? *My child?* I disown thee, as Heaven disowns. What art *thou* to me? I want *him* to welcome me—to remember me—to talk of old times with me—to work with me—for me, in my old age and misery, and I find him dead—dead, and without a coffin, and *you* alive! I know all. ’Twas I who hanged that murderer, and now will I do frightful justice on thee, the murderess! Kneel, and pray; for such mercy as my boy Gilbert found at the hands of both of ye, shalt thou find at mine, by the living God!”

“To my God I dare not *now*, while a fury of mad passions is tearing me thus,” she said, after long silence, and tearing open the dress that pent her bosom’s violent heaving; “and to *you* I will not, unless to pray you to be quick and make a love-knot—ay, a *true* love-knot eternal, of that same cord with which you have added a *third* murder to your account in heaven!”

“Thou liest!”

“I do not! Answer him, my mother’s spirit, from heaven or from hell!—you that he sent into God’s presence with all your sins upon you! first, my little brother; next, my mother; now, Zephaniah—are not those three?”

“Liar!” he roared; “the first is a foul falsehood altogether; and for your mother’s death, it was accident. Was it likely I meant to kill her, with nothing but this naked fist? It was that lie about the child that provoked the blow, and my very love, that could not bear to see her for ever pining after the husband she forsook, as I suspected whose child that boy was, more probably than mine. As for this hell-hound that my own boy—my *certain* own—died for, dare you blame me for having been his hangman? Why, this act—this night’s one righteous act—would redeem my soul from damnation, if my sins were scarlet ten times dyed! And if I hadn’t something of the foolish father still about my man’s heart, old and stony as it is, that pleads for my own flesh and blood, tigress as you are, by this you should have been in hell, sent by me, for this rebellion and this belying of me!”

“Rebel, call you me?—ha! ha! ha! I owe you nothing but my wretched birth,” she answered, defying him with gestures as well as

words. "In wickedness I was begotten—then you made me motherless—then left me in the wildness of woods, me and my dear brother, to prowl like lambs shut out of a sheepfold, round the homes of strangers. When did you ever repeat the Holy name but to blaspheme? No bells ever reached this wild place, to tell me it was the Sabbath of the Lord my God. I learned not that form of words of *you*. My nature was all the guide I knew, and it would have been my saviour, too, but for love—love that rushed upon me, and became my second nature, that I must obey or die! Heaven hear my perjury, and send Gilbert's ghost to torment me here and hereafter, if I did not intend—but why this to you? *You* call me to account?"

The infuriated giant ground his teeth, and grinned at her horribly in scorn, muttering "*intend!*—*intentions!*" pausing, baffled in his thirst of vengeance against one who thus defied, in the high-wrought ecstasy of despair, personal violence, and in her life-weariness, rather courted than deprecated death.

Words bitterer to her than death soon suggested themselves to his fury.

"Poor fellow!" he said in irony, twirling the pendent corpse with a spurn of his foot. "Ah, he loved thee, girl; he cried out to you by name all the while he was dying."

"Truly?" she asked, in tremulous voice; "*all the while!* Oh, God—God!"

"Truly! Ay, he was long a dying—longer than my poor boy. I made him *taste* death! I taught him what it is to be 'hanged by the neck till we be dead—dead—dead!' Thrice I relaxed the noose when he seemed gone; and thrice the first word he gasped as he revived was, 'Oh Lydia!' Ay, and every time I heard in the foggy sky, red as blood with the moonrise, Gilbert, a glorious angel, clapping his wings for joy, and shouting, 'Thanks, dear father!' I have been mad while abroad, chained down to my straw—look at the marks of the chain-sores in my arms!—and then I used to hear Gilbert—see Gilbert—couldn't sleep for thought of Gilbert, and thinking what was become of him; but *that* was madness—this was no madness."

"And *did* he name me so—only *me*? Oh, you murderer—hangman—butcher—monster!" She could speak no more, but sunk down, fainting on the ground.

"She didn't faint when *he* died!" he growled, as he looked down on her, and hollowly cursed her as she lay.

Who, in the war of the elements, in the pause of the sea-whirlwind, which, convulsing ocean, has just driven the mountain waves in one direction, shall foresee from which point the returning blast shall blow? Possibly, from the directly opposite, leaving dry the land, fathoms deep in boiling surge so lately. Even so uncertain the turns of a passion so terrible as hers, compounded of many lesser ones, (as whole sea of waves,) as that which prostrated on the earth the victim of its wildness, and her own untutored mind and desolated heart. Starting up in her deadly paleness, like a corpse roused to a hideous mockery of life by galvanic excitement, (as she by her passionate misery,) she, for the first time, seemed to feel the touch of nature towards her executioner, for she regarded him, and implored him to "do his office," and "because you love—you *seem* to love that dear brother I did love, *do* love, and would have saved with my own life—ay, life and soul, I do forgive you, *father!* and pray that God may forgive you; the first time

that ever 'father' passed my lips—woe, woe, that it should be the last!—that I must die and leave you, and never know a daughter's joy to find a father—that we must part, and so!—cursing and cursed as soon as met! Yet I must love anything that loves poor Gilbert; therefore, Heaven forgive me for cursing you!—forgive you—forgive this my dead love's want of courage to face justice, and die for another!—forgive a most miserable girl; so now, kiss me, and kill me, father!" Tearing bare her beautiful neck, she let her head sink on one side, and looked imploringly towards the rope that suspended her lover, feeling a desperate satisfaction in looking for the same death, and by the same instrument.

Then as the surprised Samson stood dumb, some strugglings of the father within contending with the whirlwind of a parent's fury, his breast torn with contending feelings so new to him—as some thought of her early infant beauty in which he last looked on her, flashed vague remorse on his nature—Lydia took the dead man by the hand to bid him farewell, and feeling it already stiffened, and shuddering at the dead drop of that arm, love rebelled against the *daughter's* love again, and she could not resist the impulse to say, "Oh, cruel father, that turned my loving, lovely boy to *this*—this blue-faced, hideous corpse! Nor could all your strength, giant as you are, you ruin of a man, have overcome this stripling; for oh, he was bold as he was beautiful, and good to *me*—had it not been that some wicked witch or fairy shrivelled up at his birth this arm, and deformed this dear dear hand!" And then she again passionately kissed the cold hand, which was remarkable as wanting the thumb.

"How say you, girl? Shrivelled arm? Does his hand want the thumb? Speak, daughter, does it?" And he snatched it, and satisfied himself of that fact ere she could answer, and began to tremble all over. "So strong a likeness to Gilbert, and Gilbert *my* very picture!" he said, hurriedly and inly. "Ha!—God! I remember the name. *Zephaniah* was the gipsy's name—that begging one, whom I gave your little brother to, to be shewn for charity, on account of his wasted arm and four fingers, to show to farm housewives. His tribe came often about these mountains. Girl—girl! by the God in darkness above our heads, *that* is your brother!—that is *my* son that I have hanged on that gibbet tree! Sure as some fiend, or Satan, dogs my steps, and doubles the sin of whatever I do amiss, that was my *son*!—*mine*, proved by that strange strong likeness that was the death of his brother!"

"My brother? *Zephaniah my* brother?" she said, in a stupor of bewildered grief.

"Ay, girl—ay, sure as I have saved you and him from horrid incest, at the price of my own soul, yet he was the murderer of his brother—his unknown brother; but 'twas I divided 'em! Heaven and hell, what crimes we do in the dark, and how we plunge about in black sin and blood, and wound ourselves instead of others, when we dare to set up to be law to ourselves, and break loose from the bonds of society, and cry, 'Vengeance is mine!' rather than wait the time of Him who said, '*I will repay!*'"

A labyrinth of horrors had indeed involved this wretched family, all originating in the self-outlawry and rebellion against society of a man of no mean mind, cursed with overmastering passions.

Little remains to be added to this story of a gipsy's life. By this

sudden, undreamed-of turn, the last catastrophe became a merciful dispensation, and was so felt by the wretched girl. The "wild justice" inflicted by her parent had rescued her from a loathsome repentance and self-disgust, even more terrible than what she endured for that procrastinating weakness which had proved fatal to her innocent brother. A few days more delayed, that blind revenge of a father would have come too late, and to the list of the elder gipsy's crimes would have been added, the incestuous union of his children, wholly arising from his own cutting off, from the pale of society, himself and them.

Conviction for two crimes—return from transportation (his sentence having been for life) and murder, the evidence against him being his own daughter—sealed the fate of Samson, who prevented the final execution by suicide of the most resolute kind, the night prior to the morning appointed.

Partial loss of reason speedily supervening saved Lydia Coombe from a full memory of the past. A charitable Irish lady, happening to hear her sad story, during an excursion in Wales, became her protector—administered to the poor outcast's enfeebled mind the consolations of religion, and after a short stay at Milford Haven, till her insanity assumed the milder form of melancholy, finally gratified her earnest desire of retiring from a world, she had hardly indeed been a member of, by placing her among a sisterhood of religious devotees in Ireland, of a more cheerful and liberal caste than those of catholic continental countries. There, under the eye of their religious mother, and the visits of her generous friend, who never lost sight of her, she is said to have become reconciled to herself, her fate, and, we may hope, to an all-merciful God.

MODERN DANISH DRAMA.

COMEDIES OF HOLBERG: "JEPPE VOM BERGE," ETC.

BY THOMAS ROSCOE.

THERE is much in the modern literature, and especially the dramatic works, of the Danes, worthy European regard and attention. The names of Holberg, Oehlenschläger, their successors and imitators, are associated with a new era—a brighter period—and a richer development of a genuine national spirit, no longer the servile copyist of French models. Though upwards of a century has elapsed since the first comedy of the highly original and justly popular Holberg was played with such signal success, he is still the great magician—the undisputed master of the stage of his country. The fame of his "Political Kannengiesser" was diffused from the Danish capital through the whole of Germany; its popularity was only second to that of the "Merry Wives of Windsor," or "Midsummer Night's Dream," some two centuries before, in then merry England; and, like those masterpieces, it infused a more bold and national comic spirit into the tamer classical and imitative drama of the age. Molière was no longer lord of the ascendant after Holberg had appeared on the theatre of the North, when the old Scandinavian genius, bursting from his temporary slumbers, made the halls of Valhalla resound with his native strains, and a simpler and hardier race

of bards caught enthusiasm from the very echoes of some more gigantic and godlike age. Like our few great masters, invention and perfect originality in the treatment of his subjects are the proud attributes of Holberg's muse. The first ideas of the mightiest geniuses must be the fruit of observation, and are prompted from without. Ever intent upon gathering materials with which to raise the splendid edifices of their fame, they neglect nothing. Very inferior compositions, an ancient ballad, an obsolete tale or tradition—even a scrap of verse—or mere rumour, will, in such hands, be enough to leaven the whole mass of a magnificent drama. And it was thus that the "Sir Politic Would-Be," of Saint Evremont, is believed to have suggested an outline for the exquisite political portrait exhibited by Holberg, to the infinite entertainment of all ranks of his admiring fellow-citizens. We are not among those who would wish to tear to tatters the reputations of men like Molière and Le Sage, because they borrowed from the great writers of other nations, themselves doubtless indebted not a little to classical or romantic models afforded by *their* predecessors; but, assuredly, Molière's obligations to the Spanish and Italian dramas are hardly inferior to those of the Modern French novelists to their ingenious neighbours. It is not so with Holberg. Gifted with congenial powers, he scorned to copy even Molière, though the latter, probably, as his predecessor, exercised a certain degree of influence upon the new national drama of his country. An older drama, like older people in general, must always give a tone, if not the laws, to a rising state of things; just as Plautus and Terence were the real founders of the modern classical drama both in France and Italy.

The grand art of the old dramatists lay in drawing nature and character as they saw them, and they excelled, especially in drawing from life and observation, in portraying professional characters; and it was here Holberg shewed himself a master inferior to few of his great models, and to none of his contemporaries. His doctors, his lawyers, his parsons, and military men, are both truly and wittily delineated. Though dressed in national costume, and intended for local display, they belong to every age and to every people. Another class which he represents almost as happily as the Roman writers, is the freedmen—answering to our more trustworthy house-stewards, valets, or confidential domestics. These family-agents and chroniclers, so identified with all human interests, are the peculiar forte of Holberg; he sees quite through them—he revels in their half educated presumption—their blunders and unconscious witticisms—their assumed airs and apish eccentricities, with the zest of an actual originator of the amusing scene. Like an experienced hunter, he pricks up his ears the moment he hears the sound of their egotistical trumpet, which they are apt enough to blow; and it is then he luxuriates in wit—rebounds from jest to jest—and from one ludicrous incident to another, combined with the glorious funny fancies of a perfect harlequin.

We shall soon endeavour to give a few specimens, not, we trust, wholly unamusing to the reader, nor to the minors, if not to the majors, among our theatrical establishments, which might do worse than borrow a few leaves from our old friend Holberg, instead of ransacking for ever the eternal Scribe and his brethren. They would find some characters among his official humorists far more novel, varied, and amusing, as well as better adapted to the taste of an English audience,

than any of a corresponding kind among Frenchmen. To their native wit and drollery, he adds a peculiar *bonhommie*, which heightens the effect of his jokes wonderfully. To say nothing of his grandiloquent *Sir Harrys* and *Sir Peters*; his countrymen, and his Zealand and Jutland house-wags, are far more akin to the temperament of John Bull, our Jack-tars, watermen, and even landmen of all descriptions, than any of the hybrid-cast, without vigour or relief, which, if we except the single author of "*Tartuffe*," the French have got to shew us. This puny breed of well-cropped French poodles, compared with the genuine house and water dogs of Holberg, may be set down, in the words of Dryden, as neither "flesh nor fowl nor good red-herring."

Holberg is no less great in the ideal; in endowing his personages with a bright illusion stronger than the probable, as well as with "a local habitation and a name." In supplying abundant materials for wit and incident with which "to go a-head," or, to use the old lady's modern lodging-phrase, "doing for them altogether," bed, board, washing, &c., everything complete in one, the fertile Dane will never be found at a loss. Whatever else he does, he has taken care his audience shall never turn the tables upon him, or play the wag or the schoolmaster with his muse. If in one of his pieces we trace a relationship to the *Eunuchus* of Terence, it is a family likeness, of which the Roman would not have been ashamed. Where he borrows, again, from Plautus, all the fire, the fancy—nay, the entire remodelling of the fable, are still Holberg's—the lavish wit and arch humour are all his own. Such are his "*Jacob vom Tybo*," his "*Abracadabra*," which vies with the "*Mostellaria*" of Plautus; while his "*Erasmus Montanus*" soars emulous of the clouds of Aristophanes, and, always original and natural, is therefore invariably applauded.

Owing to the nearer approximation of customs, manners, and occupations, especially those derived from a sea-faring life, between the English and Danish people, less of the local, the popular, and the humorous, is lost upon the former than upon any other people. Holberg's Zealand boors and sailors bear a strong family likeness to our own—are at once recognised as almost Shakspearian, and belonging to some common ancestors of the far North. Thus we can enjoy a hearty laugh with Holberg at what really puzzles the more inland phlegm of the Germans. They cannot, for instance, half so well appreciate or relish the humour of his "*Political Cannon-founder*," of his "*Jeppe vom Berge*," or his "*Elfte Junius*,"—admirable personifications of a class which, like those of Smollett and of Marryat, may be said to belong to all times; and it is the same with regard to his Danish magistrates, and citizens of different ranks, whose most striking peculiarities are hit off with the hand of a master.

The ground-plot of "*Jeppe vom Berge*," from which we borrow a few specimens, though as old as the moon, figuring in the "*Arabian Nights*," in Biederman's "*Utopia*," and the traditionary fiction of most countries, is handled, in its development, with so much skill and originality, as to produce the illusion of perfect novelty. The whole action is so conducted, as to leave the author little to acknowledge; and though there are some points of humorous coincidence, nothing whatever trenches upon the famous Master Snout, the tinker, or the transformed Bottom, those happy representatives of their order.

Without pretending to compare Holberg with Shakspeare, he has

treated his subject with masterly power, and a strict regard to truth and nature, which, it is only fair to observe, brings him into close resemblance with the bard of Avon. Yet Holberg had not even the honour of Master Christopher Sly's acquaintance when he wrote. Though A. W. Schlegel awards the palm of excellence to Shakspeare—deservedly so, we must admit; yet, in this instance, there are numerous writers who differ from him. The best criterion, perhaps, would be to play our great bard's "Taming of the Shrew" on the Danish boards, and the Dane's production on our own. It would then appear that each was a magician in his own sphere; and that it is something like comparing the flavour of the pine-apple and the peach.

"Jeppe vom Berge" is a comedy in itself; not a long one, indeed, but full of rich, animated scenes and comic incidents, "treading upon each other's heels," as Burns observed, "as fast as they can skelter." How much art was requisite to inspire the clod itself with life? and a comic life so much more difficult than that of the Cymon and Iphigenia of Boccaccio and Dryden. To display at once the most natural character and the happiest moral in the vicissitudes of a comic dream—to dart the rays of fancy through the "dim obscure" of an imagination and intellect upon which the mildest light had scarcely ever shone: and thus, to exhibit a wisdom at once the most natural and the most entertaining is, if not to rival a Shakspeare, to strike out a new path, such as was at least worthy of a kindred spirit.

Jeppe, though no philosopher, has the misfortune to have a Socratic wife, who employs other weapons besides her tongue—a circumstance which he *feelingly* deploras. Can we wonder he sometimes drowned the recollection in that "sweet oblivion" which no exhortations of Father Matthew, charmed he ever so wisely, would have banished; and that this single foible obtained for him an unenviable notoriety, which led to the comi-tragical events which followed. When she had occasion to send poor Jeppe upon an errand, she usually made her memorandum with a stout cudgel instead of a pen, so that he might remember; and on the more important day of entrusting him to go to market, she inflicted as many blows as there were commissions, in order to impress the number upon his mind.

On his way to the city, unluckily, Jeppe had to pass the hostelry of his friend Jacob Schuster—a pass more difficult to him than any of Thermopylæ or Khyber to our ancient and modern heroes. No wonder that Jeppe stuck fast in it; and entered into a humorous argument with his hostship upon the propriety of scoring instead of paying, as being capital invested, which would consequently bear interest. Spite of his ingenuity, however, out came his virago's Kruitizers; and when all gone, and mine host had drunk Jeppe's health, he began to moralize, declaring that he would not for the world permit him to touch another glass had he mountains of gold, much less to begin a new score.

Bestowing upon his prudent friend a hearty malediction, the incensed Jeppe pursues his way, singing, at the top of his voice, his favourite drinking song:—

"Not drink with me! What, not drink with me!
When the earth drinks the dews, and the sun drinks the sea;
And the water itself sips the sun's sparkling beam;
When all nature drinks deep to *young* Life's happy dream!
Oh, who would turn recreant to customs like this,
And sit thirsting in pain; nor dare steep it in bliss?"

But Jeppe's vocal powers, like his pedestrian, soon desert him; and, still railing at the treacherous host, whom he imagines to be present, and mimics, in the most ludicrous manner, he *falls*—fast asleep by the way-side; but not the way to market, as he had supposed. Here he is found, taking his *siesta*, by a hunting-party, headed by Baron N., the lord of the manor. The dead man, as was conjectured—killed by some bear or wild boar—is ascertained to be only dead drunk; and being recognised as one of his lordship's tenants—the notoriously drunken Jeppe with the virago wife—the scandal of the thing is discussed in a happy vein of philosophic irony and wit. Among other remedies, it is proposed to effect a reform by the amusing process of transporting him to the castle, installing him in the state bedroom, and persuading him, upon his awaking, that he is “monarch of all he surveys.”

The scheme succeeds to admiration; the soliloquy, the conversations and scenes that follow, are in the pleasantest comic mood; but we must omit them, to come to the still richer ones, in which the doctors are at last sent for, to convince the new lord, once for all, that his recollections of the past are absolute delusions. He has just been arrayed in his baronial robes, when enter two physicians, followed by the chamberlain, and by my lord's valet, Erich. Spite of his new dignity and grand exterior, Jeppe is unable quite to restrain his old humour within the proper bounds; and they find him lustily giving vent to an extempore song, illustrative of his happy change of person and fortune, though horribly puzzled between his present and former self. The bells sounded as sweetly in his ears, when he rang them, as in those of Whittington, to the tune of “lord mayor of great London,” inviting him to “turn again;” and, like other great men, Jeppe would have turned many more times rather than have been *turned* out.

“Poor Jeppe's Lord Jeppe!
He's cast his old skin;
He may swear with the boldest,
Drink rich champagne for gin.
Row-de-dow.

“Pretty ladies shall sing him
To sleep in the wood;
And the devil take Nelly,
That vile ne'er do good.
Row-de-dow.

“The sexton's a cursed
Rum knave with his spade;—
I'll mount my best charger,
And ride o'er the old blade.
Row-de-dow.

“With his Death's head and bare bones,
If he don't dig it deep,
For my vixen old beldam,
Deil incarnate to sleep.
Row-de-dow.”

This amusing contrast between the grand appearance, the rough voice, and brutal song of the new baron, was almost too much for the risible faculties of the doctors, who sought to hide their mirth under the garb of professional gravity.

Scene III. gives us the two doctors, Lord Jeppe, his chamberlain,

and Erich, his valet; and as it abounds in traits of character, and cases in point, we the more willingly transfer it to our pages entire:

Doc. 1st. We learn, with extreme concern, that your lordship has not rested so well last night.

CHAM. Too true, good sir. My lord is in a very nervous state.

Doc. 2nd. How do you feel, my lord?

JEPPE. As hearty as a buck—only somewhat dry after the brandy I drank at Jacob Schuster's. Give me a jug of beer, and I don't care if all the kit of you were hung up on the same gallows together. I want no doctors—not I.

Doc. 1st. A prognostic of delirium—raving already. (*To his colleague.*)

Doc. 2nd. The more sudden the fit, the sooner over.

JEPPE. Ay, a sharp blast and a short one for me; and, mayhap, for you, too, if I had the trussing of you.

Doc. 2nd. Permit me to feel your lordship's pulse. *Quid tibi videtur?*

(*To his colleague.*)

Doc. 1st. Methinks he wants a vein opening.

Doc. 2nd. That is not my view of the case. Such singular accesses must be treated in a different manner. I'll be bound to say his lordship has only had an ugly dream, that has discomposed him. He has, perhaps, dreamed he was made a slave of—condemned to serfship and toil for life; or, perhaps, that he was going to be hanged. He wants pleasant conversation and good wine to dissipate these strange humours; and he might get up some private theatricals, and enjoy a few comic scenes with undoubted advantage. (*A band of music here strikes up.*)

CHAM. That is a favourite air of his lordship's.

JEPPE. Very likely! Is there often these jolly-makings in the old castle?

CHAM. Whenever you lordship pleases—all depends upon that. We owe everything to your lordship's goodness.

JEPPE. Devilish odd, then, that I can't remember it. Nobody ever did me a good turn that forgot to remind me.

Doc. 1st. It is the nature of this disease to forget what you have formerly done. I will state in confidence, for your consolation, the case of a neighbour of mine, who got so confoundedly drunk, that in two days he imagined he had lost his head. He went about looking for it.

JEPPE. I wish our bailiff Christopher, and his clerk, had got the same disease, if it would keep their hands out of honest people's pockets. But it must be a desperate attack; for he thinks, instead of having no head, that he is the head of us all.

(*They all laugh—ha, ha, ha!*)

Doc. 2nd. I am glad to see your lordship so facetious. But to return to the case. After a vain search the patient recovered his head where he least expected it, in the churchyard; and is, at this time, a very industrious sexton.

JEPPE. That is very probable without having to find his head again, if he had a pickaxe and a spade.

(*All—ha, ha, ha!*)

Doc. 1st. And you may, perhaps, remember the account we once had of a man who, for ten years, believed that instead of brains his head was full of nothing but flies. At last, a physician hit upon a plan of undeceiving him. He applied a large plaster covered with flies, and on removing it from his head, exhibited it to his patient, who, delighted at the expedient, was from that moment a sound man. Another was seized with the strange fancy, that he should inundate the whole city if he obeyed the dictates of nature; and it was only by raising a report that the enemy would infallibly carry it by assault if they were not drowned out, that he resolved at once to save himself and his country by overflowing their trenches. He was cured.

Doc. 2nd. I can give you another instance, my lord; that of a patient of mine in Holland. It was a still more singular delusion than that of your lordship imagining yourself to have been a common boor. He was also a nobleman, who happening to wear a gold chain of immense value, which tempted the cupidity of his host; the latter, during the night, contrived to abstract a number of the gold links. Next morning, just as his lordship was about to mount into his saddle, he threw the chain over his neck, but found it too short; half its length was gone. He declared that he had been robbed, when his host running up to him, started back, calling out with well-feigned terror, "Ah, my good lord, what has happened? Your head is twice the size it was yesterday," and at the same time he held up a mirror, that magnified to double the size. His lordship was greatly shocked, and in a piteous voice cried out, "Alas! I see the reason why the chain appeared so short but too

well; I am a doomed man!" And throwing himself from his horse, he retired to his chamber, and would, doubtless, have died, had he not sent for me.

Doc. 1st. That is not quite so certain; but assuredly, there are examples of this kind without number, which must be a great relief to your lordship. For this reason we will proceed; I had once a patient who conceived that he had a nose ten feet long, and sent his valet before him to warn people to get out of the way.

Doc. 2nd. There is also the case of a young man, who believed that he was absolutely dead. He laid himself out, and would neither eat nor drink. In vain his friends reasoned, and his physicians prescribed; for he proved to them the absurdity of persuading a dead man to eat. At length, a skilful practitioner—I need not mention names—undertook to restore his wits by the following simple process. He told one of his servants how to act the dead man, and then introduced him to his other dead patient, who inquired why he had taken up his residence with him, "Because I am a dead man," was the reply; and they then began to converse more freely. By and by, I sent the new dead man his dinner, which he eat with great zest, from time to time exclaiming, "What are *you* going to have? This is worth dying for; I never eat anything so good in my life. If I am always to feast so, I wish I may be dead a good while." "What!" said his companion, "is it proper for a dead man to eat?" "Eat! to be sure," was the reply; "if I did not eat, how could I be dead, I wonder?" This excited the curiosity of the patient; he listened—he ate—he got up, and walked out. In short, he followed his companion's example, and got quite well.

Doc. 1st. But why multiply examples; we have said enough for the benefit of his lordship, whose case seems exactly of the same kind. But he must strive to banish the delusion of his having been a labouring man.

JEPPE. Is it possible, then, that it was all a mere dream?

Doc. 2nd. To be sure; the cases I have adduced must convince the most sceptical mind.

Doc. 1st. Especially after what I have said.

JEPPE. Then is not my name Jeppe vom Berge?

Doc. 2nd. Oh, certainly not!

JEPPE. Is not that virago, Nelly, my wife?

Doc. 1st. How can she be, when your lordship is a widower?

JEPPE. What! is it not true that she has a paramour, called Mr. Erich?

Doc. 2nd. All mere imagination.

JEPPE. Now tell me. Was not I sent to buy soap for washing-day—only last night?

Doc. 1st. God forbid, your lordship!

JEPPE. And spent the money at Jacob's, and got downright—

CHAM. No! Heaven forbid! When your lordship spent nearly the whole day at the chase!

JEPPE. Do you mean to say, gents, that I am not a cuckold?

CHAM. Your honoured lady, my good lord, has been dead these many years.

JEPPE. Ay, I begin to remember. I will think no more of my old dream. I'll not be a fool, but enjoy life while I may. Strange though, that a lord should fall into such dirty and degrading ideas.

CHAM. Oh, not in the least. I have known many instances in the course of my experience a great deal more absurd. Would it be agreeable to your lordship to take a turn in the gardens while breakfast is preparing?

JEPPE. To be sure it would; and tell the rascals to make haste, for I am woundily hungry, and could drink a river dry. No more crankums about day labour and short wages for me. (*Exit LORD JEPPE, with his train.*)

When fairly seated in baronial state, the exercise of his lordship's powers gives rise to some admirably droll situations, happy dialogue, and well-contrasted scenes. The illusion is ably sustained to the last. Intoxicated with his grandeur, he at length resolves to hang the real lord, and some of his domestics, when it is thought high time to restore him in a deep sleep to the spot whence he was taken, and where he is found by his virago wife. Jeppe is well thrashed, afterwards arrested for breaking into the baron's castle; there is a mock trial—a mock execution. He is persuaded that he has been hanged, and with some humour, holds a colloquy from the gallows with the passengers and his vixen wife.

THE HUSBAND MALGRE LUI; OR, THE WEST INDIA ADVENTURE OF A TEXIAN NAVAL OFFICER.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

PART II.

THE whole party, who were soon safe on shore, leaving their vessel to the mercy of the waves, which quickly broke it up, were received with the utmost hospitality by Don Mendoza and his daughter, whom both the young lady and her father were delighted to find spoke very fair Spanish. My hero further informed them, that he was a captain in the service of the republic of Texas,—that having suffered from ill health, he had demanded a furlough while his squadron was preparing for a cruise against the Mexicans, and proceeded on a trip with Captain Frontin, a regular trader between the various islands of the West Indies. Upon this, he was immediately invited to make Signor Mendoza's house his home, while Monsieur Frontin and the crew were included in the invitation, the men being handed over to the steward. Downing, who had already stolen sundry glances at the Donna Maria, was peculiarly delighted at the arrangement, and had even the audacity to fancy that a corresponding degree of pleasure had been shewn by the young lady herself. However this may be, the storm having in nowise abated, the whole party made for cover, and ere long the hospitable planter, his bright-eyed daughter, and Captain Downing and the unfortunate master and owner of the lost brig, were seated round a copious and well-supplied board, sipping coffee and tea, and enjoying the invigorating amusement of devouring hams, yams, and a vast variety of fruit.

It would be foreign to my purpose, and, besides, would evidence a very poor opinion of my readers' sagacity, were I minutely to detail how the remainder of the day passed, how Captain Downing fell desperately and irrecoverably in love with Donna Maria, and how she, interested in his unfortunate position, and pleased by his naturally easy and fascinating manners, was not very far from falling into the same line of sentiment, which was peculiarly vexatious, since nothing fans love like opposition. All I shall say is, that when papa retired to his *siesta*, and left Downing to follow his example or not, as choice should determine, he preferred the society of the young Donna to a snooze, and was entertained by her with an elegant collation in an arbour, not far distant from the house, where, amid the perfume of aromatic jessamine, sat the queen of the surrounding district, not less charming, doubtless, for her acres. He was terribly annoyed at the duenna-like appearance of an old "ghoul of a negress, as he afterwards described her; but notwithstanding the *surveillance*, he contrived to pour a flood of soft nothings into the ear of his mistress, and, however the fact may startle my phlegmatic readers, he obtained something very like encouragement. In fact, the young lady was so delighted with her guest, so very light-hearted and frank in her expressions of satisfaction, that Juno, the ebony ghoul in question, shook her woolly locks, tinged with grey, and vowed it was a decided match.

"And me no tink Donna Maria far out de way," she said, at a later

period, to the kitchen conclave, "for him 'xac'ly like Jupiter, dat was my fust lub."

Early next morning, ere the sun had spread his influence upon earth, Downing had risen, and was seeking in the delicious coolness of the dawn, to allay the feverish excitement which the tumultuous events of the preceding day, as well as his own feelings, had kindled. On his return, after a long walk, during which he had let chance direct him, he halted opposite a small but elegant cottage, with a beautifully laid out garden, on which he could not but gaze with admiration, studded as it was by the most splendid tropical plants. The cottage was about a quarter of a mile from the villa of Don Mendoza, and Downing, lying down under the shade of a sycamore tree, abandoned himself to the delicious luxury of thought. Some little anxiety, doubtless, also accompanied his mere pleasurable ideas, since the father's consent to the marriage, which he had settled in his own mind, had yet to be obtained.

Some twenty minutes elapsed, when a window was thrown open in the front of the cottage above alluded to, and a very elegantly-dressed woman, somewhere about forty, (perhaps a little on the wrong side,) but still exceedingly fine and showy, though encumbered by about twice the ordinary amount of flesh, appeared at it. Though all eyes himself, Downing was not at first remarked by the fair apparition; but suddenly, her eye alighting upon him, she threw herself into a theatrical attitude, exclaiming, in somewhat badly pronounced English, to hear which language spoken at all, surprised the captain—

"It is him—it is Tibbets!"

With these words, she, as if overcome by the excess of her emotions, fell back into the arms of a grinning negress. Unable to repress a laugh, Downing arose, and returned home, not without being anxious to learn the particular character of the madness with which he conceived the fair occupant of the cottage to be afflicted.

On reaching the villa, he found Donna Maria awaiting his return with some anxiety; for the young lady had risen somewhat earlier than usual, though her object, as explained by herself, was to attend to the arrangement of certain flower-pots, in which graceful and characteristic occupation he found her engaged.

The day passed without anything to trouble the even tenour of the lovers' way. Downing was profuse of *petit soins*, Donna Maria of smiles and grace; but towards evening, the captain was compelled to abandon the society of his charming Donna, and adjourn with the gentlemen to the portico of the house to enjoy the cool evening breeze, sip singaree, and—

"Smoke the mild Havannah."

In the course of conversation, Downing mentioned the occurrence of the morning, describing the appearance of the lady with considerable humour. He was informed that a few years previously, another vessel had been wrecked upon the island, and one Tibbets, its master, after some months' residence, had married the lady in question, but, for reasons unknown, had subsequently deserted her, leaving Mrs. Tibbets mourning, like another Calypso, for her lost Ulysses.

Downing smiled at the recital; and the subject dropped, as he thought, to be no more revived.

Several days passed; during which the captain became so completely entwined in the lady's toils, as to find it quite impossible to think of losing her, still he doubted her father's approbation, and often sought, in long and solitary walks, to ponder over every possible argument which might prove efficacious with Don Mendoza.

During these peregrinations, Downing could not forbear noticing that many persons would stop and stare at him, while the negro boys and girls would distend their ebony visages, and whisper among themselves. More than once, he heard them chuckling their well-known—"Yah—yah! Yah—yah! Tibbets, Tibbets, Tibbets! Come back! Go home to wife!" Downing was surprised and annoyed at all this; but he would have been infinitely more astonished if he had known that Mrs. Tibbets had been visited by a whole host of acquaintances, who congratulated her on the return of her truant husband.

About three weeks after Downing's arrival in Porto Rico, a ball was announced to be given at the house of the governor of Aquadilla; and Don and Donna Mendoza, as well as our hero, and the French master of the brig, were among the invited guests. Before the auspicious day arrived, Downing received numerous hints from certain acquaintances, that a scene was likely to occur there, but his naturally gay and sanguine spirit made him treat the warnings with unconcern.

The evening of the ball at length arrived, and after dancing most perseveringly with the fair Maria, the captain disappeared in search of some refreshments for her. Having sent these to the lady, according to custom, by a *darkee*, and seduced by the arguments of some of his new friends, he halted awhile to join them in a bowl of arrack punch. During his absence, which Maria considered very unreasonably protracted, the ponderous lady before-mentioned rose from a seat which she had hitherto occupied, and approached the young Donna, who, be it known, was wholly ignorant of the popular topic of discourse—namely, the return of Tibbets.

"Donna Maria Mendoza, I believe?" she said, addressing her; "my name is Mrs. Tibbets—Mrs. Tibbets!" And the stout lady put a most marked emphasis upon the words.

Donna Maria could not see the wit of this, but replied politely, "I am proud to make your acquaintance, Donna Tibbets."

"You are very good," said the stout lady, very quietly,—it was evident she was getting into a passion, notwithstanding her apparent calmness,—"but pray, if I am not too inquisitive, what is the name of that individual—that gentleman you have been dancing with?"

"Which gentleman?" replied Donna Maria with provoking serenity, but still with some little surprise. She had certainly stood up ten minutes with a cousin, and of course she could not know whether Mrs. Tibbets might not allude to him.

"Oh!" replied Mrs. Tibbets, who had some indistinct notion that Donna Maria was quizzing her; "of course I mean the person who has not many minutes left you."

"That gentleman," continued Donna Maria somewhat haughtily, and at the same time anxious to hear the result of this mysterious cross-examination, "is Captain Charles Downing, of the Texian naval service."

"Santa Maria! Mr. Downing is it? Oh, Heavens! oh, Miss, I shall faint. The ungrateful one! the deceiver! quick—some water!"

At this moment a negro was handing round some tumblers, one of which Mrs. Tibbets seized, and emptied the contents at a draught. It was brandy-punch; but doubtless, in her agitation she mistook it for water.

"Your agitation, signora," said Maria, "to say the least of it, is very strange. Do you know Captain Downing?"

"Do I know him, Donna Mendoza? Oh! can you ask me such a question? He is my husband—my faithless husband."

"Your husband!" cried Donna Maria, striving vainly to hide her confusion and anxiety under a calm exterior; "your husband! it cannot be!—at all events, he has very much deceived me."

Perfectly convinced of the tender relations existing between her supposed husband and Donna Maria Mendoza, Mrs. Tibbets now poured forth a torrent of invective, calling loudly for an old half-pay fire-eater, named Major Pocolongo. The major speedily answered the summons, and declaring Mrs. Tibbets was an ill-used woman, vowed to redress her wrongs. At this stage of the comedy, Downing made his appearance, and pushing through the crowd, was about to take a seat by the astonished Maria, when the stout lady seized him by the shoulder, crying—

"Now, Tibbets, I've got you at last. Governor—friends—Major, I have found my husband!"

Downing felt himself in what Brother Jonathan calls "a fix." The ball-room was in an uproar, the dulcet strains of the orchestra ceased, the governor and major entered upon the scene of action, Don Mendoza asked various explanations, and poor Maria appeared ready to faint.

"I protest, madam!" exclaimed Downing, now seriously alarmed; "you are mistaken—never more mistaken in your life. My name is Downing—Charles Downing; I was never called Tibbets—never, upon my soul, madam."

"It is no use, false man—I am not to be deceived! I know your tricks too well. But come back to me again, and I'll forgive you all. Come back, my Tibby—Tabby!"

This was too much for Downing, who burst into a roar of laughter, in which the whole audience joined.

At this juncture of affairs, Mr. Frontin stepped forward, with a packet of papers in his hand.

It is needless to say that an immediate explanation ensued.

In the spring of the present year I spent six weeks at the delightful villa of Mr. and Mrs. Downing, in the Isle of Porto Rico, and found that my friend's enthusiastic letters had not exaggerated in the least the beauty of his young Spanish wife. I have only to add, that, since my arrival in England, I have received a letter from Mrs. Major Pocolongo, announcing the birth of a son to the Downings, "the very image of my late husband Tibbets."

[The above story is founded on fact; some brief notice of it appeared in the Texian papers, during my residence in that country.]

“WINTER WANDERINGS.”

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

Ain-tab.—Story of a sword.—A nocturnal ride.—Kilis, ancient Ciliza.—Panthers of Amanus.—Hostile reception from the Turkomans.—Ruins of Issus.—City of Mopsos, the soothsayer.—Aleian plain.—Reverses of Bellerophon.—City of Adana.

THE incomplete state of the steamers, the *Tigris* being still upon the stocks, and the necessity there was for awaiting the freshes of spring, made Colonel Chesney resolve upon a winter expedition, previous to the descent of the river. A party was accordingly formed, consisting of the colonel himself, Murphy, Thomson, Staunton, Helfer, and the author, with Yusuf Saada as interpreter, and Malta, the black cook, as artist—and a most useful one he turned out to be.

The colonel was still so ill as to require being lifted on his horse, but from the moment he began to breathe the mountain air, he rallied rapidly; nor had we far to go to obtain this, for at a distance of from five to six miles from the port, the ascent of the hills commenced, presenting at this time a dreary monotonous expanse, covered with snow in every direction.

Our start was not a successful one, and it might be said to have foreshadowed the great feature of all these “winter wanderings,” in which one mistake was pretty constantly followed by another. The commissariat being long in loading, it was left to follow under Yusuf and Malta. Evening approaching, and there being no signs of its coming up, Staunton started with a view to bring up the tardy eatables; but we did not see him afterwards, nor the creature comforts, till we got to Ain-tab.

We were all roused by the zest of travel, and our spirits were enlivened by the prospect of change and adventure; but this did not prevent our perceiving that night was setting in, cold and forbidding, and made us glad to take refuge in a small village on the hill side, nearly buried in a snow-drift. We were kindly received at this place by the villagers, and if the fare was not choice, it was more than compensated for by the abundant logs of wood, which afforded a wide and genial expanse of flame, limited in its extent by no tyrannical bars, but nearly filling up the whole of a fire-place, as capacious as an ordinary room, and not unlike the open circular chimneys familiar to the Cambrian tourist.

The keen sharp frost of the night, and the mountain air, made us all rise in better health; and we started in high spirits, the snow sparkling in the morning sunshine, towards a bare, bleak, and barren range of hills, without a tree or house to diversify the prospect. A starved donkey, which we passed on the road, was surrounded by a troop of vultures of the largest kind, driven down from the mountains by the severity of the weather. They were scarcely disturbed by our presence, merely gathering together upon a neighbouring knoll, where they stood looking at us like a group of school-boys, only more fierce than playful. Not so large as the one, but about the same size as the other, these birds represent in Taurus the Conder of the Andes, and Lammer-geyer of the Alps.

Having with some little labour and occasional plunges into snow-drifts surmounted the hills, the rest of our ride was downwards, till afternoon brought us into the cheerful precincts of the town of Aintab. A lofty citadel towered over a considerable expanse of habitations, which, with the surrounding garden, nearly filled up a valley of from four or five miles in circumference, and the smoke curling up in wreaths into the sky, glittering with frosty particles, was so inviting as to render the minor inconvenience of frozen hair and moustache, and occasional masses of snow tumbling from overhanging branches, things of no concern.

It so happened that there was a Christian in Aintab, who had been long engaged in supplying Port William with vegetables—the cheap and abundant produce of its fertile gardens; he, in fact, held the important post of greengrocer to the expedition, and we repaired accordingly to his house, not, however, without some little difficulty experienced in finding our way, and also occasioned by the condition of the streets, in which Dr. Helfer had a severe fall, his horse tumbling down an accumulated pile of snow. At Khawaja Yiorgio's, oriental decorum, unfortunately, supplied the place of comfort—the satisfactory log was supplanted by the sorry Mangal—a shallow copper dish, in which a handful or two of charcoal is burnt, and which, from the asphixiating properties of the gas, requires to be lighted out of doors, during which time the patient sufferer within has nothing but hope to keep him warm.

Our habitual conceptions with regard to Western Asia, have reference almost invariably to the warm seasons, a fine climate, and a burning hot sun. So it is a fine climate, for nothing can possibly be more refreshing than extremes of heat and cold—a glowing fruitful summer, relieved by a river-binding, duck-shooting winter; but this latter is far severer than anything we know of. On the present occasion, while detained at Aintab by the necessary astronomical observations, the thermometer fell on the morning of Jan. 16, 1836, as low as 5 of Fahrenheit, or 27 degrees below freezing point; but this was nothing compared with what I experienced on the uplands of Angora, in 1838, when the thermometer fell to 3 of Fahrenheit. In the uplands of Armenia the cold is still more intense.

Awed by the severity of the frost, and appalled by the prospect of advancing further into Taurus, at such a season, some began laying in additional garments, of which furs (cheap and excellent here) formed no small part; accustomed to the mild climate of South Austria, Herfel returned to Port William, from whence, during our absence he made an excursion into the milder plains of Chalcidene. The worthy doctor had, since he joined the expedition, armed himself with a Damascus sword of the first water, encased in the usual black scabbard, having a slit down a portion of the back, to allow of the extremely curved blade being rapidly extricated from its sheath. This formidable weapon was carried more as a precaution than as an object of offence—it was the necessary part of an officer's costume, and was worn to strike terror into the beholder. It had also an advantage over the long European sword, that it was not, as with Mr. Rassam, perpetually getting between his legs, and precipitating him downwards, always at some unlucky moment, when enforcing with great dignity some demand upon a mutesellim, or walking with appropriate gravity into the presence of

a pasha. The sword, therefore, was not frequently drawn; but being one day requested to be seen, when brought out of its hiding-place, it turned out that some wily Arab had changed the blade of many piastres for an old iron hoop, rivetted with nails in the middle, into the form of a sword, and with a handle alone somewhat similar to that of the original.

Ain-tab is a considerable town, with a population of about 20,000. Its houses are built of stone, and its markets well provided, and bustling. Owing to Colonel Chesney's known partiality to the Osmanlis, we were not permitted to visit the interior of the castle. We, however, waited upon the pasha to express a little indignation at the difficulties which the transport had met with. "I have nothing to do with the affairs of the civil government," said the pasha; "if you want troops, or my sword," he added, taking it with a flourish from a recess by his side, "it is at your service; but I cannot furnish camels and bullocks."

Ain-tab has been identified with Antiochia ad Taurum, but, as Mr. Long remarks, without sufficient reason; and yet it is difficult to imagine another positioning for that town. D'Anville, however, is completely in the wrong in recognising it as the site of Deba. This is a city of Mesopotamia, situated on the Tigris, and from its positioning given by Ptolemy, after Dorbeta (Dyar-Bekr) and between Saphe (afterwards Castrum Cepha, and now Hisn Kef) and Singara; can be nothing but the Alexandrian geographer's corruption of Zabda, the Bezabde of the Romans, and now Jezireh ibn Omar. The mutation of the Z into D, has been shewn at length in the notes of Valesius to Ammianus Marcellinus, (xxiii. 6.)

I am more inclined to identify the site with the ancient Doliche, which was on the road from Nicopolis to Zeugma, and twenty-one Roman miles from the latter, identifying it with Birehjik. In the Theodosian tables, we have at Doliche the expression for either warm or salubrious springs, instead of that usually used to denote towns, and this appears to have some reference to its actual name. Doliche was also, in mediæval times, a Christian episcopate of the province of Euphratensis; and Ain-tab is still a town much favoured by Greeks and Armenians, who constitute a considerable portion of its population.

The frost had in no degree abated when we started from Ain-tab. Our road lay westward, over hill and valley, alike clothed in the same monotonous garb of white; and the rivers were stopped in their course by thick ribbed ice. Travelling, however, was by no means unpleasant; the sky was clear, the sun shone bright, and there were none of those fogs and damps which so often interfere with the wintry beauty of our own climate. Ague had returned in Giorgio's uncomfortable house, and I was at times reduced to the alternative, being unable to sit my horse, of keeping up with the party, by holding on at the tail behind! Happily, the animal thought it too much trouble to kick. We were somewhat surprised at meeting on our journey, a caravan of camels. The ship of the desert seemed rather out of his place; but the snow bore its broad padded foot, and it got on as well as on the plain.

The first day we only reached the village of Kara Weyu, corruption of the "Black Ruin," and by distances not unlikely to be Gerbedissus. There remained then for the next day a very long ride to reach Kilis. We plodded on as usual, Murphy taking the bearings, and the com-

missariat bringing up the rear, till evening was coming on apace, and there were no signs of our being nearer to the town. At length, the colonel lost patience, and getting Murphy to change his more serviceable nag for mine, which was indeed only fit to take bearings from, we started off together, to prepare accommodation for the remainder. The distance was, however, far greater than we had anticipated. After an hour or two quick trotting over an elevated plain, with here and there a village in the distance, we came to a country of rugged basaltic rocks, upon which the snow only lay in patches. The track which had hitherto guided us was, consequently, less distinct. We could only see that our road turned into a ravine, which, with many deviations, ultimately brought us, just as night was coming on, into the low country. We had then before us a dark and dense forest of olive trees, with scarcely a pathway visible, notwithstanding which, the colonel urged his horse on at a sharp canter, and when no longer able to keep up by his side, I gallantly followed in the rear. As we advanced into the wood, trunks of trees began to jut out into the narrow track, which was also occasionally intercepted by branches lower than the rider. Fallen trees further obstructed a road full of ruts and of all kinds of irregularities, while the uncertain light, breaking here and there through a gap in the trees, threw gigantic shadows before us, making each dark line appear as a pitfall; still, on and on the colonel sped, without uttering a word, as if the road had been as even and as familiar to him as the ring in Hyde Park. But the pattering of our horses' feet, and the noise of an occasional jolt against some of the above mentioned obstacles, had roused the attention of the jackals. At first, one or two, apparently highly delighted with our progress, joined in the fun, yelling most gloriously; this soon brought others, till the pack became so numerous, that the clash of the horses' feet, a bump against a tree, or our own voices used at their highest pitch, were quite inaudible. This incessant din and howling, and the careering pace which the beasts kept up, now in the track of our horses—now sweeping by our very sides, gave additional speed to the poor steeds, whose very hairs stood up like bristles. At Kilis, however, we arrived, and scatheless, too; but it was night, and the multitude had retired to rest, when the colonel stumbled upon an unfortunate boy, who was endeavouring to hide himself behind a Musulman tomb, and he was forced, *nolens volens*, to become our guide to the house of a Christian merchant, who had relations with the expedition. This was the first, but not, as I shall have occasion to relate, the last nocturnal ride which I had with the colonel. The remainder of the party did not arrive till near day-break, fatigued, cross, and worn out; so the colonel and myself deemed it wisest to continue fast asleep.

Kilis is a large bustling town, on a rich and fertile plain, but backed by precipitous cliffs of crumbling marls and limestones, alternating with basalts. It contains thirty-two mosques, baths, houses built of stone, and about 12,000 inhabitants, chiefly Turkomans, with Armenians, Kurds, and some Osmanlis. Its bazaars are well stored, and its market good. Kilis and Ain-tab have both manufactures of leather made of goats'-skin, dyed red and yellow, and of cottons and various coloured woollens. Their chief trade may, indeed, be considered as raw hides and leather; but Ain-tab, as previously observed, abounds in

fruit and vegetables, with which it supplies the market of Aleppo and other towns; and around Kilis, besides its abundant olives, much cotton is also grown. In return for their produce, the merchants purchase English and French manufactures at Aleppo, for the bazaars.

When it is considered that Ain-tab and Kilis are the towns from whence the great plain with its numerous villages, over which the transport was carried, (and the Turkoman governor did not escape a scolding on the occasion of the colonel's visit,) and the hilly and thickly populated districts on the slopes of Taurus are in great part supplied, the nature of this activity and prosperity will be better understood, and their commercial importance estimated at its full value. We are a great deal too much accustomed—from the want of detailed maps, and from the indifference which an administration known to be inefficient and inadequate at the fountain head, and in consequence tyrannical and rapacious in its executive, naturally gives rise to—to underrate the actual resources, the vast population, and real productiveness and capabilities, and the field that lies open to, and is as yet almost unoccupied by our manufactures, in the more remote parts of the Turkish empire.

Kilis corresponds to the ancient Ciliza, which appears to have been a place of no importance, till it succeeded to Cyrrhus, the capital of the district, and which was in its immediate neighbourhood. We did not visit the ruins, but they are described by Colonel Chesney, who explored them on a former occasion, to be of an uninteresting character, and situate about sixteen miles N.W. by W. of Kilis. It is remarkable that the site of these ruins is still called Kuros by the natives, which would so far corroborate the opinion held by the early Christians, that that city was founded by the Jews, and derived its name from their liberator Cyrus, as related by Procopius (11 De *Ædific.* xi.), and by Gennadius, (De *Scrip. Ecclesiast.* cap. 89.) The opinion of antiquity appears however to have been, that it was named after a city of the same denomination in Macedonia. Cyrrhus was the country of Avidius Cassius, who rebelled against Marc Antony, and it was a Christian episcopate.

From Kilis we advanced into a hilly and wooded country, offsets of the lofty Amanus, broken up by water-courses, pathless and rugged, yet pleasant and picturesque districts enough, from the variety of scenery, the perpetual contrast of foliage, and shady tenantless glens. Colonel Chesney had a great dislike to beaten paths, so we travelled across these umbrageous wildernesses by the compass, simply directing ourselves towards the central pass over Amanus. On the morning of the second day's journey, we stumbled upon the largest of the feline tribe we had yet met with. We arrived so suddenly upon his lair, that he had not time to steal away without our obtaining a full view of his noble proportions, and spotted fur. The natives recognised him as a nimer, ourselves as the panther, for the numbers of which Amanus has been always celebrated. There may be some doubts as to whether the Amana, alluded to in the Song of Solomon (iv. 8), "Look from the top of Amana, from the top of Shenir and Hermon, from the lions' dens, from the mountains of the leopards," alludes to the Amanus of the Greeks and Romans; as the scene, as Bochart remarks, of the sacred drama was confined to the mountains of Judea. But there can be no doubt of this being the mountain from whence Cicero

(2 Epist. ii.) said it was his intention, while in Cilicia, to obtain from the hunters panthers for the Roman exhibitions. The mountain was celebrated in all antiquity for its wild beasts. Valerius Flaccus, in the first book of the *Argonauts*, describes at length the hunting of tigers in *Amanus*, and Oppianus (lib. iii. *Cynegat.*) describes the same mountain as tenanted by a kind of wolf, with bosom of enormous dimensions, thick hairs, and lips of brass; and from poetry not unfounded on fact, to fact itself, the naturalist *Ælian* (5 de *Animal.* c. 56) describes the panthers of Syria as being bred in the heights of *Amanus*.

Our ride was not this day distinguished from others by its brevity. The clouds came down towards evening from the mountains, and enveloped us in a dense snow-storm, which obscured the atmosphere, and rendered everything at a distance of more than a yard or two from us quite invisible. We had ascended some wooded heights, which broke off to the right in abrupt precipices, while to the left they led away apparently into woods of boundless extent. There was no indication of pathway, or signs of living creatures, and we almost mechanically sped away in a northerly direction, afraid, amidst the darkness of the storm, to advance into the wood on one side, or to tumble down the precipice on the other. Night overtook us in this predicament, and although there was little difference between it and what day had latterly been, still we had begun to familiarize our minds with the idea of bivouacking in the forest, when we were rejoiced by the distant sound of barking dogs, and shortly afterwards, open land announced human industry and the approach to habitations. After what still appeared to be a long time, we arrived at the gateway of a noble-looking house, which beetled over the brow of a precipice, and looked down in solitude and stately pride upon the depths below.

The owner of this mansion, a Turkoman Bey, was unfortunately absent; notwithstanding which, however, and the time at which we came, as well as our foreign and uncouth appearance, we were most hospitably received, and welcomed into a roomy apartment, where blazing logs of wood soon made us forget the fatigues of the day, and the anxieties of a few moments past. Mansions like these, in the hilly districts, are not unfrequent; they belong to the large land-proprietors, are constructed of wood and mud, having an interior court with galleries, and when closely examined by daylight, have generally a crumbling ruinous aspect; but at night time, when the faults of detail are not so discernible, they present a mansion-like appearance, and from their great superiority to the huts of the peasants, assume a truly baronial character.

Our commissariat had been replenished at Kilis, so we gave little trouble to the hospitable Turkomans beyond the night's lodging; and receiving in the morning an intimation as to the road to be pursued, we started in a south-west direction. This, after an hour or two's ride, brought us to where the outline of the country began to change, valleys, with a central line of reeds and rushes indicating water, opened at a distance into the greater valley or plain of the *Kara-su*, the ancient *Ænoparas*, here from five to six miles in width, and abruptly limited to the west by the neatly marked out declivities of the central chain of *Amanus*.

At the termination of one of these transverse valleys, where it

opened upon the plain, we perceived a village, cresting a tel or mound of large dimensions, and we directed our steps towards it, with the view to obtaining a guide to the pass in the mountains. Little, however, did we anticipate the reception which awaited us. The natives watched our approach down the hills with anxiety, and arming themselves with their long muskets, quietly awaited us, seated in front of a large white house, the residence of the sheikh. We had just arrived at the foot of the hills, and became exposed, by turning round a clump of trees, which had hitherto masked us, when they opened their irregular fire, which caused us to stop suddenly, and ponder as to what next was to be done. At first, a wish was expressed that Yusuf Saada would gallop up and explain, but after he had advanced a pace or two, and stood as many shots, he returned, and the futility of this plan of proceeding became manifest. Whether by order or not, I forget now, but certainly we soon fell into a broken line, conscious that the whole was an error easy of rectification, but requiring, at the same time, to be quickly settled, to prevent accidents; and we were perhaps, also, not a little indignant at being thus assaulted by a number of shirted miscreants, for the villagers had divested themselves of their abbas or cloaks for action, and certainly presented a very shabby appearance. Murphy had just been taking the bearing of the sheikh's house with his compass at the time that the dwellers therein were taking a bearing upon him with their muskets; but he had become sensible of the necessity of putting up his watch and magnet, and of unslinging his gun; and he soon came up with us, and was in at the short gallop, which, carried on simultaneously from four or five different points, took the little group upon the hill at every side, and enveloped them before they almost knew what we were bent upon. Not a gun was fired on our part, and it can be easily imagined to what ridiculous explanations our arrival in the village gave birth to. The simple fact was, that we had been mistaken, as we all wore fezzes, for emissaries of Ibrahim Pasha's, with whom, it appeared, the villagers, of what we now learned was called Kara Baba, or the "Black Chieftain," were in hostility; and they were as much pleased to find that we were harmless travellers as we were to have reached the village in safety. Their hospitality knew no bounds. Milk, in all its various forms, was offered profusely; and the sheikh, in the excess of his satisfaction, would allow no one to act as guide but himself; and in the absence of a horse, he walked away with us, with that air of indomitable pride, which the greatest goodwill, or even a humiliating position, cannot take away from the Oriental chieftain.

We started from the Black Chieftain's home across the plain well-known to antiquity as that of Sochi, in which Darius was encamped, previous to his crossing Amanus, to deliver the Battle of Issus. There is a fashion in antiquity as well as in everything else; and Darius, having been once condemned for quitting this supposed wide plain for the more narrow one of Issus, the error has been repeated in every modern history of Alexander and of his exploits. The fact is, that the plain of the Pinarus is as wide and extensive as that of the *Ænoparas*; and probably, had the advantage of not being encumbered with wood, which the valley of the latter river appears to have always been. Neither plain, however, was at all adequate to the favourable evolu-

tions of the immense army of 500,000 to 600,000 troops, and chiefly cavalry, which Darius is said to have collected.

Crossing the plain, woody and fertile, but everywhere uncultivated, we arrived at the village of Ata Burunu, situated at the foot of Amanus, the natives uniformly dwelling on the slope of the hills, both to the east and west of the plain, from motives of salubrity. We were received here in a large stone house, belonging to a Kurd Bey, within which was one large apartment, divided into several compartments and arched recesses, one of which latter was large enough for the whole of our party, while the Kurd and his family occupied another.

We here learnt the unwelcome intelligence, that the Amanus was not passable at this point—"not even for birds," was the expressive language of the Kurd; and, indeed, although the colonel, who was not easily set aside from a favourite project, did not readily admit the fact, it only required to look out from the terrace of the chieftain's house at the mountains, which rose up like a wall from our feet, so perpendicular as scarcely to present footing to a goat, and clad with a slippery mantle of snow and ice, which advanced without a break into the region of clouds, to feel at once that this was a rampart not to be crossed by man at this season of the year.

The result was, that we had to start next morning, in a southerly direction, down the plain, till we began the ascent of the hills at the village and castle of Beilan Bostandeh, from whence we gained the town and pass of Beilan, enjoying, on our way, a comprehensive and beautiful view of the plain of Imma, with the whole expanse of the Lake of Antioch, spread out like a basin of quicksilver beneath us.

The change, on descending the ensuing day, from the rude country we have been travelling in, to the mild shores of the Mediterranean, and the fertile soil of Cilicia, was very great. There was not a flake of snow upon these ever-verdant plains and myrtle groves; and oranges and pomegranates still hung ungathered upon the trees. Passing Iskendrun, where Captain Hayes had succeeded to Mr. Martenelli, we advanced by the Cilician and Syrian gates to Bayas, and from thence to the banks of the Pinarus, where we proposed to examine the great field of battle more in detail than had been done during the previous survey of the Gulf of Alexandretta.

We found several streams of water coming down from the mountains, the most southerly of which was named Yusler, after the village it flowed through; the next was the Koi Chai, or stream of the village; and the third, and largest stream, was the Deli Chai, or "mad water," and which must hence be supposed to correspond with the ancient Pinarus.

" ποταμῶν
Τηλόθεν ἀρχομένων Πυράμοιό τε καὶ Πινάροιο,"

Curiously rendered by Avienus:

" Sulcant duo flumina terram :
Pyramus hic undas, hic voluit Pinarus æquor."

I subsequently ascertained, in 1838, that all these streams lost themselves in marshes previous to issuing into the sea, which they flow into by a number of small outlets. Both at Yusler, Koi Chai, and at all the other villages northward of the Pinarus, although no extensive ruins were met with, still there existed abundant remains of antiquity.

Hewn stones, fragments of columns or pilasters, friezes, &c., were strewn about, dovetailed into modern houses, or made to ornament Mohammedan cemeteries.

Yusler has been identified by some with Issus, from a remote relation of names; and a degree of probability is given to this identification, if we admit, with Cellarius, that when Arrian describes Darius as first taking Issus, and then proceeding, next day, to Pinarus, he was retrograding, to take up his position, previous to giving battle. But this view of the subject is contradicted by the simple language of the Nicomedian, as well, also, as by the statement of Strabo, who places Issus after *Ægea*, and *then* the Pinarus. The distances given by Xenophon are also satisfactory. The army of Cyrus marched, in two days, fifteen parasangs, or thirty-five geographical miles, from the Pyramus to Issus, and from that renowned city, in one march, five parasangs, or fifteen geographical miles, to the gates of Cilicia and Syria. These distances would place Issus a little northward of the Deli Chai.

We explored the course of the Pinarus for several miles; and were tempted, on advancing into the plain, to approach the foot of the mountains, from the curious appearance of a tel, upon which we sought for traces, but without finding any, of the altars of Alexander, which, according to Q. Curtius (iii. c. 12), were erected on the banks of the Pinarus, close by where the battle was fought. The colonel and the rest of the party had, in the meantime, gone on to the northwards; and as Murphy and Thomson had commenced a round of bearings from the summit of the tel, evening at the same time coming on, I proceeded to move leisurely across the great plain of myrtle and heather, which had once been the scene of one of those wholesale butcheries which stand sorrowfully apart from incidents of a more peaceful character, and yet foremost in the annals of all nations. This great plain was by no means so easy of transit as appeared, being cut up by deep and narrow ravines, or water courses, with perpendicular sides, and which often for a time completely intercepted the horse's progress, and obliged one to ride long distances before a feasible passage could be found. It was thus dark before I came to the first village on the road, and where I found the party located in a pleasant cottage in a garden. It is almost needless to say, that poor Murphy and Thomson, who had not allowed for any difficulties on the way, did not come up till the next morning.

The day following, we passed through a large village, with luxuriant orchards, called Urzin; and we turned thence in a westerly direction, across another open country, covered with heather and myrtle, towards some extensive ruins, which lay before us. We had not proceeded far, when a quadruped, about the size of a fox, with brown fur, flat body, and short legs, and, apparently, a sharp muzzle, somewhat like a badger, but larger, and differently coloured, broke from cover. This animal so excited my curiosity, that, although badly mounted, I gave chase, in which Staunton joined. After a run of a mile or two, we got up with it; and I pulled in, in order to get a shot, when Staunton went past, and occupied such a position as to prevent my firing without the danger of hurting him or his steed. At this unlucky moment, the animal got into his burrow. It is most probable, however, that under the circumstances I should not have hit it.

Our attention was now called to the mass of ruins close by, and which had not previously been visited by any European traveller. We found that they occupied a space of about a square geographical mile, at the foot of some low basaltic hills. The buildings were also all constructed out of this material, which, while it had imparted durability, at the same time gave to them a peculiarly sombre and uninviting appearance. Besides the walls of the city, which were still standing in part, and the numerous fragments of dwelling-houses, the remains of a temple were also distinct, and the ruins of the Acropolis, occupying an elevated and central situation, caught the eye at once. Outside of the town, there was also an extensive aqueduct, with a double row of arches, running E.S.E. and W.N.W.

About two, or two and a half miles southwards of these ruins, and in the lower part of the plain, was a rocky tel, about a hundred feet in elevation, bearing upon its summit fragmentary remains of a castellated building, while ruins of dwelling-houses, and other edifices, were scattered around.

The ruins of the larger site were, from their extent and importance, supposed, at the time, to represent Issus; but this conclusion, we have seen, is not supported by a careful inquiry into facts. The lesser ruins appear more distinctly to be those of Castabala, placed by the Antonine Itinerary, at a distance of twenty-six Roman miles from Baia.

In this neighbourhood, was also Nicopolis, which has been supposed by some to be the same as Castabala, and from whence the road started, which led across the northern, or "Darius' pass," of Amanus, by Doliche to Zeugma. There was, also, in Roman times, in the same vicinity, a town of some importance, called Epiphanea, one of the cities to which Pompey consigned the piratical prisoners, whom he had captured at sea, and which became, afterwards, a Christian episcopate. Cicero (xv. epist. 4) describes, himself, when advancing upon Amanus, as occupying the castle which was near to Epiphanea, before he ascended the mountains,—a description which would tally closely with the relative positions of these ruins and of Castabala. Cicero ascending, the following day, into the mountains, reduced six different strongholds, among which were Sephyra, and Commorin, and Erana, which last is described as being a town, situated upon the crest of Amanus. These hill-forts are also described as being situated in that part of Amanus, under the roots of which were the altars of Alexander. In lib. v., ad Attic. epist. 20, Cicero further describes the castle, occupied by him previous to his invasion of Amanus, as being that which Alexander held near Issus, to keep Darius in check.

Our road from these ruins lay nearer to the sea-shore, and was, in part, carried along an ancient causeway, which formerly brought the two positions—the town and castle—into connexion with the Amanian gates, and the station connected therewith. Passing a small Turkoman encampment, the sheikh mounted his horse, and, to do us honour, careered before, throwing the jerid, and performing various equestrian feats. At the rivulet, called Burnuz Su, the colonel shot a duck, but as we could not find it, the Turkoman did not believe in the fact. The ruins of Matak, and its neighbouring Cyclopean arch of noble dimensions, have been already described. Strabo alone distinguishes what the ruins attest to, that the Amanian gates had a station connected with them.

Ascending the hills, we passed the village of Kurk Kulak, or the "Wolf's Ear," where is a large ruinous caravanserai, and descended thence into a plain, about three miles in width, and called Tchokar Ovah, or the "Valley of the Ditch." Leaving Murphy and the rest of the party to go forward to Misis, the colonel, Staunton, and myself, turned off into the plain, to ascertain what sport it would afford. There were no trees; but the herbage and jungle was deep, offering good cover to game. Nor were we long in finding amusement; bustards and francolins abounded, although rather shy; but our attention was called off to game of a higher quarry, by the colonel's starting off at full speed after a hunting-tiger, which had just broke cover. In the course of an hour or so, we put up no less than six of these beautiful animals, but did not succeed in killing one of them. The horses were, indeed, much terrified at being pushed after such game, and the colonel's ran away, and was with difficulty recaptured.

This plain was separated from the valley of the Pyramus by a rocky range of hills, called Jebel en Nur, or the "Mountain of Light," and these terminated over the great central plain of Cilicia by an abrupt rock, upon which were the castellated remains of Shah Meran Kaleshi (Jihan Numa, p. 602), or the "King of the Serpent's Castle."

We passed the night at Missisah, *vulgo*, Misis, a place formerly of considerable importance, but now a mere village of about a hundred houses, situate on the right bank of the river, connected with a mass of ruined dwelling-houses, and a caravanserai; on the other, by a bridge constructed in part of old materials, and from among which I copied a Greek inscription, now in Colonel Chesney's possession. There was, also, in the same neighbourhood, an artificial mound, with scattered ruins of what appeared to have been a temple.

Misis is well known as the site of Mopsuestia, more correctly written by Strabo, Mopsi Hestia, "the house or abode of Mopsus," the poet and soothsayer. It was a holy city, and an asylum, and became free under the Romans, by whom it was enlarged and embellished in the time of Hadrian. It was, also, as we learn from Procopius, remarkable for its magnitude and splendour in the middle ages; and Abu-l-feda relates that 200,000 Moslems were devoted to death or slavery in this city by Nicephoras Phocas and John Ximisce. A great many misrepresentations regarding both its situation and its name exist in the Byzantine writers, and are also propagated by Gibbon.

There are some reasons for believing that the town of Mopsus occupied one side of the river, and Mallus, where was the oracle of Amphilochus, the other. Strabo describes Mallus as built by Amphilochus, and Mopsus, the son of Apollo. Q. Curtius, in describing the progress of Alexander, says, that the Pyramus, having been passed by a bridge, they came to Mallus; and the river was, according to Scylax, navigable up to that city, which it is to the present day.

From Misis, we advanced upon the beautiful and expansive plains of Cilicia, the ancient Campus Aleius—

"Κεῖθε δὲ τὸ πεδῖον τὸ Ἀλεῖον,"

and where Bellerophon wandered—

"Forsook by Heaven, forsaking human kind,
Wide o'er th' Aleian field he chose to stray,
A long, forlorn, uncomfortable way!"

Avienus has, however, the true explanation of the above Mythus, which we have given from the Periegesis of Dionysius, and which he renders, v. 1036 :

"Hic cespes late producit Aleius arva."

There is no doubt, as is attested by all antiquity, and as has since been illustrated by the marbles brought home by Mr. Fellowes, that it was in Lycia that Bellerophon first tamed the Chimæra, and, with the assistance of the horse Pegasus, brought over woods, and rocks, and volcanic fire, as typified by lion, goat, and dragon, to cultivation : but it appears equally certain that Cilicia became also the chosen field of his after labours. Besides the testimony here given, from Dionysius and from Homer, there exists a curious tradition, in the first mentioned writer, as to the origin of the name of Tarsus, the most celebrated of the Cilician cities :—

"Κύδνον τε σκολιοῖο μεσσην διὰ Ταρσὸν ἰόντος,
Ταρσὸν ἑκτιμένην, ὅθι δὴ ποτε Πήγασος ἵππος
Ταρσὸν ἀφείς, χώρῳ λίπεν οὖνομα, τῆμος ἀφ' ἵππου
Ἐς Λιδὸς ἱέμενος πῶσεν ἥρωες Βελλεροφόντης."

There are here three Tarsuses, a play upon words, which may be freely rendered :

"Tortuous Cydnus, through Tarsus' centre flowing,
Well built Tarsus ; where once most truly Pegasus
Placed its foot : leaving it thus a name. There 'twas,
That Jupiter caused the fall of Bellerophon."

This is not much worse than Avienus' hexameters, upon the same subject. The fall of Bellerophon, here alluded to, is not contained in Apollodorus, nor in all the versions of the legend ; but it is in Pindar, with the variation of Pegasus being stung by a gad-fly ; and hinted at by Horace :

"et exemplum grave præbet ales
Pegasus, terrenum equitem gravatus
Bellerophontem."

It is, in fact, only another way of relating what the father of poetry does, that the mythological hero was in trouble and grief, or in a fallen condition, when in Cilicia. Xenophon speaks in raptures of the large and beautiful plains of Cilicia, "well watered, and full of all sorts of trees and vines ; abounding in sesame, panic, millet, wheat, and barley." But small portions of this plain are now cultivated ; the remainder is covered with herbage, interspersed with a few shrubs, and here and there a solitary locust-tree. Bustards herd upon this plain, sometimes in flights of myriads ; and the traveller can never cross it without meeting troops of gazelles, which here bid defiance to the wily tigers. It was across this plain that Philotas is described as leading the horse to Ægæe, while Alexander proceeded by Mallus.

A short and pleasant ride brought us to Adana, which, although not so distinguished in the annals of history as its neighbour and rival Tarsus, is still a city of great antiquity—so much so, as to have been fabled by Stephanus, as having been named after Adam. It does not appear, indeed, to have obtained eminence of old. Dio Cassius describes the citizens as fighting against those of Tarsus ; and it was with Epiphanea and Mallus, another of the Cilician cities to which Pompey

sent his prisoners; but it is also said by Appian, that he expressly sent them to the less frequented cities.

The renowned Harun al Rashid took a fancy to Adana, and embellished it, as did also his son Mohammed; and it has always remained a chief city of the Turkomans; and one of the family of Ramazan Ogklu, Piri Pasha by name, embellished it with its chief mosque. It did not fall under Osmanli dominion, till the time of Bayazid II., A.D. 1486. Adana now exceeds Tarsus, in population and commercial importance; is the seat of a pasha, and of a Turkoman government; and is said to contain a population of 50,000 souls, among whom are 10,000 Christians. The houses are remarkable for being constructed of red tiles, like the old Roman houses; and the country around is distinguished by its producing abundantly the fruits of hot climates, almost every garden having its date-palm; and the sugar-cane has been imported from Egypt. The bridge, over the Seihun, the ancient Sarus, is 325 feet in width; and the cemeteries beyond extend far away, like a great forest of graves.

Colonel Chesney and myself had come on ahead, in order to procure lodgings; and for that purpose I waited on the pasha, who referred me to the civil governor, politely sending his servant to back the request. The old Turkoman, to whom I then applied, sent a Kawas to obtain a domicile in the Christian district; but not a house would open its doors; and we were obliged, at last, to take refuge in the single apartment of an European medical gentleman, who took pity upon us. On our way thither, we met the disconsolate astronomical and commissariat part of the expedition wandering in uncertainty about the narrow winding streets, in search of those who had gone on before, and not at all delighted at being thus exposed to those jeers and insults which the Frank has always to undergo when passing through a Moslem city not much frequented by Europeans.

A LEAF FROM MY THEATRICAL RECOLLECTIONS.

BY DRINKWATER MEADOWS.

EARLY in my theatrical career, I accepted an offer from the manageress of the Tamworth, Warwick, and Stratford-upon-Avon company, to play the "juvenile tragedy, and eccentric comedy,"—salary, as my letter of engagement specified, "Twenty-one Shillings per week, and benefits upon the usual terms." Managers, in those days, generally named the amount of salary in *shillings*—twenty-one, or twenty-five shillings read, and sounded more important than "One-pound-one," or "One-pound-five,"—actors, generally, calculating upon effects.

With a light heart, I mounted the roof of the coach, by which I was to travel from Yorkshire, with sufficient cash in my pocket to pay for my journey, provided I travelled economically, and a ten-pound Bank of England note, safely stitched in the lining of my waistcoat, as a *corps de reserve*, only to be brought forward upon a great emergency.

The coach by which I travelled left me at Lichfield, the nearest point to Tamworth, distant about seven miles—a mere nothing for a young pair of legs, with a light heart, to walk. Having journeyed

from Chesterfield since breakfast, I ordered dinner at the inn where the coach put me down; but although my appetite was good, I was afraid to satisfy my hunger by eating more than one-half of the very small dish of veal-cutlets placed before me, fearing I should be set down as a young Yorkshire gormandizer. In addition to the cutlet, I was favoured with an infantine apple-tart, of "smaller than the smallest size," one-half of which, according to the treatment of its predecessor the veal-cutlet, I left untouched, casting many "a longing look behind." Rising from the table with an appetite has ever been considered most wholesome, the assurance of which but poorly consoled me; with what beverage I ventured to wash down my "half-and-half" meal, I do not remember. Having paid my bill, I set off for Tamworth, with my umbrella in one hand, and a small brown paper parcel, containing a few necessaries for my journey, in the other, having sent my wardrobe forward by wagon.

I jogged on cheerfully—"Twenty-one Shillings per week," and good parts in the perspective—undecided whether I should make my first appearance in Tamworth as *Young Norval* or *Tony Lumpkin*. On arriving within two or three miles of my destination, I overtook a baker's boy, on his way home, with his donkey and panniers; and as "misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows," so may a long walk with a strange companion.

I was right glad to beguile the time by chatting with this youthful Master of the Rolls, who willingly answered my inquiries as to the distance from Tamworth, the size of the town, the inns, the number of inhabitants, &c. Young Doughey was very communicative, and gave me a history of every decent-looking house we passed, its owner and occupant; how many loaves per week Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so "took in;" and how many Mr. and Mrs. This-and-that; who paid punctually, and who did not; who paid without dunning, and who did not pay at all.

As we approached nearer to Tamworth, I was delighted to behold a fine river, winding its course not far from the high-road, for I was exceedingly fond of fishing.

"That is a fine river," said I, to my travelling companion. "What river is it?"

"Well, sir," replied he, "it's that river."

"But what is the name of it?"

"Why, it's called the Tame."

"There must be plenty of good fish in it, I should think."

"Yes, the fish is good enough, when caught fresh."

"What kind of fish are caught there generally?"

"Well, all sorts, at times; but mostly roach, perch, and heels; and sometimes other sorts."

"Ah!" said I, "I see a man on the other side of the river pulling the fish out pretty quickly. I shall not be many days in Tamworth before I try my luck in this water."

"It is a good job," said Young Rolls, "that they bite sharpish, or else that chap would be badly off. It won't be long before he comes to our shop for a threepenny loaf, stale baked; he's a very good 'un, and always pays as soon as he can, so we never mind trusting him at times."

"Who is he?" inquired I.

"Well, sir, it is one of the play-actors, fishing—maybe for his dinner! There is so few folks goes to see 'em act in Tamworth, that they don't often get any of their wages on a Saturday, and sometimes not none all the week through; and them as is best off among 'em, helps them as isn't; and they sticks by one another always. The master of 'em all is a woman—her husband's dead; and she's got behindhand, and lost a deal of money; 'cause she has grow'd so fat and over old, that our town says she is not fit to act young parts no more; and very few people goes to see her; and them as does go, has a order to go in with mostly; and sometimes they wont go *then*, 'cause she will go on taking the young women's char-ac-ters away for herself to do, though some of our people has told her she's far over big for them things now; but she never minds, but goes on doing 'em still."

"My income totters," thought I—what a prospect for a slender young man, whose means were still more slender! I wished myself back in Yorkshire; but having advanced "thus far into the bowels of the land," I resolved to pursue my way.

I informed Master Crumb-and-Crust that *I* was an actor, about to join the Tamworth corps, whose situation he had described as worse than one on half-pay, or reduced rations.

"Well, sir," said he, in an encouraging tone, "never mind; things, maybe, may get better, and you may have a good benefit on your night, for a great deal of people goes at benefits when they likes the actors. Now them as acts tragedy parts, and sings funny songs, always comes off best. Can you sing?"

"No."

"Can you act tragedy parts?"

"I am going to try."

"Can you tumble? 'cause them as can, is always safe to be liked. Mr. Grim-al-dy acted one night, from Brummagem, and was terribly liked and laugh'd at."

"I can't do that."

"Then I doubt you will come badly off; but maybe that's no object, 'cause they are all going to go away to Stratford-upon-Avon to act very soon; and some of the best hands is going to leave now, and get with a better set. Shall you stop long with them?"

(Not long, "thinks I to myself, thinks I.")

Thus we jogged on, until we reached the place of my destination—detestation, I might have said. I entered a respectable-looking, second-rate inn, was shewn into a neat little parlour, saw my bedroom, and after freeing myself from the dust of the road, took tea, then inquired my way to the carrier's and the stout manageress; was delighted to find my luggage safe with the former, and not very pleased to find myself in the presence of the latter.

The lady fully answered the baker's description—she *was* fat, lazy-looking, and certainly sixty.

The room of audience was adorned in the real old-fashioned country managerial style. A round table stood in the centre, covered with a soiled table-cloth, it was ornamented with spots of gravy and crumbs of bread; the salt-cellar had been left on it, and a remnant of cheese, well-crusted. There was a well-thumbed play-book before my future mistress, who was seated, making out, as I subsequently discovered, a cast of the "Rivals," for the next night's performance, when Mr.

Bartley and Mr. Mallinson were to "star it,"—the former, in *Sir Anthony Absolute*, and "The Three Singles," and the latter, in *Acres*, and *Humphrey Grizzle*,—a jug containing "real Staffordshire ale," a snuff-box, two somewhat soiled ostrich-feathers, and a tea-saucer containing spangles.

An old-fashioned mahogany (unpolished) dining-table, with one leaf up, stood on one side of the room, covered with bound and unbound books (dramatic, of course), play-bills, tickets, tin checks, and tin check-boxes. A pair of soiled, white satin shoes, bound with silver cord, a decanter, with the neck chipped, some ringlets *en papillottes*, a silver-leather helmet, (the manageress had acted the *Queen*, in the "Battle of Hexham," I found, the preceding night,) and a pot of rouge.

The old-fashioned seat of the window was covered with "odds and ends" of various kinds—slippers, and coloured hose, a dagger, a green velvet bonnet, a very faded green veil, and a small dog-collar.

The fireplace, instead of a fire-board, was adorned with an old posting-bill of the "Wood Demon," and the "Romp;" a sword, without its scabbard, was carelessly reclining on one side of the grate; and on the other, a parasol, over which ink had fallen. A black velvet robe, spotted with spangles, like stars, was thrown over the back of one chair, and a bilious-coloured, tiny mongrel cur occupied another.

A closet, the door of which stood open, disclosed sundry articles of "creature comforts" on the shelves—a piece of boiled ham, a slice of butter, a tin tea-cannister, two or three rolls of bread, a black bottle (contents unknown), a vinegar-cruet, a powder-puff, a pair of curling-irons, some old artificial flowers, with many more articles, "too tedious to mention in this here advertisement."

In the lower part of this receptacle were a pair of pattens, an umbrella, an earthen jar, usually containing spirits by the gallon, a band-box, and a pair of ladies' laced-boots, somewhat dusty.

As my future mistress was busily occupied in "making out the bill" for the next performance, I had plenty of time to scan everything in the room, including its stout occupant. She had evidently been a very fine woman, had still a brilliant eye, and was "round as a tun,"—

"Like two single fish-women, rolled into one;"

she was in dishabille, although the day was far advanced, "all occasioned," as she said, "by a press of business, and the fatigue of the preceding evening, when she had performed *Miss Hardcastle* and *Ella Rosenberg*—*Mrs. Hardcastle* and *Mrs. Flutterman* would, in my mind, have been nearer the mark; but as I had not long before seen *Mrs. Jordan*, the finest comic actress of the day (of any day, I might say), then very stout, perform characters equally juvenile, I was not very much surprised, not knowing what the great lady's talents might or might not be.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

I waited patiently, as in duty bound, until the devil (the printer's) was sent "down below," and then we proceeded to business.

"It glads me, sir, to see you. When did you arrive?"

"About an hour ago, ma'am."

"Walked you from Yorkshire, all the way, sir?"

"No, ma'am; only from Lichfield."

"From Tamworth thither is but one day's march!"

"I walk'd it in little less than two hours, ma'am."

"Ah! You look very young, sir."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Did you ever play *Faulkland* in the 'Rivals?'"

"No, ma'am; never."

"We act the 'Rivals' on Friday, and the 'Three and the Deuce;' we must get you to play the *Coachman* and *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*."

"I never played either of those characters, ma'am; and, if you please, I should prefer opening in something else."

"Well, sir, what have you done in the 'Rivals?'"

"*David*, ma'am."

"Let me see; *David*—*David*—well, sir, so let it be; you shall have it. Would you like to take a glass of ale? 'We are famous here for our ale,' as Boniface says."

"Much obliged to you, ma'am; but I have only just taken my tea."

"Well, sir, *David* shall be your opening part. I must trouble you to call at the printer's—he lives just round the corner—and tell him to put you in for *David*; your first appearance, from the Theatre Royal, York, although you never played there—it will be better than naming a smaller town. Tell the printer to leave a blank for the gentleman's name who is to play *Sir Lucius*, for I can't fix upon any one just now for it. I thought you might like to open it; but it is of no consequence, whatever, for everybody, I dare say, has to study; and it must be quite immaterial to my gentlemen what they do."

"Am I to play in the farce, ma'am?"

"Oh, yes. It is a very full piece; and some of my gentlemen have left me to-day, quite suddenly; so you must play *Renard*, the Frenchman, and double it with *Mr. Milford*."

"Shall I not look too young for it, ma'am? You know *Mr. Milford* has his daughter on the stage with him."

"Oh, never mind that, 'tis of no consequence—we can alter it, and call her your sister; it will be quite as well. I don't know who has got the book of the farce—you must find out the prompter, he can tell you; and if it be engaged, you can have it in the morning whilst we are rehearsing the play—they are both very short parts."

"Good afternoon, ma'am."

"Adieu; by the by, our prompter is going to leave us, so, if you like to prompt also, I will raise your salary two shillings a week."*

"Thank you, ma'am; but I would rather not."

"Very well, as you like; then Mr. Gray must be the man—he will do very well, if his deafness goes off; he caught a severe cold fishing in the rain, and has been somewhat deaf ever since—why my gents are so fond of fishing I cannot imagine. Good day, sir; mind how you go down stairs—there's no light—leave the door open. Once

* The prompter did leave the company, having obtained a better situation; but, as his finances were far from flourishing, the company, one and all, cheerfully subscribed to enable him to travel with his family to his new engagement. And I may here state, that actors, however slender their means, are notorious for the assistance they invariably render their needy brethren, and for the kind feelings they evince towards each other.

more, good day. Oh, Mr.—Mr.— I beg your pardon, I really forget your name."

"Meadows, ma'am."

"To be sure; had I thought of Young Meadows I should have remembered it at once. Did you ever play *Orlando* or *Jacques*, in 'As You Like It?'"

"No, ma'am, never."

"Never mind, it's of no great consequence; only, if anything should occur to prevent Mr. Bartley or Mr. Mallinson from coming on Friday, we shall do that play, and you must act one of those parts. I have not acted *Rosalind* this season, and it's a great favourite here. Good day."

I hastened away, not at all pleased with my prospect. I had heard too much of fishing, and too little of regularity to render me "hopeful." I feared I should very soon be obliged to change my situation, and my ten-pounder.

I called on the printer; he hoped I might prove successful—feared I had acted very foolishly in joining the Tamworth company, as everything was going wrong—the houses having been very bad. "I am sorry for you, young gentleman," said he; "take my advice, leave as soon as you can, for I am much deceived if you do not find Stratford quite as bad as Tamworth, perhaps worse."

I attended rehearsal the following morning; the company, one and all, received me most kindly; but all lamented, for my own sake, my joining them when there was every prospect of their breaking up.

I acted *David*—was very perfect, and in consequence had the advantage of some of my brethren, who had no great devotion for study. Ill-paid troops are frequently careless in the performance of their duties. I believe I received some applause, and I well remember being complimented by the "star" of the evening. My stout—"double stout," single manageress, acted *Lydia Languish*; and I fancied had she been one-half, or two-thirds less, she would have been much greater in the part; but, notwithstanding her size, in my young opinion, she acted well.

Of my Frenchman I have no recollection; but, as I knew nothing of the language, it must have been singularly good, especially as at that time I had a strong Yorkshire accent, which must have rendered the foreigner peculiarly effective. Colman made an Irish-Yorkshireman, in "Who wants a Guinea;" but I believe I produced the first Yorkshire-Frenchman.

I received on the Saturday *one night's salary—seven shillings!* having acted but one night, and an order to proceed to Stratford-upon-Avon, where, as the "acting" manager informed us, we were to open during the following week, "provided," said he, "the building (barn) can be fitted up in time; if not, we shall certainly open on Monday week."

At this time the birth-place of the immortal bard could not boast of a regular built theatre, though the temporary one, fitted up very neatly, was, as I found, well attended, and that, too, by the gentry of the town and neighbourhood. Some years ago, a neat theatre was built in Stratford; but I understand it has never been well attended.

Our opening *was* delayed, so that I lost one week's salary, and was

compelled to change my ten-pound note—a sad change I considered it; and I determined to change my situation as soon as possible, for I felt that “any change must better my condition.”

I shall never forget the astonishment of the cashier at the bank on my presenting my paper friend for change. He eyed me from head to foot—my note from letter to letter, and from figure to figure—held it up to the light to examine the water-mark, &c., it appeared to him (at least, so I fancied) to be a doubtful, if not a suspicious case. Begged my pardon for asking such a question, “But was I REALLY one of the Stratford company?” Inquired where I came from, and asked many more inquisitorial questions, concluding with, “How will you have it, sir?”

“Gold, and a five-pound note, sir, if you please.”

He gave me the required change, scarcely for an instant taking his eyes from my face, “but to the last bended their light on me.”

I understood from some of the company that the theatre in Stratford was always well attended, and the benefits good; I therefore banished my fears, but resolved to be very economical, and, if possible, keep my five pound note unchanged, sadly lamenting my being obliged to let off my ten-pounder to enable me to carry on the war.

Fortune *did* smile upon us. Business *was* good, though, assuredly, our company was not; we failed principally in our orchestra, which consisted of—shall I tell it?—a *fife* and *tamborine*! for the regular musicians of the company left us in Tamworth, and here we could not obtain any, the two above named excepted.

Mr. Dowton acted with us one night, during his star-engagement at Birmingham, and, for the first time, I played *Aeres* and *Gregory* (“Turn Out”); he was announced to sing, in *Restive* in the farce, “All the world was born to vex me,” and “Hey for the merry wedding day;” but, as Charles Mathews says in “*Patter versus Clatter*,” “he didn’t,” for he did not like our band, strange as it may appear; and as he would not sing without an accompaniment, we “cut the songs out,” and, as our manageress said, “did very well without them, terminating the performances somewhat earlier, which is always agreeable,” continued she, “especially to the boarding-school mistress, who brings her young ladies at 2s. a head; and it saves a little—the burning of our candles; added to which, finishing early is desirable, as the people like to be home at a decent hour.”

The *Quizzical Gazette*, some years ago, stated that “Mr.— (name forgotten) acted *Hamlet* in three hours and a half, and made nothing of it.” But we, in the way of time, beat him hollow; for we generally got through a five-act play and a two-act farce in the same time; and, I doubt not, in like manner, made nothing of it.

Our houses were very good, but, strange to say, at the end of the first week I received my salary—my twenty-one shillings, by instalments, and in a most extraordinary manner, as I shall relate anon.

A FEW PASSAGES ON DREAMS, NIGHT-NOISES, AND PHANTOMS.

BY CHARLES OLLIER, AUTHOR OF "FERRERS."

PART III.—PHANTOMS.

"Persons, after a debauch of liquor, or under the influence of terror, or in the deliria of a fever, or in a fit of lunacy, or even walking in their sleep, have had their brain as deeply impressed with *chimerical* representations as they could possibly have been, had these representations struck their senses."—SHENSTONE : "An Opinion of Ghosts."

"And Fancy's multiplying sight
View'd all the scenes *invisible* of night."

COWLEY.

"It faded on the crowing of the cock," says Marcellus to Horatio, speaking of the grand phantom of Hamlet's father, the most awful apparition yet evoked by the imagination of man,—a royal shade more potent as the monarch of spirits, than while, in the body, it wielded the sceptre of the then mighty Denmark. But, with all its attributes of power, "the majesty of buried Denmark" could only "revisit the *glimpses of the moon*, making *night* hideous." As dawn came on, it "*faded*." Daylight is not propitious to ghosts, who require a dim and shadowy arena,—darkness, when they can get it ; or, in default of that, an artificial light which mostly includes heavy glooms favourable to "their exits and their entrances." They glimmer in front of a picture, of which the background must be obscure ; and they demand in their spectators a certain frame of mind brought about either by the temporary bewilderment of somnolency, by moral or physical derangement, by sorrow or fear, by boundless credulity, or by the natural depression of mental energy existing, more or less, in all human beings at very late hours. Ghosts never prey on sagacious or healthy subjects, surrounded by cheerful accessories. "Your lordship," said Sir Thomas Wilde, the other day, to Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst, "is not the *kind of man* to see apparitions ; besides, you *do not eat suppers*." Phantoms, then, must have ready-prepared witnesses, suffering under dyspepsia, or otherwise morbidly affected, and a certain apparatus, like conjurors ; or they are nothing. To speak somewhat in the manner of the fantastical old physician of Norwich, one might say, "Why, ghosts are never seen in daylight, or why they generally affect a *tête-à-tête*, though puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture." The fact is, that laughter is death to ghosts ; and what but laughter would attend the appearance of one of them, at noon, in Pall Mall ? Lord Byron fancied he saw a phantom of a Black Friar at Newstead Abbey ; but, to use his own language, it

"Appear'd
Now in the moonlight, and now *lapsed in shade*."

It would be the very triumph of the world of spirits if one of them could maintain its pretensions in the eye of day ; this would settle all

doubt. But no; they do not dare such an issue: they know "a trick worth two of that."

An obscure writer, in 1766, thus expresses himself as to ghost-craft: "Does not every tool of superstition carefully limit his apparitions to time, place, and person—to night, to a corner, and to a coward? Why are ghosts eternally banished from sunshine and a crowd? What mighty causes restrain their stalking in daylight and in company? If they are benevolent to mankind, why should they decline opportunities of at once securing *indubitable* testimony of their existence—of accepting that reverence their nature would attract, and that gratitude their kindness would excite?"

The delusions of ghost-craft arise from a variety of causes. Some of them are accidental and natural; others brought about by morbid agency; not a few by imposture; more by fear; and many by the wilfulness of credulity in ghost-seers themselves. Let us give one or two modern instances:—

In 1807, a baronet, now living, was summoned from school to a town on the coast where his father had died suddenly. Having arrived late at night, after a fatiguing journey, and his spirits being exhausted with the unexpected loss he had sustained, the young heir requested to be shewn to his bed-room, where his sorrow and agitation were soon lulled by sleep, the "balm of hurt minds." Between one and two o'clock in the morning, he was awakened by a low, wailing sound, *dirge-like*; (so it seemed to his half-slumbering senses;) he lifted himself from his pillow and listened. It was no dream. The moaning noise continued, and grew louder and louder. While our youth looked about, by the gleam of a night-lamp in his chamber, the two leaves of a folding-door opposite him swung open as if to give space for the entrance of a ghastly pageant. It was as startling an announcement as that which in Spenser's "*Faery Queene*" was made to Britomart when, in "*chearelesse night*,"

the yron wicket open flew,
As it with mighty levers had been tore;
And forth yssewd, as on the ready flore
Of some theatre, a grave personage."

Having remained awhile fixed with dismal apprehension, the young baronet crept out of bed, and stole breathlessly into the adjoining room. The first object that met his view was a figure in white drapery, and with a visage of the same colour as its robes. It seemed advancing towards him, face to face. Being, for a moment, terrified, the youth dared not proceed; and as he stopped, the spectre also became immoveable. But this was not all that encountered his gaze in that grim apartment. A coffin was there; and on it were plumes of black feathers, waving and bending as if supernaturally forced to take part in some dreary ceremony. The lamenting sound—the sudden swinging open of folding-doors, seemingly by their own impulse—the white figure—the coffin and bowing plumes—were all calculated to impress him who beheld them with a belief that ghostly influence was at work; and had he yielded to his fear and rushed from the place, he would have given another phantom-story to the already existing *veritable* stock. But, though only sixteen years of age, the youthful baronet was one of those few persons whose presence of mind rarely

deserts them. Summoning his faculties, and coolly investigating what he saw, he ascertained that the pale spectre was a reflection in a pier-glass (till then unperceived) of himself in his night-gear, which, as he moved, would of course seem to be moving towards him ; the wailing noise was produced by wind through partially-opened windows, near which the corpse lay ; this wind, increasing in strength during a gusty night, had forced open the folding-doors that had been only imperfectly and hastily secured (perhaps in trepidation) when a bed was prepared for the youth ; and the strong breeze had also given a waving motion to the black plumes placed on his father's coffin. Having fully ascertained these points, the young mourner retired to his inner apartment, deliberately bolted the folding-doors, offered up a prayer to his Maker, and was again blessed by sleep.

The following are other instances of natural and accidental causes of spectral impressions :—

A young lady, known to the present writer, was terrified, one night, by seeing at the foot of her bed a tall shadow making perpetual obeisances. Though it is quite natural that beauty should be in the receipt of homage, the damsel, accustomed to adulation at other times, was alarmed by such intrusion at “ the dead waist and middle of the night.” Hiding her head under the bed-clothes, she summoned her scattered spirits, took counsel within herself, and having recovered her presence of mind, looked with a scrutinizing eye at the phantom. There it was, still making salaams according to the Eastern mode of adoration. “ A figure of the other world !” thought she. “ Dreadful !” How far she might have blamed her attraction for bringing such unwelcome visitants, no one can tell ; but her self-possession had acquired strength ; and self-possession is fatal to ghosts, whether their advent be to worship or to terrify. She arose, went to the window, and detected the “ cause of the effect.” Her house was on the border of a suburban by-lane, and a gas-lamp standing there had projected into the room a shadow of an intermediate tree, whose branches swayed in the night-breeze. She took care afterwards to close the shutters.

Garments hung upon pegs in bed-rooms are often, during night, taken for ghostly figures. Sir Walter Scott relates a remarkable instance of this as having occurred to himself ; and many persons have been similarly deceived. We have heard of a gentleman of nervous temperament being haunted by a colossal figure robed and turbaned like a Turk, and having a fiery visage. Night after night did this gaunt apparition present itself. The visitation at length became intolerable, and the sufferer, terrified into courage,

(“ For men as resolute appear
With too much, as too little, fear,”)

resolved desperately to attack the disturber of his nocturnal slumbers. It would not do to let his impulse cool ; so he jumped out of bed, rushed towards the phantom, seized it—and found the window-curtain in his grasp. The fiery face turned out to be a large brass knob, over which the upper part of the curtain was thrown.

Of those visions occasioned by morbid agency, the following are specimens :—

A lady who had been to Sierra Leone with her husband (an army

captain) was compelled to leave the settlement on account of ill-health, and return to England by herself. During the voyage, she was too weak to quit her cabin. This was divided by a screen, on one side of which was a sofa where she reclined during day; the other contained her night-berth. One afternoon, when not far from the termination of her voyage, she saw, as she reposed on the sofa, her husband (whom she had left in Africa), seated by her side. In spite of a deadly faintness that came over her, she uttered a hurried exclamation of wonder at seeing him there, when he instantly arose, and glided from her view behind the screen. A convulsive outcry brought the ship's surgeon to her cabin. "My husband is here!" gasped she; "why did you not tell me so?" "You have been dreaming, dear madam," replied the doctor; "Captain —— is at Sierra Leone with his regiment. Compose yourself." "He is here, I tell you," rejoined she with a wild emphasis. "Go behind that screen, and you will see him." The surgeon drew aside the screen, when no one appearing there, the lady, exclaiming, "Then he is dead!" sank back, and became, for a time, insensible.

This idea was too strong to be repressed. Being certain she had seen her husband's ghost, the lady felt already the desolation of a widow. Soon after landing in England, she received a letter from her husband, announcing his probable return sooner than was expected. But even this did not remove the gloomy impression. "He must have died in that horrible climate," thought she, "after his letter was dispatched." At length, however, the captain arrived in London in good health, and we believe both he and his lady are living at the present hour. This vision was nothing more than a "brain image," or hallucination of disease, aided, probably, as Coleridge says, by "one of those unconscious half-sleeps, or rather those rapid alternations of the sleeping with the half-waking state, which is *the true witching time*—

‘The season

Wherein the spirits hold their wont to walk,’

—the fruitful matrix of ghosts.”

By way of companion to the above, we may mention another supposed ominous appearance equally fallacious, and occasioned by morbid perceptions resulting from long watchfulness. A solicitor in London left his private house one morning, telling his wife that he should dine with a friend, and desiring her to send a change of clothes to his chambers in Lincoln's Inn, where, to save time, he should dress. This was accordingly done. It was the month of November. Between five and six in the evening, the lady, who, with the sweet and untiring solicitude of a mother, had several days and nights watched the bedside of a sick infant, heard a carriage draw up at her door; and, happening at that moment to be going towards the nursery, saw, from above-stairs, her husband pass into his dressing-room. "Why," said she to a woman-servant, "I thought your master was going to dinner from his chambers. Were not his clothes sent there?" "I believe so, ma'am," was the answer. "It has been neglected," responded the lady; "his carriage has just stopped at the door, and he is now in his dressing-room. Go and ask his man why the commands were disobeyed." The girl went on her errand, and returned, saying the

things had been sent as ordered, and that her master was not in the house. Strong in her first impression, the lady descended to her husband's dressing-room—that room into which, a few moments before, she had seen him enter : it was vacant ! Hour after hour did she pass in dreadful perturbation. She refused to be comforted. Not knowing whither her husband intended to go, she was ignorant where to make inquiry ; and only after his return would she be persuaded that a warning phantom had not been seen by her. Had any accident happened to her husband in his homeward path, nothing would have removed her belief in a supernatural vision. Her delusion was the fruit of long anxiety and sleeplessness at the couch of her child. Hypochondria had set in. It is fitting that for every accidental *coincidence* in these matters, numerous *non-coincidences* should be recorded.

The singular cases of diseased imagination manifested by Waldenstein, a celebrated physician of the university of Gottingen, and by Nicolai, a German bookseller, are too well known to require recital in this place. Both these men, though terribly oppressed by phantoms of the mind, have done great service to the cause of common-sense by subjecting the phenomena under which they laboured to calm, philosophical investigation ; and so perfectly had long practice given them mental command, that they were able, even when the morbid affliction was raging—when the phantoms were actually present—to examine the condition of their mind and nerves, and lay the result before their fellow-creatures.

A narration is somewhere made of a man who saw his own ghost in every apartment of his house. It was in vain that he tried to elude the apparition by going from the parlour to the study—from the study to the drawing-room—from the drawing-room to his bed-chamber ; in each and all sat his other self, scaring him with ubiquity. This was, in every sense of the word, an intense *monomania*—an extravagant case of egotism, assuming the horrible.

The best explication ever given of ghost-craft, is that addressed by Cassius to his friend Brutus, after the latter imagined he had seen a phantom in his tent previously to the battle of Philippi. “In our sect, Brutus,” said he, “we have an opinion that we do not always feel or see that which we suppose we do both see and feel ; but our senses being credulous, and therefore easily abused, (*when they are idle and unoccupied in their own objects,*) are induced to imagine they see and conjecture that which in truth they do not. For our mind is quick and cunning to work (without either cause or matter) anything in the imagination whatsoever. And, therefore, the imagination is resembled to clay, and the mind to the potter ; who, without any other cause than his fancy and pleasure, changeth it into what fashion and form he will. And this doth the diversity of our dreams shew unto us. For our imagination doth, upon a small fancy, grow from conceit to conceit, altering both in passions and forms of things imagined. The mind of man is ever occupied ; and that continual moving is nothing but an imagination. But yet, there is a further cause of this in you ; for you being by nature given to melancholic discoursing, and of late continually occupied, *your wits and senses having been overlaboured, do easilier yield to such imaginations.* For to say that there

are spirits, and, if there were, that they have the shape of men, or such voices, or any power at all to come unto us, it is a mockery."—(*North's Plutarch.*)

A physician of the name of Cook, living at Leigh, published in 1765 an account of certain spiritual agents who hovered about him, and supplied him with supernatural intelligence concerning his patients. This was obviously a professional puff; but such an effect did it have on the general mind, that a private gentleman (one Mr. King) thought it worth while to destroy the doctor's pretences; and completely did he demolish the nonsense. Cook pretended that to him alone was communicated these warnings. His antagonist answers in the following strain:—"If we admit the reality of your spirits, and invest them with the character of sagacious guardians of mankind, why should we limit our ideas of their number and locality? What claim has Leigh to such a share of their vigilance?—or your house to the peculiar privilege of being their office of intelligence? Men, as moral agents, are everywhere, I presume, in the same defenceless state; and equally require, and are entitled to, the same spiritual correspondence and protection. Were the favour of these gracious beings at all visibly or palpably experienced, it would not be circumscribed, nor partially distributed, nor dispensed only to a few in the world during hours of solitude and darkness, but, like every other display of Divine Providence, would be general, constant, and indisputable."

This applies to all ghost-stories: it is conclusive; but truth was not exactly Dr. Cook's object. To be deprived of his warning-ghosts was to lose so many patients; and accordingly, as far as in him lay, he struggled hard to establish his visions to a "liberal and enlightened public." This made King only more determined in his argument; and the result was, that he annihilated the physician and his phantoms at "one fell swoop." The controversy, though now forgotten, is well worth reading.

The following is one of the most remarkable and puzzling instances of dream in one place, and vision in another, on record. It was related about eighty years ago, and deserves to be recalled from dusty oblivion.

A student at an academy in Devonshire dreamt that he was going to London, but having parents living in Gloucestershire, thought he would visit their house in his way to the metropolis. He, accordingly, commenced his journey in imagination; and, reaching the parental home, attempted to enter at the front door, but finding it fast, went round to the back, where he gained ready admission. All was hushed: the family had retired for the night. Proceeding to the apartment where his parents lay, he found his father asleep; on which, without disturbing him, he went to the other side the bed, and perceived his mother to be broad awake. "Mother," said he, "I am going a long journey" (meaning to London), "and have come to bid you good by." Stricken with fright, and interpreting his words in a fatal sense, she replied, "Dear son, thou art dead!"—The dreamer now awoke, and took no more notice of the affair than he would of any ordinary dream. But in a few days, he received a letter from his father, informing him that his mother, while in bed, had heard him, on a certain night, (the very night of his dream,) trying the doors of the house; and after opening the back door, and coming up stairs, he appeared at her side.

she being, as she stated, broad awake. She added, that he addressed her by the words above related; on which she uttered, "Dear son, thou art dead!" The vision immediately disappeared; and the good woman, being greatly disturbed, waked her husband, and told him what had occurred.

To this singular conjuncture, however, of dream and vision, *there was no result on either side*. The mother, who believed herself to be awake, was probably in a state of imperfect slumber; but that at the very moment her son was dreaming, she should see, in a vision, his identical dream acted before her, is the most striking coincidence of any in the traditions of oneirocriticism.

A writer of the day observes, that had anything of moment happened to either party in correspondence with the above dream and vision, (particularly had the son died about the time,) it might have been considered as a divine premonition. But, as neither that, nor anything else of consequence ensued, it must certainly be extravagant to suppose that any supernatural interposition had taken place. "The dreamer," he adds, "is yet (1765) alive, though the affair is now of some years' standing."

But ghosts, or ghost-stories, will never cease, as long as people can be found who are determined to believe in them, spite of reason or evidence. The following is a ludicrous instance of obstinate credulity in a ghost-seer.

The mother of a family had occasion, at a late hour, to go to the nursery, for some toilet-article left there. She was in her night-dress. One of her children, and the nursemaid, who took part of the same bed, were, as she thought, fast asleep. Fearful of waking them, she entered the apartment on tip-toe, and finding what she sought, retired, in the same noiseless manner, stopping, however, at the foot of the bed, to gaze at her infant. The servant, not having closed her eyes, saw the whole proceeding, which, simple and natural as it was, assumed, in her fancy, the character of an unearthly visitation.

"Oh, ma'am," said she, to her mistress, the following morning, "such a dreadful thing happened in the nursery last night!"

"Good heaven! what is the matter?" gasped the lady.

"Why, ma'am, I saw the spirit of my master's mother. She was all in white; glided about the room like a ghost; stopped at the foot of the bed, glared at us, and then vanished. I am sure we shall hear of her death soon."

"Nonsense!" rejoined the lady; "it was myself whom you saw. I went to the nursery for some *eau-de-Cologne*, and took my slippers off, that I might not disturb you and the child. You must be very fond of ghosts, to make me one before my time."

The woman looked incredulous; and not believing her mistress's explanation, propagated far and wide an account of the apparition. It was in vain that the lady tried to undeceive her, by doing, next night, the same thing, in the same dress; and even when her master's mother visited the house in good health, the servant resolutely adhered to her belief. With some persons, truth and reason are weak, indeed, when opposed to a love of the spectral and the wonderful. To be terrified is, to them, a luxury. They can't live without what they call "*a sensation*." The ascending-scale of their pleasure is a wedding, a funeral, a murder, and a ghost.

THE BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGISTS AT CANTERBURY.

NEITHER the fame nor the hospitality of Canterbury of old are gone by, or extinct. True, that at the site of one of its gateways, modern cynicism has erected opposite to an old heart-shaped shield, bearing the inscription, "Welcome, 1671," a recent and tasteless slab, with the ominous word, "Farewell, 1835." But, notwithstanding the questionable politeness of this indication, opposed as it is to the geniality of that of the seventeenth century, Canterbury is still itself, and, in point of feeling, as it was when pilgrims followed in the wake of the second Henry, to lay their offerings at the shrine of Becket. Its ramparts which have resisted Danes, Normans, and parliamentary forces, still struggle into sight from amidst picturesque old houses, or are moulded into public promenades. A Norman keep, and one of its old gateways, with round towers and portcullis, still remain. Its monastic and palatial ruins, rich with historical recollections of early Christianity, of wedded loves, and of pious retribution, are also to be found adorned with leering and grotesque figure-heads, commemorative of the monks that loved "a fat swan best of any rost," and above all rises a cathedral no less venerable for antiquity than distinguished by its surpassing beauty and architectural excellence.

It is not to be wondered at that the archæologists of Great Britain, assembling as an association to examine the antiquities of a locality, to discuss antiquarian and historical subjects generally, to promote mutual intercourse, and to lend their aid in the preservation of monuments of olden time, should have made one of the most ancient cities of the empire—one from whence Christianity was first diffused over the land, and in and around which Roman, Saxon, Norman, and old English ruins bristle up at every point, or steal into view from the most obscure and remote corners, and which in one particular instance carry the eye through almost the whole series of changes effected by time in the features of Gothic architecture—the first point of their first experimental and successful meeting.

The great advantages, indeed, enjoyed by the archæologist is, that he has to do with local things, which, if not living, are still existing forms, appealing in mute eloquence to the eye, and to which, by the power of mind and genius, he lends life, resuscitating the past for the benefit of the present. Comparisons are proverbially insisted upon as objectionable; but it is impossible not to remark, that the perfect ease and genial sympathies of the British Archæologists, contrasted strongly with the apprehensiveness and frigidity of the assemblies of the men of science, and that in a manner highly favourable to those who had not gleaned austerity from the lessons of the past, or self-sufficiency from a successful wisdom.

It was the fancy of a distinguished modern writer, that peculiar and characteristic living forms might be supposed to spring from the variety, beauty, and grotesqueness of shapes and outlines, which belong to cathedral structures, and which succeed to one another in the dim light suffused through stained glass, or shaded by lengthening aisles and lofty arches, in such mysterious multitude; and the deformed tenant of the towers of Nôtre Dame, was the living form given to such an abstract idea. But far different, and far more practical, are our conceptions of propriety. No one could have attended the Association of British Archæologists at Canterbury, and met in harmony of intercourse with the numerous church dignitaries who came thither from all parts of England—from London, Oxford, Hereford, and St. Albans, but must have felt that such men, combining a fine simplicity of mind and warmth of feeling, with the highest intellectual attributes, were the best possible representatives of those noble edifices from whence they may be almost said to emanate; and that, unlike the learned and cloistered recluse of old,

“——— whan he is rekkeles,
Is like to a fish that is waterless;
(This is to say, a monk out of his cloistre;)
This ilke text he held not worth an oistre,”—

they lost neither in dignity nor power, by being for a moment torn away from holy precincts, to mingle with the open world.

“We ought not,” said the Dean of Hereford, “in studying the relics left by the Roman invaders of this country to forget, that it was to the marriage of a British lady, Claudia, with Publius, a Roman senator, and who are both addressed by St. Paul in his Second Epistle to Timothy, that this country is indebted for the origin of Christianity and civilization.” And the Archdeacon of St. Albans, comparing himself to the mediæval ages, said, he was brought into actual life by the presence of youth and beauty, as emblemized in his own daughters, who supported the presidential chair.

Such was the exquisite tone which pervaded the whole proceedings of the association; delicacy of feeling went hand in hand with the pleasures of taste and perception, and the memory of the past only heightened the conscious satisfaction to be derived from the superior civilization of actual times.

It may be truly said to have been a trying time at which to found an Archæological Association—a moment pregnant with diversity of opinion in most matters of architectural and sculptural taste; and which, in many cases, if carried to their full extent, would involve changes and revolutions of no slight amount. Thus, while one party in considering the restoration of old churches, or the interior decoration of cathedrals, would endeavour as much as possible to ensure, that in the one adequate knowledge and taste should be employed, and that in the other correct principles of art should determine the keeping and harmony of each detail with the whole; another party condemn almost all restorations as ignorantly executed, and would sweep from the interior of cathedral edifices all monuments of whatsoever character. So, also, in the details of sculpture, a difference of opinion exists. One party would adhere to what time has rendered classical; another would introduce actual costume, substituting reality for ideality, and suggesting new difficulties to be overcome, but which, as has been already shewn, are not beyond the reach of the existing art and genius of the country.

It is true, that neither mural nor other monuments of the dead, were seen in the temples of Greece or Rome. Such were not adapted for them. It is universally admitted, that the surpassing excellence and beauty of the Gothic cathedral is mainly dependent upon aggregation of details—the perpendicular lines, the breaking with tall pointed arches and lofty spires, the horizontal flats surrounding them, and the loftiness of the aspiring structures which spring from such heaping upon one another of designs, increasing in magnificence as they increase in height and extent. On the contrary, the Greek temple was horizontal; and the development of its harmonious and beautiful proportions admitted of no addition or subtraction without injury. Hence it was that the Greeks raised their sacred edifices upon platforms or hills, best suited to display to advantage their horizontal lines against the wavy outline of clouds or distant mountains. The true position of the Gothic cathedral is in the midst of picturesque old dwelling-houses, above which it rises in splendour and impressiveness. But this does not at all necessitate, as some have gone so far as to assert, that the immediate area around Canterbury Cathedral (for we are adhering strictly to locality) should not be open, as Mr. Britton has ably advocated it ought to be.

Sepulchral monuments of a strictly architectonic character, we are not afraid to say, rather add to, than take away from, the beauty of the interior of a Gothic church; nor is it at all essential that the existence of such in a sacred edifice should, among an educated people, in any way lead to saint or hero worship. If the Christian religion first admitted within the bosom of its church the monuments of those who had fought or fell in her cause, we cannot see why the same toleration may not be exhibited towards those who, by their piety or learning, have advanced her interests; or who, by honourably

defending their country, have also protected its religion. To us, the recumbent images of Archbishops Peckham and Wareham, in their long robes and mitred heads; or that of the Black Prince, lying in complete armour, on an altar tomb of grey marble, suggest in their placid repose and sculptural picturesqueness, no sentiments but those of respectful and devotional admiration. Such monuments as those of Henry the Fourth and of Joan of Navarre, his queen; of Lady Holland and her two husbands, with the customary emblem of fidelity at her feet, in St. Michael's Chapel, are to our minds at once appropriate and architectonic; and if you admit the decorated style within an edifice otherwise of Romanesque simplicity, as in the screen of Prior Henry de Estein, which separates the nave from the choir, and the florid decorations of the western transepts, you cannot object to the statueless but decorated altar tombs which adorn the eastern portion of the choir; and one of which, that of Archbishop Meopham, serves as a screen to the old Norman Chapel of St. Anselm. Neither would we bring any objections in point of appropriateness, to bear upon many other monuments of Canterbury Cathedral. The studious aspect of John Boissy, with his beard, long robes, and ruffles of the middle ages; or old Sir T. Neville, kneeling in prayer, in his coat of mail, cannot but be considered as characteristic and pleasing monuments, the effect of which is good. But such acceptance cannot be extended to all. The highly coloured and gaudy monument of Archbishop Chichele, is most unsuitable to the solemn simplicity of everything around; the fantastic heaping of skulls and bones on Dean Fotherby's monument; many of the details in the warriors' chapel—pictorial sculptures, trivial in conception and in execution, and all mere busts, being incomplete and fragmentary in character, are decidedly unarchitectonic. And although among the modern monuments, consigned without an exception to the nave, there are not many sculptural conventionalities—kneeling figures, repetitions of ancient and well-esteemed designs, or females bent over tombs in the recognised attitudes and expression of monumental grief,—still, it is to be regretfully added, that there is throughout equally little pretension or taste. With the exception of two cherubim by Rysbrack, who seem to be playing about a broken column; and a modern misery to Lieut.-Col. Stuart, there is, indeed, nothing sculptural—nothing but a long line of variously-formed mural tablets, with more or less conventional urns, and bas-reliefs, with designs familiar to every explorer of town or country churches.

Upon the subject of Canterbury Cathedral—the first and chief which presented itself to the association—an able paper was communicated by Professor Willis, in which he compared the history of the rebuilding of the choir and other portions of the cathedral by William of Sens, after the fire of 1174, as given by the Monk Gervase, with his actual examinations, and which shewed the historian to have been accurate in all his details. Professor Buckland, who for some years past has been frightening the more timid in the pursuit of science by forebodings of anticipatory earthquakes, and whose blue bag has become to many an object of serious suspicion, from being supposed to conceal portable explosive compounds, ever attendant upon the professor's movements, announced his belief that the cathedral was in daily danger of fire, from the spontaneous combustion of the exuviae of birds, of which he had seen, at one time, as many as fifty issue from as many broken windows. Mr. Austin, the surveyor of the cathedral, naturally repudiated the possibility of such an event; but, what was more to the point, denied than any quantity of such exuviae was allowed to accumulate. Mr. Godwin, who has for some time past turned his attention to the old masonic signs which exist on hewn stones, exhibited copies of a variety which he had met with in various cathedrals in this country and on the Continent, and which he had now, also, detected in Canterbury Cathedral. The subject is one of considerable interest, as connected with the origin of free-masonry; and similar marks are met with in the edifices of antiquity in the East, in still greater numbers, and possessing greater peculiarities.

Roman antiquities, although not of so much immediate interest as those of

later times, still occupied a fair proportion of the attention of the association. After an interesting, and, under the circumstances, an important paper by Mr. S. Isaacson, on the discovery of Roman antiquities at Dym Church, which tended to shew that the Romans had a permanent station within the boundaries of Romney Marsh, and the probability of Cæsar's having landed in that direction, the Rev. Mr. B. Post read an especial memoir on the landing-place of Cæsar, in which the author advocated Folkestone as being the point of the coast first approached, and Lyme as being the point of debarkation.

The ancient port of Rhutupia, now Richborough, and supposed by many to have been the point where the Roman standard was first planted, was made the object of visit and exploration by the association. Mr. Roach Smith had previously carried on excavations, the results of which were not, however, laid before the meeting. The ruins at Richborough attest, perhaps, in as high a degree as any other Roman remains in this country the power and greatness of the invaders. A raised platform, extending 150 yards in one direction, and 158 on the other, is encompassed, except to the eastward, where the cliff has fallen down, exposing abundance of human bones and oyster-shells, by thick and lofty walls, constructed of flints and stones in courses, with Roman tiles on one side only, and the usual characteristic mortar. Oolite, travertino, and other rocks, not belonging to the neighbourhood, were also found. In nearly a central position were traces of a cruciform edifice.

The position of this castellated building was at the extreme base of the bay, and the view from the top of the walls was comprehensive and remarkable, extending, in one direction, by Sandwich, where are also Roman remains, to Deal, and on the other, by the Reculvers (the high antiquity of whose holy chapel was attested, in an interesting communication from Miss Halstead) to Ramsgate, and across its long jetty to the extremity of the North Foreland.

The nature of the coast at this point, where the alluvium has gained a considerable distance upon the sea, is equally suitable with Romney Marsh to the description given by Cæsar of the muddy and slippery character of their landing-place. The objection verbally advanced by the Rev. Mr. Barham at the meeting, as to the change which the coast has undergone since the Roman epoch, as attested by the loss of the Goodwin property, scarcely applies itself to this point, because, if admitted not to be the landing-place, still it is satisfactorily proved to have been a Roman port, and hence its condition must have been pretty nearly the same at the time of the first debarkation. The distance marched, before the Thames was passed at Kingston, would also tally; but the great, and apparently insuperable difficulty, and which the ingenuity of Archdeacon Battely has not got over, is the distances navigated after the coast was first reached, and which leaves the argument in favour of Romney Marsh, a deduction to which a further probability is now given by the discovery of the remains of a permanent Roman station at that point.

Dr. Buckland's geological heart was rejoiced, at Rhutupia, by the discovery of land-snails, which had, with the lapse of time, worn away cavities on the face of the walls. That this burrowing process was effected by the agency of an acid, was satisfactorily shewn by affixing one of the offenders to the pink ribbon of a lady antiquary's bonnet, and which it quickly changed in colour.

The little church of St. Martin's, considered by Bede to have been built by the early Christian Romans, and therefore of singular interest, was also made the object of visit. It was, unfortunately, undergoing extensive repair, whether in correct taste or not, we will not pretend to say, but we were assured, that as far as possible, every stone was replaced in its original situation. The font, in which tradition says King Ethelbert—who, by the bye, also dwelt at Rhutupia—was baptized, was lying on the ground in pieces. We were disappointed with it as a piece of ornamental art; the sculptured interlacings, which were in low relief, did not possess any particular beauty.

In addition to what is here mentioned, several other papers on Roman antiquities were read, some of local interest, as on the Roman roads in Kent, by Mr. Puttock, and others, bearing upon more distant localities, by Professor Buckland, Mr. Saull, and Mr. Artis; and a great number and variety of

Roman relics were also exhibited at different times during the meetings of the association.

The chief thing accomplished in *Saxon antiquities*, was the opening of the barrows, on Barham Downs, and the heights of Bourne, commonly called Breach Downs, and which proceedings were preluded first by the distribution of a printed account of barrows, previously opened in the same locality, by Mr. Wright, one of the most distinguished and active members of the association, and by a description of the different kinds of tumuli and sepulchral mounds, by the Rev. J. B. Deane, to which was added a notice of the Cromlech, which was described as being the rich man's monument, while the simple mound of earth was the grave of the poor. "Kits Cotty House," where Mr. Wright has lately been carrying on interesting excavations, was also characterized as a sepulchral monument; and at the same meeting, Sir William Betham took occasion to notice the sepulchral nature of the Irish round towers, as established by the late discovery of a skeleton in that of Ardmore, and which deductions apparently met with the support and concurrence of Mr. Crofton Croker. Numerous objects, obtained from the different sepulchres, were laid at various times upon the table; so that, indeed, on such an occasion, a tyro might have familiarized himself with many not always accessible points of antiquarian information.

The morning on which the members of the association met, eight miles from Canterbury, on the Dover road, to witness the final opening of the Saxon graves—the upper portion of which had been previously removed—was threatening, and, for a time, turned to heavy rain. Nothing daunted, however, by this state of things, antiquaries of both sexes patiently watched the opening of no less than eight tombs—the remnants, evidently, of some poor Saxon villagers, who once dwelt by the side of a hill, now wood and fallow-enclosed, with cottages and gardens on one side, and a Quixotic-looking mill on the other, while the hill itself, an offset from the great line of the Kentish North Downs, made a rapid descent to a village, beneath which flowed the *Bourne, par excellence*.

In the first grave, the remains were found of a woman and child, they had been buried together, and with them their necklaces of various-coloured beads, which the poorer Saxons apparently wore, as is in the present day done by various of the American-Indian and Oriental tribes. A ring, and several other ornaments of no great value were found in the same grave, but it is to be remarked, that, in the graves of the richer Saxons, different articles are found of good workmanship, especially of gold filigree, which by no means evince a low state of the arts. The third grave opened was distinguished from the others, by the bones being in a greater state of preservation, the lower extremities being displayed, by excavation, in a nearly entire condition. This fragment of humanity appeared to excite much interest among many present.

The fourth opened was the tomb of a peasant warrior. His sturdy skull remained nearly entire, and by his side was the head of a spear, and a small portion of the base of a shield, of the usual Saxon form. In the seventh, a knife, five and a half inches in length, and at first supposed to have been a dagger, was found by the side of a female; and a number of rings, beads, and minor objects of interest were met with during the excavation. These graves were all superficial, and were disposed, more or less, east and west, but very irregularly so, and with the feet towards the rising sun, as demanded by the Helio-Arkite mysteries.

After refreshment at Bourne, hospitably proffered by its noble tenant, the party proceeded, with additional spirit, to Breach Downs, where, in a portion of the park attached to the mansion, barrows of greater importance had been excavated in the chalk, for a depth of about six feet, and to within a few inches of the mortuary deposit. Human bones were obtained in quantities; and patience was further rewarded, by finding, in one of them, a beautiful Saxon urn, with the usual zig-zag ornament, and a small vessel of green glass. On the contents of the urn, being afterwards explored, it was found, however, to contain only the clasp of a purse, which had held no coins; so that from this and other circumstances, notwithstanding the position and the depth of the

graves, they were considered, by the antiquaries present, to have belonged to a poor tribe.

A curious circumstance occurred, in the opening of these last barrows, that a human skeleton, evidently belonging to recent times, was found at the top of one of them. Dr. William Pettigrew remarked, that, as the Breach Downs had been once the scene of the exploits of a robber familiar to the traditions of the neighbourhood, this was not unlikely to be the record of one of his foul deeds. Dr. Buckland attempted to controvert this, by pointing out, that the most ancient, even antediluvian bones, might sometimes be in a state of perfect preservation, which was so far true, when the circumstances conducive to decomposition were not present, but they were so, in this case, the bones being quite superficial, and exposed to air, moisture, and the other recognised causes of disintegration, and yet perfect. The Dean of Hereford also called attention to the fact of such skeletons occurring on the surface of barrows, which were the remains of sacrifices made to the manes of those interred within; but it is obvious that we should, in such cases of nearly contemporaneous inhumation, expect a similar, if not greater, amount of decay to belong to the upper as to the lower remains.

A lively discussion arose upon various points of interest connected with these barrows; we will only notice the most striking. The teeth, often with the enamel very perfect, had the top of the crown worn down in a manner which indicated a diet chiefly of peas and beans, upon which, as several present remarked, the soldiery were still dieted, even to the latter periods of the middle ages. A second fact was the absence of hair, which, as it occurs in mummies, led Dr. William Pettigrew to advance an opinion, that the Saxons were shaved like the Easterns; but notwithstanding the well-attested indestructibility of hair, in some cases, it is well known that it is, also, often found wanting, on opening quite recent mortuary deposits.

An equally curious subject of investigation presented itself in the fossil bodies of recent origin, and even living things, which were found in the barrows. Mr. Wright had described, previously, the existence of skulls and bones of mice, with remains of seed, &c., and on the present occasion, similar remains were found, in addition to which, some common land-snails were found in one, and two live earth-worms in another grave. A communication was also read by Mr. T. Bateman, upon the discovery in barrows in the vicinity of Bakewell, Derbyshire, of a bed of rats' bones, a foot deep, which precluded the assumption that they had found their way into the grave. There was a diversity of opinion in explaining these appearances, and which was again returned to, at a later period, without arriving at anything more than a kind of Pickwickian clearness and lucidity.

It may be remarked, in regard to Saxon remains, that Sir William Betham took two different occasions to insist upon the so-called kelts—Saxon hatchets of stone—being adzes, or carpenters' tools, from the circumstance of one having been found inserted in wood. This, however, was, at the best, a very indecisive proof, for no one, because an axe was found imbedded in a tree, would controvert the fact of there ever having been battle-axes.

But we must leave Roman and Saxon antiquities for those of the *middle ages*, foremost among which stood the cathedral, already noticed; next in interest came the line of Norman forts, which extend from Dover, by Canterbury and Rochester, to London. All these are in, more or less, good preservation; that of Canterbury the least so; while an especial excursion was made to that of Dover, by a small party of gentlemen and ladies, including Sir Wm. Betham, Rev. Mr. Barham, W. Harrison Ainsworth, &c., and who were hospitably and kindly received by Major Davis, the commandant of Dover Castle. The Norman keep of Dover was minutely described to the meeting by the Rev. H. Hartshorne, who considered it to be one of the most perfect types of a Norman castle in existence.

A little gem of these early times, which was made the object of an especial excursion—Barfreston Church, excited much interest and attention. Although in part restored, the restoration had been carried on with so strict a regard to

archæological exigences, and so much that was untouched still remained for the scrupulous investigator, that the building was not open to much critical detraction. As to the beauty and perfection of the whole, and, indeed, of almost all the details, there were few dissentient voices. Indeed, the numerous drawings which have been published, from Grose downwards, give no idea of the neatness and fitness of each part, and of the consequent harmony and perfection of the whole. It was impossible, in contemplating such a real architectural gem, not to feel a wish to know something concerning its origin. Who founded it?—when was it built?—was in everybody's mouth; but no one could answer the question. There exists, however, a sculptured legend on the arch of the gateway, which tells, after the burlesque fashion of olden times, that, like the beautiful Chapel of Roslyn, near Edinburgh, and that of St. Hubert in the Ardennes, it owes its origin to a hunting adventure, apparently an accident, and a vow made in consequence. In one of the sculptures a gallant huntsman is going forth; in another, he is in pursuit of a hare; in a third, his horse has stumbled against a stone; in a fourth, a monkey is riding home with the hare; in a fifth, there is a consultation being held over the identical stone, which is apparently devoted to the foundation of a chapel; for in another compartment, the hunter is embracing his lady, at the happy resolution made; and in the last of the series, the monkey is fiddling for joy, at the conclusion of an incident, to which we must, no doubt, attribute the building of the beautiful chapel of the forest.

It is obvious that it is impossible for us to notice all that was done during a week's hard labour; our object has been simply to glance at things of local interest, and at the prospects of the new and promising association. There were many papers read, which, without wishing to tie the association solely to local matters, were certainly unsuitable; while, on the other hand, there were many communications of high and learned character, but which were too strictly antiquarian for the meeting, which, it is supposed, is intended to be popular from the mixed character of the audience. The description of a fresco or distemper painting (it was not determined which) in East Wickham Church, led to very active steps being taken for its preservation. It was said, but the statement has since been contradicted, that it was threatened with immediate destruction by the religious scruples of the incumbent. It was one of the greatest practical advantages of the association, among whom there were three deans present—responsible keepers of cathedral antiquities—to thus allow the public feeling to be expressed on such matters. It is evident that we are now in the age of toleration, not of indifference. Upon the subject of this painting we may find a corner to say, that the seventh compartment, which the author of the paper did not, we believe, decipher, was apparently the angel appearing to the shepherd—the star being lost by part of an arch which crossed the upper portion. This subject, also, eliminated from the Dean of Hereford an account of the etymology of "Douse it out," springing as it did from a person of that name, who, when puritanical zeal was at its height, particularly distinguished himself by his energy in white-washing old paintings in our churches and cathedrals.

So great was the influx of contributions, that some were omitted; others were only half read, and none were fully commented upon. It was a great antiquarian race, in which those who could throw in a word appeared to consider it equal to winning a prize. Visits were also made to Dr. Faussett's, the possessor of Douglas the antiquarian's collections, and which are preserved in a retired villa in the woods, looked upon with superstitious dread by the peasantry around, who believe the cellars to be full of coffins and human bones. Mr. Rolfe's collection at Sandwich was also hastily examined; and a gentleman, of equal taste and urbanity of manners—Mr. Godfrey, of the same neighbourhood, received and refreshed the fatigued antiquaries at his hospitable house.

We ought not to omit that Mr. Pettigrew, so distinguished by his researches in Egyptian antiquities, unrolled, or rather cut and chopped to pieces—for the bandages were so impregnated with bitumen, that they

would not unroll—a mummy at the theatre, an exhibition replete with curious and interesting information for the residents, for whose advantage the proceeding was chiefly intended. After the operation, the gentleman (for so he turned out to be) and the “son of the lady of the house,” as he was hieroglyphically described, was placed in an erect position, his arms folded across his bosom, grimly scowling from beneath his gilded eyebrows upon the numerous ladies present, who appeared to enjoy vastly this impromptu appearance of a deceased Egyptian, upon the stage of the Canterbury theatre.

It would have been thought that the mere fact of the innocent and harmless character of the week's recreation thus afforded, so much more profitable than what is always at our command, would have ensured the good will of all parties. Not so, however, with the Athenæum, where there can ever be found a spirit of disparagement and detraction of all that is meritorious and kindly meant. It is objected by this Journal, that a careful survey of Roman remains in Great Britain, will add little or nothing to our stock-book of architectural models, as if the study of the manners, customs, &c. of by-gone people, had no object but the advancement of architecture! If the lessons afforded in such studies by the monuments (for such in the eye of the antiquary is a key, a coin, or a vase, broken or whole) of antiquity are to be neglected, because they do not always furnish models of art, so the writings of antiquity ought to be neglected, because they do not always furnish models in literature. The “stupidity that delights to doze” over bits of broken things, is an error of exceeding enthusiasm, which we are sure the ever-grumbling Athenæum will never fall into.

Far more exhilarating it was to see at Canterbury every branch of knowledge connected with archæology having its able and devoted representatives. The Ulster King-of-arms sat there side by side with Rouge Dragon; severe architecture had its Barry, Blore, Britton, Burton, Poynter, Willis, &c.; primeval antiquities, its Annesley, Artis, Bateman, Betham, Birch, Bloxam, Dawson, Deane, Ferrey, Faussett, Hale, Isaacson, Pettigrew, Smith, Way, Wright, &c.; mediæval antiquities, its Beattie, Bennet, Christmas, Corner Ellis, Hamilton, Hassells, Larking, Noble, Stapleton, &c.; history its Ainsworth, Arden, Ayrton, Barrow, Cunningham, Halliwell, Heywood, James, King, Nichols, Sharpe, Turner, &c.; even sculpture had its Westmacott; legendary history, its Barham and Croker; costume, its Planché; and geology its Buckland and König.

It would be doing an injustice to the people of Canterbury not to notice the exertions which they made to receive this host of learned men. The good-natured zeal of Mr. Neame, the mayor; and the exertions of Mr. Edward Plummer, Mr. Brent, and the other aldermen and town councillors, impressed every visitor with feelings of gratitude; and here, it must also be distinctly stated, that in point of courteousness and general urbanity, as well as in the graceful tact and good sense with which the President of the Association, Lord Albert Conyngham, got through his arduous duties, nothing could have been found more desirable, more worthy of imitation, or which could have been productive of more general satisfaction.

After such a first successful meeting, we can only say that the British Association of Archæologists possesses unlimited promises for the future, and every claim to ardent support. As an index to the popular feeling upon archæological subjects, its existence is invaluable; as a field for promoting and preserving art, it is most praiseworthy; and it can never fail, judiciously managed, to afford one of the most pleasant week's recreations that can be set apart from out of the year.

THE RAT-TAT: A STORY OF THE GENTILITIES.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

THERE is often a deep moral meaning, a particular social signification, in a knock at the door.

The footman's knock is never to be mistaken ; it is the only thing he does that speaks of industry, and an honest determination to earn his wages. Having performed the knock, it may be observed that he immediately starts back, and bids for an advance of terms next quarter, by dashing down with a terrific clatter, and astonishing rapidity, the carriage-steps. Who would conjecture him to be "one of those lazy rascals," as rags, hunger, and hard work, naturally love to call him?

The postman's is as expressive ; profuse and powerful in its proclamation, even to the remotest closets and corners of the edifice. The tiny chimney-sweep, if the Act had not put him down, would infallibly hear it, though close jammed up at the soot-filled angle of the third story.

The reduction of the postman from the Twopenny to the Penny would, of course, have reduced his two knocks to one, as a measure of equity, and an economy of time ; but that his identity must then have been merged in the general mob of knocking humanity—of that miscellaneous butcherism and bakerism, whose brazen throat is resorted to, to eke out the power of the iron instrument at the door.

There are people in London (past all doubt) who could infallibly distinguish, by deep acquaintance with the exquisite philosophy of sound, between the knock of the income-tax collector, and his who called to pay, with interest, the long out-standing account—the bill overdue five years.

The knock of the Hitchinsons and the Wappingtons, whom we don't want to see, is never recognised—never explicit or intelligible. Those families vary their knocks in the most insidious and disgusting manner.

The loud, long, lively knock, bordering in duration and violence upon the footman's own, is sure to be the modest announcement of a gentleman presenting a petition, either sentimentally on his own account, or impudently on behalf of unreclaimed sinners in New South Jericho.

The two sharp knocks with a soft one slipped in between—a sandwich for the ear, a perfect sandwich in sound—are Cousin John's ; he has always an original way of his own : and the low, playful, and extremely protracted knock, or series of knocks, which seem running into the air of "Como's lake," in *Gustavus*, only spoiled as the door suddenly opens in the middle of it, is the clever performance of the pianoforte-tuner.

On the other hand, that dreary, peremptory, and most unmusical single rap, which is always sure to come long before its proper time, is the knock of the printer's devil, calling for the article.

But although some people's knocks are as symptomatic of them as their noses—and, indeed, there are such things as snub-knocks and fine Roman rat-tats—never were we aware until lately of the existence of a graduated scale of power in the common knocker ; that the principle of gentility and social consequence was capable of being accu-

rately measured out upon the firm-set lower jaw of the griffin, whose head adorns the door. Little was it by us supposed—such was our pure unmingled metropolitan simplicity of mind—that the up-and-down movement of the knocker could ever by possibility be governed by the up-or-down condition of the visitor.

To our tale : reminding the candid reader, by way of moral at the beginning instead of the end, that small matters are not necessarily insignificant, and that a single word may possess the eloquence of an oration. A mere monosyllable may turn out to be a corpulent volume in a state of extreme condensation. It should be the essence of English—potted prose ! So with the triviality to be here recorded.

At a stone's throw across the high road from our little study window, stands, as one of a row, a genteel residence or asylum, sometimes for a single gentleman, sometimes for a small quiet family, sometimes for a widow with a scant pension, and sometimes for a newly-married couple, of course without incumbrances. The house has been, within a twelvemonth's space—as a roving eye glancing from window to window, and carelessly noting exits and entrances, might easily discover—a receptacle for all these. It is a genteel residence, all let out. It is certainly not “commodious,” nor yet “eligible”—it is genteel. All auctiondom could make no more of it.

One class of the tenantry specified above—the small quiet family—possessed, about a twelvemonth ago, the upper floor, or, rather, only the front room ; for the two children slept in it, as we knew by the windows being always closed directly they disappeared in the evening, and were put to bed. They were exquisitely neat ; and the mother, though she had a servant's work to do in addition to the maternal duties, was a pattern of cleanliness and quiet. The father of the little family was young, and evidently engaged in some superior mechanical employ. Marks of toil were on his dress, yet his attire was always decent, and his habits marvellously regular. His arrivals to his daily meals were as exact as clockwork. When we heard his firm full single knock, like the half of a postman's, we knew perfectly well that it was then a certain hour of the morning, noon, or eve. Neither death, nor quarter-day, though proverbial for punctuality, could be more true to their time.

Attention once drawn to this regularity, we were naturally prepared to notice any omission, and at last observed that this full single regular knock of our neighbour's was only to be heard on six days of the week. On the Sunday, the children wore brighter ribands, their gentle mother's neatness bloomed into elegance ; and for the youthful father, no sign of daily labour was visible on his pleasing waistcoat, or the light-coloured essentials below. He was in his best, to be sure ; but the best was good. Stultz would have stared a little perhaps ; but no matter—the mechanic might have walked unsneakingly down Saint James's-street. He was an honour to his manufacturing country.

But although he went out and came home on the Sunday, we never noticed his knock. How did he get in ? Perhaps his fond kind wife, proud of him, and of the waistcoat her hands had ironed for him, watched admiringly at the window as he came down the road, and had the door open ready for him ! No. One Sabbath, as we happened to glance—and not without some feeling of respect—at what must be called the “gentility” of his appearance, he walked with an air of gentlemanly independence up to his own lodging-house door,

and gave a peculiarly smart off-hand "rat-tat-tat," as a thing that he was quite used to!

And we found that he *was* used to it, on that day of the week only! His single week-day knocks continued, but with equal regularity he delivered a rattler on the Sunday. On that one blessed day of the seven—blessings are indeed in the poor man's Sabbath!—he did no manner of work; he was his own master; his feelings underwent a change; he could take a liberty which he shrank from on Saturday; he was a gentleman, and he knocked accordingly.

This practice, while it amused us, also increased our interest for the quiet little family; and so we were glad to perceive sometime afterwards a mighty stir in the genteel edifice, with its floors separately let out. The family so attached to the gentilities were getting prosperous—getting on, as it is called; and we quite clapped our hands joyfully, as one morning, we saw the little ones at the *first*-floor window, trying to look down, and evidently thinking what a little way it was to the ground. Yes, and there too was their mother—their mamma now!—gazing out at the prospect as at a novelty, and fancying that the five trees opposite looked very different seen from the *third*-floor window.

So it was. The brightest ribands were now worn daily, and the elegance became as habitual as the neatness. But there was another change—a change in the habits of the head of the family. His appearance shared in the general improvement, his goings-out and returnings were all as exact as before; but we missed the accustomed knock. He came home to dinner as usual; but instead of crying, as was our wont, "It's just one o'clock; there's the knock," we were sadly out in the time, believing that, as no such knock was heard, it was not so late.

The fact immediately transpired. The first-floor had brought first-floor customs, and the Sunday practice became the practice of the week. No more single knocks! We had the smart "rat-tat" every day, three times. There was, no doubt, a music in the repetitions of the rap. They were so many audible proclamations of his advancement, of his ranking with the *élite* of the house. It seemed, however, to be the result of a rule laid down by the landlady. Parlour and drawing-room lodgers were to knock as they pleased; but the occupants of the upper floor were not allowed to put themselves on such a familiar footing with the knocker. People who are not worth a rap, are not expected to give half-a-dozen at the door. It was pretty to discover these secret laws of gentility, and to see how the principle worked.

A twelvemonth passed away, and we lost all interest in the progress of the little family, whose rat-tats could have no charm. When suddenly another change came. The little children were chirruping up at the top-window again, looking at the five trees from a higher point once more. The mother was there also, glancing about with a rather disconcerted and pensive air. The prosperity had been but a flash—the little agency, or the advance of income, was too good to last—and the old upper quarters were quietly, and to all appearance contentedly, resumed. They all seem quite cheerful, and amazingly regular as before. Out goes the father after breakfast, and back he comes to dinner. We now again know when it is one o'clock, by the knocker—save on Sundays, when happily the spirit of independence and gentility still prevails in the "rat-tat."

THE SETTLERS IN CANADA.*

THE skill of the novelist is probably never seen to greater advantage, than when his materials are simple, and his style clear and perspicuous. There is a lightsome and airy ease in the present little work of Capt. Marryat's, written for the amusement of young people, that is quite charming ; and, while the well-known ability of the author is manifest throughout, it is so subdued by his wish to be plain, that portraits and events appear rather to flow out of the narrative, than to be the creations of a successful talent.

Mr. Campbell, a surgeon with a large family, increased by the adoption of two orphan nieces, Mary and Emma Percival, is unexpectedly removed from ill-requited and arduous professional labours, to the proprietorship of the valuable estate of Mexton Hall. But as this was in default of nearer of kin, he is, after a few years' enjoyment of the property, as suddenly ejected by the arrival of more direct issue. Reduced by such untoward incidents to emigrate, the eldest son, Henry, is taken from college, and the second, Alfred, from a promising career in the navy, and with Percival and John, as yet mere boys, and the two nieces, the whole party start under convoy for the new world. Luckily, Alfred is taken on board a fifty-gun ship appointed to this convoy, distinguishes himself in an engagement with a French liner on the voyage, and gains his lieutenancy, with the additional means of remaining for a few years with his relatives, on their first settling in a foreign land.

A grant, under highly favourable circumstances, is, through the instrumentality of Alfred's captain, and of the governor of Quebec, made to Mr. Campbell, close by Fort Frontignac, on Lake Ontario. This was in 1794, when Canada had not been long ceded by the French ; when there were no steamboats to stem the currents of the rivers, as yet a scarcity of colonists, many wild beasts, and Indians still in the very heart of what is now cultivated land, and in hostility with the new possessors of the soil.

The difficulties to be overcome by the emigrants are all more or less connected with these points. They are assisted in the first labours of squatting by a party of soldiers from the fort, from whence they also derive the acquaintance of Captain Sinclair, who becomes an important person in the novel department of the narrative ; and they have also the services of Martin Supper, a trapper, while, through the means of John, who is made to take to the woods as a young duck does to the water, they also gain over the friendship of Malachi Bone, a thorough-going, morose backwoodsman. These two worthies, for such they are made to be, are two distinct steps from civilization to savage life. Martin being the first degree, Malachi, the second, and Strawberry Plant, an adopted Indian child of Malachi's, is a pleasing and agreeable relief to such a forbidding back-ground. Savage life itself is represented by the Angry Snake, a warrior with but a small party of ad-

* The Settlers in Canada ; written for Young People. By Captain Marryat. 2 vols. Small 8vo.

herents, but who carries on a systematic hostility against the new colonists.

Beginning with the clouds of mosquitoes, and the whistling and hissing of frogs, the party are soon introduced to the minor inconveniences of being thrown into almost immediate contact with nature untainted by art, and lands unreclaimed by man. Even the ladies are constituted into "a female rifle brigade." The arrival of winter was, however, a more serious trial. Mary and Emma are startled on their daily visit to the cow-house by a hungry wolf, whom little John comes up in time to despatch. The well-drawn character of this precocious backwoodsboy, comes out in all its force upon this occasion. Having killed the wolf, he shoulders his rifle, and saying, "He's dead," turned round and walked back to the house.

"On his return, he found that the party had just come back from hauling up the punt, and were waiting the return of the Miss Percivals to go to breakfast.

"Was that you who fired just now, John?" said Martin.

"Yes," replied John.

"What did you fire at?" said Alfred.

"A wolf," replied John.

"A wolf! Where?" said Mr. Campbell.

"At the cow-lodge," replied John.

"The cow-lodge!" said his father.

"Yes; killed Sancho!"

"Killed Sancho! Why, Sancho was with your cousins."

"Yes," replied John.

"Then where did you leave them?"

"With the wolf," replied John, wiping his rifle very coolly.

"Merciful Heaven!" cried Mr. Campbell, as Mrs. Campbell turned pale, and Alfred, Captain Sinclair, Martin, and Henry, seizing their rifles, darted out from the house, and ran with all speed in the direction of the cow-house.

"My poor girls!" exclaimed Mr. Campbell.

"Wolf's dead, father," said John.

"Dead! why didn't you say so, you naughty boy?" cried Mrs. Campbell.

"I wasn't asked," replied John.

The same winter an Indian woman, abandoned by her tribe from having dislocated her ankle, was found in the woods, brought in, nursed, and having recovered and received a supply of provisions, left them three weeks afterwards to rejoin her friends.

Great was the delight of the whole party when the return of spring brought with it a pleasant greensward, open waters, and chirping, twittering birds. Greater extent was now given to the farming operations; the skins obtained in winter were sent to market, and stock was purchased with the produce of their sale; palisade fences were erected, and more winter-houses; while a field of maize that was sown did not fail to bring down the bears. A fearful fire, which involved miles of forest, threatened the total destruction of the new settlement, which only a sudden rain averted; and this summer the Angry Snake makes his first appearance, according to received custom, as if accidentally dropt from a cloud, and that, when the party were inopportunely engaged in examining the stores.

The consequence is, that on the ensuing winter, an intended surprise by the Indians is thwarted by Master John, who shoots one of the savages disguised as a wolf; but in revenge for the injury thus unintentionally committed, the Angry Snake carries off the second son, Percival, on a hunting day, when Alfred has a dangerous encounter with, and is severely bit by, a puma.

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NOTICE.

The concluding Chapters of "SAINT JAMES'S" will be given in the December Number, together with the continuation of the "REVELATIONS OF LONDON."

Just Published, in 3 vols. post 8vo,

SAINT JAMES'S:

OR,

THE COURT OF QUEEN ANNE.

An Historical Romance.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS ON STEEL

BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

JOHN MORTIMER, ADELAIDE STREET, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

REVELATIONS OF LONDON.

BY THE EDITOR.

II.

THE DOG-FANCIER.

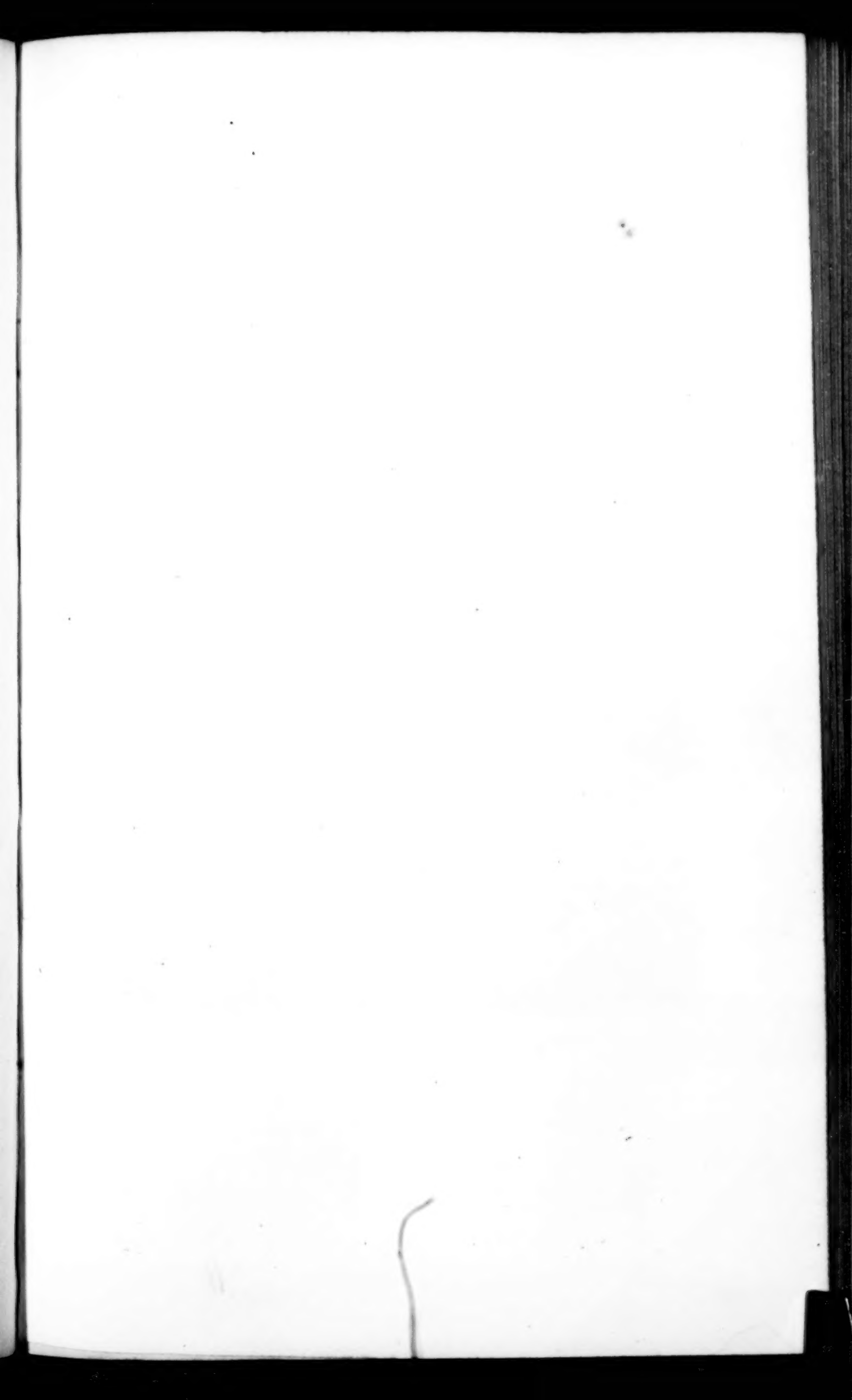
THE ROOKERY! Who that has passed Saint Giles's, on the way to the city, or coming from it, but has caught a glimpse, through some narrow opening, of its squalid habitations, and wretched and ruffianly occupants! Who but must have been struck with amazement, that such a huge receptacle of vice and crime should be allowed to exist in the very heart of the metropolis, like an ulcerated spot, capable of tainting the whole system! Of late, the progress of improvement has caused its removal; but whether any less cogent motive would have abated the nuisance, may be questioned. For years the evil was felt, and complained of, but no effort was made to remedy it, or to cleanse these worse than Augean stables. As the place is now partially, if not altogether, swept away, and a wide and airy street passes through the midst of its foul recesses, a slight sketch may be given of its former appearance.

Entering a narrow street, guarded by posts and cross-bars, a few steps from the crowded thoroughfare brought you into a frightful region, the refuge, it was easy to perceive, of half the lawless characters infesting the metropolis. The coarsest ribaldry assailed your ears, and noisome odours afflicted your sense of smell. As you advanced, picking your way through kennels flowing with filth, or over putrescent heaps of rubbish and oyster-shells, all the repulsive and hideous features of the place were displayed before you. There was something savagely picturesque in the aspect of the place, but its features were too loathsome to be regarded with any other feeling than disgust. The houses looked as sordid, and as thickly crusted with the leprosy of vice as their tenants. Horrible habitations they were, in truth. Many of them were without windows, and where the frames were left, brown paper or tin supplied the place of glass; some even wanted doors, and no effort was made to conceal the squalor within. On the contrary, it seemed to be intruded on observation. Miserable rooms almost destitute of furniture; floors and walls caked with dirt, or decked with coarse flaring prints; shameless and abandoned-looking women; children without shoes and stockings, and with scarcely a rag to their backs: these were the chief objects that met the view. Of men few were visible—the majority being out on business, it is to be presumed; but where a solitary

straggler was seen, his sinister looks and mean attire were in perfect keeping with the spot. So thickly inhabited were these wretched dwellings, that every chamber, from garret to cellar, swarmed with inmates. As to the cellars they looked like dismal caverns, which a wild beast would shun. Clothes-lines were hung from house to house, festooned with every kind of garment. Out of the main street branched several alleys and passages, all displaying the same degree of misery, or, if possible, worse, and teeming with occupants. Personal security, however, forbade any attempt to track these labyrinths; but imagination, after the specimen afforded, could easily picture them. It was impossible to move a step without insult or annoyance. Every human being seemed brutalized and degraded; and the women appeared utterly lost to decency, and made the street ring with their cries, their quarrels, and their imprecations. It was a positive relief to escape from this hot-bed of crime to the world without, and breathe a purer atmosphere.

Such being the aspect of the Rookery in the day time, what must it have been when crowded with its worst denizens at night! Yet at such an hour it will now be necessary to enter its penetralia.

After escaping from the ruined house in the Vauxhall Road, the two ruffians shaped their course towards Saint Giles's, running the greater part of the way, and reaching at the Broadway just as the church clock struck two. Darting into a narrow alley, and heedless of any obstructions they encountered in their path, they entered a somewhat wider cross street, which they pursued for a short distance, and then struck into an entry, at the bottom of which was a swing door that admitted them into a small court where they found a dwarfish person wrapped in a tattered watchman's great-coat, seated on a stool with a horn lantern in his hand, and a cutty in his mouth, the glow of which lighted up his hard, withered features. This was the deputy porter of the lodging-house they were about to enter. Addressing him by the name of Old Parr, the ruffians passed on, and lifting the latch of another door, entered a sort of kitchen, at the further end of which blazed a cheerful fire with a large copper kettle boiling upon it. On one side of the room was a deal table, round which several men of sinister aspect and sordid attire were collected, playing at cards. A smaller table of the same material stood near the fire, and opposite it was a staircase leading to the upper rooms. The place was dingy and dirty in the extreme, the floors could not have been scoured for years, and the walls were begrimed with filth. In one corner, with his head resting on a heap of coals and coke, lay a boy almost as black as a chimney-sweeper, fast asleep. He was the waiter. The principal light was afforded by a candle stuck against the wall, with a tin reflector behind it. Before the fire, with his back turned towards it, stood a noticeable individual, clad in a velveteen jacket, with ivory buttons, a striped waistcoat, drabknees, a faded black





P. H. 22

Unexpected disappearance of Old Parr

LONDON JOHN MORTIMER AGELAIKE STREET 1844.

silk neckcloth, tied in a great bow, and a pair of ancient Wellingtons ascending half-way up his legs, which looked disproportionately thin when compared with the upper part of his square, robustious, and somewhat pursy frame. His face was broad, jolly, and good-humoured, with a bottle-shaped nose, fleshy lips, and light grey eyes, glistening with cunning and roguery. His hair, which dangled in long flakes over his ears and neck, was of a dunnish red, as were also his whiskers and beard. A superannuated white castor with a black hatband round it, was cocked knowingly on one side of his head, and gave him a flashy and sporting look. His particular vocation was made manifest by the number of dogs he had about him. A beautiful black and tan spaniel, of Charles the Second's breed, popped its short snubby nose and long silken ears out of each coat pocket. A pug was thrust into his breast, and he carried an exquisite Blenheim under either arm. At his feet reposed an Isle of Sky terrier, and a partly-cropped French poodle, of snowy whiteness, with a red worsted riband round its throat. This person, it need scarcely be said, was a dog-fancier, or, in other words, a dealer in, and a stealer of dogs, as well as a practiser of all the tricks connected with that nefarious trade. His self-satisfied air made it evident he thought himself a smart clever fellow,—and adroit and knavish he was, no doubt,—while his droll, plausible, and rather winning manners, helped him materially to impose upon his customers. His real name was Taylor, but he was known among his companions by the appellation of Ginger. On the entrance of the Sandman and the Tinker, he nodded familiarly to them, and with a sly look inquired—"Vell, my 'arties—vot luck?"

"Oh, pretty middlin'," replied the Sandman, gruffly. And seating himself at the table, near the fire, he kicked up the lad who was lying fast asleep on the coals, and bade him fetch a pot of half-and-half. The Tinker took a place beside him, and they waited in silence the arrival of the liquor, which, when it came, was disposed of at a couple of pulls, while Mr. Ginger, seeing they were engaged, sauntered towards the card-table, attended by his four-footed companions.

"And now," said the Sandman, unable to control his curiosity longer, and taking out the pocket-book, "we'll see wot fortun' has given us."

Saying which, he unclasped the pocket-book, while the Tinker bent over him in eager curiosity. But their search for money was fruitless. They examined the pockets, but not a single bank-note was forthcoming. There were several memoranda and slips of paper, a few cards, and an almanack for the year—that was all. It was a great disappointment.

"So we've had all this trouble for nuffin', and nearly got shot into the bargain," cried the Sandman, slapping down the book on the table with an oath. "I wish I'd never undertaken the job."

"Don't let's give it up in sich an 'urry," replied the Tinker; "summat may be made on it yet. Let's look over them papers."

"Look 'em over yourself," rejoined the Sandman, pushing the book towards him. "I've done wi' 'em. Here, lazy-bones, bring two glasses o' rum-and-water—stiff, d'ye hear?"

While the sleepy youth bestirred himself to obey these injunctions, the Tinker read over every memorandum in the pocket-book, and then proceeded carefully to examine the different scraps of paper with which it was filled. Not content with one perusal, he looked them all over again, and then began to rub his hands with great glee.

"Wot's the matter?" cried the Sandman, who had lighted a cutty, and was quietly smoking it. "Wot's the row, eh?"

"Vy, this is it," replied the Tinker, unable to contain his satisfaction; "there's secrets contained in this here pocket-book as'll be worth a hundred pound and better to us. We ha'n't had our trouble for nuffin'."

"Glad to hear it!" said the Sandman, looking hard at him. "Wot kind o' secrets are they?"

"Vy, *hangin' secrets*," replied the Tinker, with mysterious emphasis. "He seems to be a terrible chap, and to have committed murder wholesale."

"Wholesale!" echoed the Sandman, removing the pipe from his lips. "That sounds awful. But what a precious donkey he must be to register his crimes i' that way."

"He didn't expect the pocket-book to fall into our hands," said the Tinker.

"Werry likely not," replied the Sandman; "but somebody else might see it. I repeat, he must be a fool. S'pose we wos to make a entry of everythin' we does. Wot a nice balance there'd be agin us ven our accounts comed to be wound up."

"Ourn is a different business altogether," replied the Tinker. "This seems a werry mysterious sort o' a person. Wot age should you take him to be?"

"Vy, five an' twenty at the outside," replied the Sandman.

"Five an' sixty 'ud be nearer the mark," replied the Tinker. "There's dates as far back as that."

"Five an' sixty devils!" cried the Sandman; "there must be some mistake i' the reckonin' there."

"No, it's all clear an' reg'lar," rejoined the other; "and that doesn't seem to be the end of it, neither. I looked over the papers twice, and one, dated 1780, refers to some other dokiments."

"They must relate to his grand-dad then," said the Sandman; "it's impossible they can refer to him."

"But I tell 'ee they *do* refer to him," said the Tinker, somewhat angrily, at having his assertion denied; "at least if his own word's to be taken. Anyhow, these papers is waluable to us. If no one else believes in 'em, it's clear he believes in 'em hisself, and will be glad to buy 'em from us."

"That's a view o' the case worthy of an Old Bailey lawyer," replied the Sandman. "Wot's the gemman's name?"

"The name on the card is AURIOL DARCY," replied the Tinker.

"Any address?" asked the Sandman.

The Tinker shook his head.

"That's unlucky agin," said the Sandman. "Ain't there no sort o' clue?"

"None votiver, as I can perceive," said the Tinker.

"Vy, zounds, then, ve're jist vere ve started from," cried the Sandman. "But it don't matter. There's not much chance o' makin' a bargain vith him. The crack o' the scull I gave him has done his bus'ness."

"Nuffin' o' the kind," replied the Sandman. "He always recovers from every kind of accident."

"Always recovers!" exclaimed the Sandman, in amazement. "Wot a constitootion he must have."

"Surprisin'!" replied the Tinker; "he never suffers from injuries—at least, not much; never grows old; and never expects to die; for he mentions wot he intends doin' a hundred years hence."

"Oh, he's a lu-nattic!" exclaimed the Sandman—"a down-right lu-nattic; and that accounts for his wisitin' that ere ruined house, and a-fancyin' he heerd some one talk to him. He's mad, depend upon it. That is, if I ain't cured him."

"I'm of a different opinion," said the Tinker.

"And so am I," said Mr. Ginger, who had approached unobserved, and overheard the greater part of their discourse.

"Vy, vot can you know about it, Ginger?" said the Sandman, looking up, evidently rather annoyed.

"I only know this," replied Ginger, "that you've got a good case, and if you'll let me into it, I'll engage to make summat of it."

"Vell, I'm agreeable," said the Sandman.

"And so am I," added the Tinker.

"Not that I pays much regard to wot you've bin a-readin' in his papers," pursued Ginger; "the gemman's evidently half-cracked, if he aint cracked altogether—but he's jist the person to work upon. He fancies hisself immortal—eh?"

"Exactly so," replied the Tinker.

"And he also fancies he's committed a lot o' murders?" pursued Ginger.

"A desperate lot," replied the Tinker.

"Then he'll be glad to buy those papers at any price," said Ginger. "Ve'll deal vith him in regard to the pocket-book, as I deals vith regard to a dog,—ask a price for its restitootion."

"We must find him out first," said the Sandman.

"There's no difficulty in that," rejoined Ginger. "You must be constantly on the look out. You're sure to meet him some time or other."

"That's true," replied the Sandman; "and there's no fear of his knowin' us, for the very moment he looked round I knocked him on the head."

"Arter all," said the Tinker, "there's no branch o' the purfession so safe as yours, Ginger. The law is favourable to you, and the beaks is afeerd to touch you. I think I shall turn dog-fancier myself."

"It's a good business," replied Ginger, "but it requires a edication. As I was sayin', we gets a high price sometimes for restorin' a favourite, especially ven ve've a soft-hearted lady to deal vith. There's some vimen as fond o' dogs as o' their own childer, and ven ve gets one o' their precious pets, ve makes 'em ransom it as the brigands you see at the Adelphi or the Surrey sarves their prisoners, threatenin' to send first an ear, and then a paw, or a tail, and so on. I'll tell you wot happened t'other day. There was a lady—a Miss Vite, as was desperate fond of her dog. It wos a ugly warmint, but no matter for that,—the creater had gained her heart. Vell, she lost it; and somehow or other I found it. She vos in great trouble, and a friend o' mine calls to say she can have the dog agin, but she must pay eight pound for it. She thinks this dear, and a friend o' her own advises her to wait, sayin' better terms will be offered; so I sends vord by my friend that if she don't come down at once, the poor animal's throat will be cut that werry night."

"Ha!—ha!—ha!" laughed the others.

"Vell, she sent four pound, and I put up with it," pursued Ginger; "but about a month arterwards she loses her favourite agin, and strange to say I finds it. The same game is played over agin, and she comes down with another four pound. But she takes care this time that I shan't repeat the trick; for no sooner does she obtain pursession of her favourite than she embarks in the steamer for France, in the hope of keepin' her dog safe there."*

"Oh! Miss Bailey, unfortunate Miss Bailey!—Fol-de-riddle-tol-ol-lol—unfortunate Miss Bailey!" sang the Tinker.

"But there's dog-fanciers in France, ain't there?" asked the Sandman.

"Lor' bless 'ee, to be sure there is," replied Ginger; "there's as many o' the Fancy i' France as here. Vy, ve drives a smartish trade wi' them through them foreign steamers. There's scarcely a steamer as leaves the port o' London but takes out a cargo o' dogs. Ve sells 'em to the stewards, stokers, and sailors—cheap—and no questins asked. They goes to Ostend, Antverp, Rotterdam, Hamburg, and sometimes to Havre. There's a Mounseer Coqqilu as comes over to buy dogs, and ve takes 'em to him at a house near Billingsgit market."

"Then you're always sure o' a ready market somehow," observed the Sandman.

"Sartin," replied Ginger, "cos the law's so kind to us. Vy,

* For a verification of this and several of the cases subsequently mentioned, the reader is referred to the "Minutes of Evidence taken before the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Dog Stealing." It is to be hoped that the infamous and notorious system of theft and extortion practised by these rogues, almost with impunity, will be speedily abolished, by adopting the suggestions of the Committee.

bless you, a perliceman can't detain us, even if he knows ve've a stolen dog in our persession, and ve svears it's our own; and yet he'd stop you in a minute if he seed you vith a suspicious-lookin' bundle under your arm. Now, jist to shew you the difference atwixt the two perfessions:—I steals a dog—value, may be, fifty pound, or p'raps more. Even if I'm catched i' the fact I may get fined twenty pound, or have six months' imprisonment; vile if you steals an old fogle, value three fardens, you'll get seven years abroad, to a dead certainty."

"That seems hard on us," observed the Sandman, reflectively.

"It's the *law*!" exclaimed Ginger, triumphantly. "Now ve generally escapes by payin' the fine, cos our pals goes and steals more dogs to raise the money. Ve always stands by each other. There's a reg'lar horganization among us; so ve can always bring vitnesses to swear vot ve likes, and ve so puzzles the beaks, that the case gets dismissed, and the constable says, 'Vich party shall I give the dog to, your vorship?' Upon vich, the beak replies, a shakin' of his vise noddle, 'Give it to the person in whose persession it was found. I have nuffin' more to do vith it.' In course the dog is delivered up to us."

"The law seems made for dog-fanciers," remarked the Tinker.

"Wot d'ye think o' this?" pursued Ginger. "I vos a-standin' at the corner o' Gray's Inn-lane vith some o' my pals near a coach-stand, ven a lady passes by vith this here dog—an' a beauty it is, a real long-eared Charley—a follerin' of her. Vell, the moment I spies it, I unties my apron, whips up the dog, and covers it up in a trice. Vell, the lady sees me, an' gives me in charge to a perliceman. But that si'nifies nuffin'. I brings six vitnesses to swear the dog vos mine, and that I'd actilly had it since it vos a blind little puppy, and wot's more I brings its *mother*, and that settles the pint. So in course I'm discharged; the dog is given up to me; and the lady goes away lamentin'. I then plays the amiable, an' offers to sell it her for twenty guineas, seein' as how she had taken a fancy to it, but she von't bite. So if I don't sell it next week, I shall send it to Mounseer Coquiquil. The only vay you can go wrong is to steal a dog wi' a collar on, for if you do, you may get seven years' transportation for a bit o' leather and a brass plate vorth a shillin', vile the animal, though vorth a hundred pound, can't hurt you. There's *law* again—ha, ha!"

"Dog-fancier's law!" laughed the Sandman.

"Some of the Fancy is given to cruelty," pursued Ginger, "and crops a dog's ears, or pulls out his teeth to disguise him; but I'm too fond o' the animal for that. I may frighten old ladies sometimes, as I told you afore, but I never seriously hurts their pets. Nor did I ever kill a dog for his skin, as some on 'em does."

"And you're always sure o' gettin' a dog, if you wants it, I s'pose?" inquired the Tinker.

"Always," replied Ginger. "No man's dog is safe. I don't

care how he's kept, ve're sure to have him at last. Ve feels our vay with the sarvents, and finds out from them the walley the master or missis sets on the dog, and soon after that the animal's gone. With a bit o' liver, prepared in my partic'lar vay, I can tame the fiercest dog as ever barked, take him off his chain, an' bring him arter me at a gallop."

"And do respectable parties ever buy dogs knowin' they're stolen?" inquired the Tinker.

"Ay, to be sure," replied Ginger, "sometimes first-rate nobbs. They put us up to it themselves; they'll say, 'I've jist left my Lord So-and-So's, and there I seed a couple o' the finest pointers I ever clapped eyes on. I wants you to get me *jist sich another couple*.' Vell, ve understands in a minnit, an' in doo time the identicle dogs finds their vay to our customer."

"Oh! that's how it's done?" remarked the Sandman.

"Yes, that's the vay," replied Ginger. "Sometimes a party 'll vant a couple o' dogs for the shootin' season; and then ve asks, 'Vich vay are you a-goin'—into Surrey or Kent?' And accordin' as the answer is given ve arranges our plans."

"Vell, yourn appears a profitable and safe employment, I must say," remarked the Sandman.

"Perfectly so," replied Ginger. "Nothin' can touch us till dogs is declared by statute to be property, and stealin' 'em a misdemeanour. And that won't occur in my time."

"Let's hope not," rejoined the other two.

"To come back to the pint from vich we started," said the Tinker;—"our gemman's case is not so surprisin' as it at first appears. There are some persons as believe they never will die—and I myself am of the same opinion. There's our old deputy here—him as ve calls Old Parr,—vy, he declares he lived in Queen Bess's time, recollects King Charles bein' beheaded perfectly vell, and remembers the Great Fire o' London, as if it only occurred yesterday."

"Walker!" exclaimed Ginger, putting his finger to his nose.

"You may larf, but it's true," replied the Tinker. "I recollect an old man tellin' me that he knew the deputy sixty years ago, and he looked jist the same then as now, neither older nor younger."

"Humph!" exclaimed Ginger. "He don't look so old now."

"That's the cur'ousest part of it," said the Tinker. "He don't like to talk of his age unless you can get him i' the humour; but he once told me he didn't know why he lived so long, unless it were owin' to a potion he'd swallowed, vich his master, who was a great conjuror in Queen Bess's days, had brew'd."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Ginger. "I thought you too knowin' a cove, Tinker, to be gulled by such an old-vife's story as that."

"Let's have the old fellow in and talk to him," replied the Tinker. "Here, lazy-bones," he added, rousing the sleeping youth, "go an' tell Old Parr ve wants his company over a glass o' rum-an'-vater."

THE KING'S SON.

A BALLAD.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

"WHY so sorrowful, my son?
Why so pallid and distress'd?
Why that look so woe-begone?
And that heaving of the breast?
Hast not wealth enough to spend
On the joys thou lovest best?"

"I have wealth enough to spend—
All thy jewels and thy gold,
All that usurers could lend,
Piled before me, fifty-fold,
Could not ease me of the pain
That consumes me uncontroll'd."

"Could not ease thee of thy pain!
Art thou longing for the hour
When thy sire shall cease to reign,
And thine enemies shall cower?
Art thou longing for my crown,
And my sceptre and my power?"

"No!—I care not for thy crown,
Nor thy sceptre, nor thy state,
Could my wishes bring thee down
Thou shouldst flourish high and great;
But thou'st done me mortal wrong,
And hast changed my love to hate.

"Thou hast done me mortal wrong—
Thou, so feeble, old, and grey—
Thou, so weak, whilst I am strong,
Thou hast stolen my bride away,
And art rival of thy son,
In the waning of thy day:

"Art the rival of thy son
For a maid that he adored;—
Hast her trusting heart undone,
Though she wept and she implored;—
But she hates thee as do I,
Thou voluptuous—thou abhorr'd!

"But she hates thee as do I,
O thou rust upon the steel!
O thou cloud upon the sky!
O thou poison in the meal!
Who hast changed our joy to woe,
Which no time can ever heal!

"Who hast changed our joy to woe,
Bringing blight upon her heart,—
Bringing tears that as they flow
Burn the eyeballs where they start:
Buying Beauty for a price,
Like a jewel in the mart.

"Buying Beauty for a price,
When the priceless gem was mine;—
When thy blood is cold as ice,
Nor can warm with love nor wine,
Trying vainly to be young,
And to kneel at Beauty's shrine.

"Trying vainly to be young,
When thy limbs with palsy shake,
And to woo with flattering tongue,
When for Jesus' blessed sake
Thou shouldst make thy peace with God
Ere the grave thy body take!"

Fiercely flash'd the old king's eye—
To his forehead rush'd the blood—
And the veins were swollen high
By the anger-driven flood.
But his tongue refused to speak,
And he trembled where he stood.

But his tongue refused to speak
All the madness of his brain;
From his eyes it seem'd to reek,
In his lips it curl'd in pain;
In each feature of his face
Swell'd in anger and disdain.

In each feature of his face
Shone a moment, like a fire,
But no longer: from his place
Falling, conquer'd by his ire,
Senseless on the ground he lay,
Struck by apoplexy dire.

O'er him bent his sorrowing son,
Weeping tears of bitter woe,
For the ill his words had done
To his father lying low,
With his venerable head
And his long hair white as snow.

And that venerable head
Burning, throbbing, up he raised,
On his knees, as on a bed,
And till succour came, still gazed
On that pain-distorted cheek,
Awed, remorseful, and amazed.

Awed, remorseful, and heart-sore,
But with courage calm and kind,
To his couch his sire he bore,
Deep repentance in his mind;
And for many a weary day
Watch'd him, patient and resign'd.

And for many a weary day,
 And for many a dreary night,
 Watch'd beside him, as he lay
 Senseless, speechless, hopeless quite,
 Until sense one day return'd,
 Like a sudden flash of light.

Like a flash of light it came;
 And his son beside him knelt,
 Grasp'd his hand and breathed his name,
 And the sorrow that he felt,
 Whisper'd lowly, and implored
 That forgiveness might be dealt.

Whisper'd lowly, and implored—
 "Oh, forgive me, sire," he said—
 "I am sad and self-abhorr'd—
 I have wrong'd thine aged head,
 I have mock'd thy hoary hair,
 Impulse-driven and passion-led.

"I have mock'd the hoary hair
 Of a sire that loved me well,
 But when goaded to despair
 Youthful passion will rebel,
 And I loved this lovely maid
 More than tongue can ever tell.

"God forgive me and the maid!
 At her feet I breathed my sighs—
 Doated on her, vow'd and pray'd—
 Drew existence from her eyes,
 Thought her love a light from heaven,
 And her smile a paradise.

"Thought her love a light from heaven,
 And her form its purest shrine,
 And my being only given
 That with hers it might entwine
 Heart and soul and every sense,
 Mine with hers and hers with mine.

"Heart and soul, through every sense
 One as long as life should last,
 One desire, one love intense—
 In one mould of fortune cast;
 Undivided in our love,
 E'en if life itself were pass'd.

"Undivided—oh, that thought!
 Thou, O father, came between,
 For thy wife my bride thou sought—
 Wooed this maid to be a queen,
 Never asking, in thy pride,
 What her agony might mean.

"Never asking, in thy pride,
 If she loved thee!"—"Oh, my son!"
 Stung with grief the father cried,

"Pardon what thy sire has done;
 Ere this night I'll give thee back
 Her thou hast not lost, but won.

"Ere this night I'll give thee back
 Her thou lovest:—as for me,
 If I writhe upon the rack,
 Just my punishment will be;
 I was selfish in my age,
 I was heartless unto thee.

"I was selfish in my age—
 Lustful, callous, stony-hard;
 Ending life's long pilgrimage,
 Swaddled in my self-regard,
 Caring not so I enjoy'd,
 Whose enjoyment I debarr'd.

"Caring not so I enjoy'd,
 Whom I injured, whom oppress,
 Whose the hope that I destroy'd,
 If one moment I were blest.
 But in living to repent,
 I shall die with calmer breast.

"And in living to repent,
 Let me hasten to atone,
 She for whom thy prayers are sent;
 She is thine, and thine alone,
 And thy love shall be to her
 Better guerdon than my throne.

"Bring her hither—let my tongue
 Bless ye both before I die."
 He has brought her. Lo, among
 Chiefs and earls of lineage high,
 In her loveliness array'd,
 She has glided modestly.

In her loveliness array'd,
 Downwards looking, mild and meek,
 Dazzling as a star, the maid,
 Happy blushes on her cheek,
 Kneels beside the old man's bed,
 Fill'd with joy she cannot speak.

Kneels beside the old king's bed,
 Sorrow mingling with her bliss;
 And he stoops his aged head,
 On her forehead seals *one* kiss,
 Takes his son's hand and the maid's,
 Joins them, trembling, both in his.

Clasp'd his son's hand in his own,
 Then upon his pillow fell,
 And his eyes one moment shone
 With a peace unspeakable,
 As he died without a groan;—
 Holy angels guard him well!

PAINTING AND DESIGN.*

"WHAT are these marbles remarkable for?" said a respectable gentleman at the Museum, to one of the attendants, after looking attentively round all the Elgin marbles.

"Why, sir," said the man, with propriety, "because they are so like life!"

"Like life!" repeated the gentleman with the greatest contempt—"Why, what of that?" and walked away.

If we are to believe Mr. Haydon, this worthy gentleman must have been a Senior Royal Academician; some contemporary or follower of Reynolds, who said, "It is better to diversify our particulars from the broad and general idea of things, than vainly attempt to ascend from particulars to this general idea;"—in fact, to form a general and broad idea of nature and life, and then to condescend to study the details by which such manifest themselves. What progress could philosophy ever have made upon such principles; and what could have been expected of painting under such tuition?

It would be a profound egotism on the part of Mr. Haydon, if he were to claim to himself the sole credit of having advocated and introduced correct principles of art into this country: it came here with the pressure from without. Long ago adopted on the Continent, it came as a natural sequence of international communication, where, opposed for a time by the great portrait painters of the day, its triumph was still sure and certain. Wilkie dissected under Charles Bell with Haydon, but Wilkie contented himself with applying the principles thus gained at the fountain-head of all knowledge—intimacy with details, which can alone lend boldness to the hand—while Haydon, from a peculiarity of mental constitution, rushed into the lists of opposition, and willingly sought and gained martyrdom in the cause of art reformation. It is hard to be in the right, and never to have it allowed; and it is equally hard to see principles we have always advocated, ultimately take the ascendant, and to remember that we have toiled without reward, and suffered without relief, in their cause. But this only shews that it is wiser for genius to prove its superiority by its works, than by its arguments. This was the manner in which Byron proved to the Edinburgh reviewers, that *he was* a poet.

Wilkie, Edwin Landseer, Eastlake, Mulready, Lance, Collins, and a host of others, have worked on the principles advocated by Burke, Haydon, and others, of drawing with an exact knowledge of the anatomy or structure of parts. Public competition, as opened by her Majesty's Commission of Fine Arts, and, it is to be hoped, by the Art Union, offers fields independent of, and equally honourable with, the acquiescences of an Academy, even if all its members had continued in their preference of colour to correct design; and we have now a commission for the improvement of design in manufactures, and it is to be hoped we shall soon have a school of design, as applied to art generally.

Reynolds was of opinion that art would rise to its greatest glory in

* Lectures on Painting and Design. By B. R. Haydon, Historical Painter. London: Longman and Co.

England, and Haydon, who is a generous critic, says, "I know no glory to which it can rise, where his genius will not be felt." West said, he knew no people, since the Greeks, so capable of carrying it to the greatest excellence. And Richardson said, "I am no prophet, nor the son of a prophet, but if ever the great, the beautiful, and grand style of art revives, it will be in England;" to which, with his customary enthusiasm, Haydon adds, "Stay in Britain all ye who glory in enterprise; stay in Britain, and make her greater than Italy!"

Every painter has his beau-ideal in art. Reynolds had his Michael Angelo; Haydon has his Phidias; and far be it from us to detract from the extraordinary merits of the so-called Elgin marbles; but we doubt very much if the Greeks were acquainted with human anatomy. Mr. Haydon argues this question at length, in the affirmative; and yet his conclusions are singular, for he almost admits that the surgeons of Greece were not, as is generally admitted, till Galen's time, acquainted with human anatomy; and yet, from a passage of Hippocrates, in which that great man says that anatomy belongs less to the medical art, than to the art of design; he believes that the adorning of the Parthenon was acquainted with anatomy, while the eminent medical men of antiquity were in ignorance thereof. Is it utterly impossible for art to have moulded the back of Theseus, or the veins on Neptune's breast, without a school of anatomy? Is it not often the province of genius to seize upon those facts which are only methodically classed ages afterwards? Did not all the great masters of the middle ages, Michael Angelo, Titian, Raffaele, Correggio, Rubens, and Vandyke, master the human head before the great principles upon which alone the standard of perfection, in this most beautiful portion of the human figure, the most important and the most intellectual, even as now advocated by Haydon, were discovered?

But admitting, as is now done by all unperverted judgments, that correctness of design is essential to a high school of art, and that such correctness can only be obtained by a study of nature and of details, still we doubt very much if either art would be advanced or benefited, or even if it is possible to establish a *standard* of perfection in the human form. "The exertions of painters and sculptors," says the author of "The Studies of Nature," "in general do them much honour; but they demonstrate the weakness of art, which falls below nature just in proportion as it aims at uniting more of her harmonies."

Such a standard would inevitably require to be modified with the qualities to be represented. Thus Haydon himself very truly points out that the muscular division of the arm in heroes of antiquity, born strong and high-bred, is stringy, neat, and elegant, and quite different from that vulgarity of a paviour's or blacksmith's arms, with which Michael Angelo, whose anatomy was always excessive, gifted his Moses; and yet such a design, unfit for an Achilles or a Theseus, would be quite correct in a Hercules—indeed, we see it carried to its extreme in the Torso.

Comparing the position of the eyes in man and in quadrupeds, it is found that in man they are generally at the centre, while those of the quadruped are above the centre; hence Mr. Haydon adopts this as the principle for a standard head, but there have been exceptions to this rule—Hippocrates, Socrates, Bacon, Buchanan, and Sir Walter Scott, had their eyes below the centre. The standard is not, therefore, applicable in painting high intellectual character.

Again, the standard of form in the head itself would not apply alike to a Socrates and a Nero, no more than the same contour of face would apply to a Diana and a Niobe. In such cases, as in all others, art must be regulated by the closest possible study of nature, and not of an admitted, fixed, and arbitrary standard; and it is by such a union of nature with the ideal, that high art will achieve perfection.*

It is a pleasing subject of contemplation to find that in these lectures upon the all-importance of design in painting, the basis reposes upon a sound doctrine, and that it embraces at the onset, the existing perfection of knowledge. Mr. Haydon's anatomy is not the superficial anatomy admitted by many; it comprises the anatomy of expression as first given to the scientific world by Sir Charles Bell, and those physiological theories for the peculiar formation of the human head which are becoming daily more accepted by rising anatomists. The principles, therefore, advocated by Mr. Haydon, however much they may be subsequently extended, are likely to remain in their elementary constitution, as stable as the frieze of the Parthenon itself. It is curious, however, to remark upon other points, how often he who is cunning of foil and fence is incompetent when thrown upon his own resources; so long as Mr. Haydon is on the offensive, he is sparkling and brilliant, but like many others, when he has to resign action for deed, he is much less successful; take for example his definition of composition as "the art of arranging the quantities composed of the parts, which make up the materials used to convey to the mind, through the eye, the story intended." Was ever anything less felicitously expressed? Much more agreeable is the following:

"Let your colour be exquisite, let your light and shadow be perfect, let your expression be touching, let your forms be heroic, let your lines be the very thing, and your subject be full of action; you will miss the sympathy of the world, you will interest little the hearts of mankind, if you do not lay it down as an irrefutable law, that no composition can be complete, or ever will be interesting or deserve to be praised, that has not a beautiful woman, excepting a series." How amusing, too, his remarks upon what he calls "amiable impostors in genius," men always going to do great things, but never doing them! characters we meet with every day in all departments of human labour. "I have known men who never began, and yet were morally sincere in their intentions to begin, and yet they have died actually without beginning;" and who has not known such, and is not he the most successful author or painter who supplies the pabulum for minds so constituted; who enable them to say, "This is what I shall do when I take up the pen or the pencil," or to mutter, with pleasing self-

* Certain general and incontrovertible principles may be obtained, as Mr. Haydon has laid down, from a comparison of man with the brute; but these principles do not constitute a standard man—an idea which concentrates in one the perfection of many men, and not points of superiority or of distinction between man and brute. Mr. Haydon, we observe, varies his standard to suit the necessities of the subject. The principles upon which it is constructed may, therefore, be indisputably correct; and yet the result cannot be called a standard, unless we read that word in the meaning of an authoritative fact, so far as it goes; but not a fact fixed and unalterable, as a steel yard in a town-hall. That man has a broad knee-pan, and a quadruped a narrow one, is an incontrovertible fact; but a broad pan-bone no more constitutes a standard man, than does a high forehead, absent in the brute; the standard would, in this case, be the perfection of the knee or forehead in man, as compared with other men.

reflection, "when I take up the pencil or the pen, I will do something better than this," and so they go on, self-complacent critics, victims of delusions, which last till the grave opens, and "voila la farce finie !" which, however, was not spoken by one of these self-imagined geniuses. We can imagine little that can be more prejudicial to youth than to lead him to believe, as many as are in the habit of doing, that industry alone is sufficient to attain eminence, and that genius is not an inherent gift. Industry, as Reynolds pointed out in his admirable discourses, will improve talents; we would add is essential to success and to all excellence, but it will not make them. Genius is not a faculty, which is another common mistake; it is a mere mental susceptibility, as various as are the intellectual powers. There may be a genius for invention, for mathematics, for poetry, for painting, and there may also be a general susceptibility for education, which is also genius; but without either general or particular genius, aided by the toil and labour of industry, there will be no real and all-conquering eminence. It is from the soundness of such principles that schools of design, although they cannot create, are essential to the success of art in every country, and it is upon the admission of correct principles of drawing and design, as the foundation of all success in composition, colour and invention, that we can ever hope to see the prophecies of Reynolds, West, Richardson, and Haydon meet with their fulfilment. The mistiness of our heaven—sad apology for inadequacy!—would disappear before a beautiful and correct outline, and beyond that, as the present state of art testifies, little is wanting to giving so great and desirable an impulse.

A JAR OF HONEY FROM MOUNT HYBLA.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

NO. XI.

THE BEAUTIFUL NEVER TO BE SUFFICIENTLY EXPRESSED.—BEES AND THEIR ELEGANCE.—THEIR ADVICE TO AN ITALIAN POET.—WAXEN TAPERS.—A BEE DRAMA.—MASSACRES OF DRONES.—HUMAN PROGRESSION.

As our Jar will close with the next number, it behoves us not to let those metaphorical honey-makers, the poets, induce us to forget the wonderful little creatures that make honey itself. We are not going to repeat more common-places about them than we can help. The grounds of the admiration of nature are without end; and as to those matters of fact or science which appear to be settled—nay, even most settled—some new theory is coming up every day, in these extraordinary times, to compel us to think the points over again, and doubt whether we are quite so knowing as we supposed. Not only are bee-masters disputing the discoveries of Huber respecting the operations of the hive, but searchers into nature seem almost prepared to re-open the old question respecting the equivocal generation of the bee, and set the electrical experiments of Mr. Cross at issue with the conclusions of Redi.

How this may turn out, we know not; but, sure we are, that it will be a long time indeed before the praise and glory of the bee can have exhausted its vocabulary—before people cry out to authors, "Say

no more; you have said too much already of its wonderfulness—too much of the sweetness and beauty of its productions.” Too much, we are of opinion, cannot be said of any marvel in nature, unless it be trivial or false. The old prosaical charge against hyperbolical praises of the beautiful, we hold to be naught. Ask a lover, and he will say, and say truly, that no human terms can do justice to the sweetness in his mistress’s eyes—to the virgin bloom on her cheek. If words could equal them, Nature would hardly be our superior. Hear what is said on the point by that genuine old poet, Kit Marlowe:—

“ If all the pens that ever poets held,
Had fed the feelings of their master’s thoughts,
And every sweetness that inspired their hearts,
Their minds, and muses on admired themes;
If all the heavenly quintessence they still
From their immortal flowers of poesy,
Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive
The highest reaches of a human wit;
If these had made one’s poem’s period,
And all combined in beauty’s worthiness,
Yet should there hover in their restless heads
One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the least,
Which into words no virtue can digest.”

TAMBURLAINE, First Part; act v., scene 2.

Did any one ever sufficiently admire—did he, indeed, ever notice—the *entire elegance* of the habits and pursuits of bees? their extraction of nothing but the quintessence of the flowers; their preference of those that have the finest and least adulterated odour; their avoidance of everything squalid (so unlike flies); their eager ejection or exclusion of it from the hive, as in the instance of carcasses of intruders, which, if they cannot drag away, they cover up and entomb; their love of clean, quiet, and delicate neighbourhoods, thymy places with brooks; their singularly clean management of so liquid and adhesive a thing as honey, from which they issue forth to their work as if they had nothing to do with it; their combination with honey-making of the elegant manufacture of wax, of which they make their apartments, and which is used by mankind for none but patrician or other choice purposes; their orderly policy; their delight in sunshine; their attention to one another; their apparent indifference to anything purely regarding themselves, apart from the common good? A writer of elegant Italian verse, who recast the book of Virgil on Bees, has taken occasion of their supposed dislike of places abounding in *echoes*, to begin his poem with a pretty conceit. He was one of the first of his countrymen who ventured to dispense with rhyme; and he makes the bees themselves send him a deputation, on purpose to admonish him not to use it:

“ Mentre era per cantare i vostri doni
Con alte rime, o verginette caste,
Vaghe angelette de le erbose rive,
Preso dal sonno in sul spuntar de l’alba,
M’apparve un coro de la vostra gente,
E da la lingua onde s’accolgie il mele,
Sciolsono in chiara voce este parole:—
‘ O spirto amico, che dopo mill’ anni
E cinquecento rinnovar ti piace
E le nostre fatiche e i nostri studi,
Fuggi le rime e l’rimbombar sonoro.

Tu sai pur che l'immagin de la voce,
 Che risponde dai sassi ov' Eco alberga,
 Sempre nimica fu del nostro regno :
 Non sai tu ch'ella fu conversa in pietra,
 E fu inventrice de le prime rime ?
 E dei saper, ch'ove abita costei,
 Null' ape abitar può per l'importuno
 Ed imperfetto suo parlar loquace.'

"Così diss' egli : poi tra labbro e labbro
 Mi pose un favo di soave mele,
 E lieto se n'andò volando al cielo.
 Ond' io, da tal divinità spirato,
 Non temerò cantare i vostri onori
 Con verso etrusco da le rime sciolto.

"E canterò, come il soave mele,
 Celeste don, sopra i fioretti e l'erba
 L'aere distilla liquido e sereno ;
 E come l'api industriose e caste
 L'adunino e con studio e con ingegno ;
 Dappoi compongan le odorate cere,
 Per onorar l'immagine di Dio.
 Spettacoli ed effetti vaghi e rari,
 Di maraviglie pieni e di bellezze."

LE API DEL RUCELLAI.

While bent on singing your delightful gifts
 In lofty rhyme, O little virgins chaste,
 Sweet little angels of the flowery brooks,
 Sleep seized me on the golden point of morn,
 And I beheld a choir of your small people,
 Who, with the tongue with which they take the honey,
 Buzz'd forth in the clear air these earnest words :—
 "O friendly soul, that after the long lapse
 Of thrice five hundred years, dost please thee sing
 Our toils and art, shun—shun, we pray thee, rhyme.
 Shun rhyme, and its rebounding noise. Full well
 Thou know'st, that the invisible voice which sits
 Answering to calls in rocks, Echo by name,
 Was hostile to us ever ; and thou know'st—
 Or dost thou not?—that she, who was herself
 Turn'd to a hollow rock, first found out rhyme.
 Learn further then, that wheresoe'er she dwells,
 No bee can dwell, for very hate and dread
 Of her importunate and idle babble."

Such were his words, the speaker of that choir ;
 Then 'twixt my lips he put some honey drops,
 And so in gladness led their flight aloft.
 Whence I, with such divinity made strong,
 Doubt not, O bees, to sing your race renown'd
 In Tuscan verse, freed from the clangs of rhyme.
 Yea, I will sing how the celestial boon,
 Honey, by some sweet mystery of the dew,
 Is born of air in bosoms of the flowers,
 Liquid, serene ; and how the diligent bees
 Gather and work it with such art, that men
 Thence mould the tapers, odorous, fair, and tall,
 Which burn seraphical on holy shrines.
 O sights, and O effects, lovely and strange !
 Full of the marvellous and the beautiful !

"THE BEES" OF RUCELLAI.

The reader need not be told, that the tapers here alluded to, are those which adorn catholic altars. Rucellai was a kinsman of the Medici family, and of the Popes Leo and Clement ; and his first mode

of bespeaking favour for his bees, was by associating them with the offices of the church. Beautiful are those tapers, without doubt; and well might the poet express his admiration at their being the result of the work of the little unconscious insect, who compounded the material. So, in every wealthy house in England, every evening, where lamps do not take its place, the same beautiful substance is lit up for the inmates to sit by, at their occupations of reading, or music, or discourse. The bee is there, with her odorous ministry. In the morning, she has probably been at the breakfast-table. In the morning, she is honey; in the evening, the waxen taper; in the summer noon, a voice in the garden, or the window; in the winter, and at all other times, a meeter of us in books. She talks Greek to us in Sophocles and Theocritus; Virgil's very best Latin, in his Georgics; we have just heard her in Italian; and besides all her charming associations with the poets in general, one of the Elizabethan men has made a whole play out of her,—a play in which the whole *dramatis personæ* are bees! And a very sweet performance it is, according to Charles Lamb, who was not lavish of his praise. It was written by Thomas Day, one of the fellows of Massinger and Decker, and is called the "Parliament of Bees." Lamb has given extracts from it, in his Dramatic Specimens, observing, in a note, that—

"The doings,
The births, the wars, the wooings,

of these pretty winged creatures are, with continued liveliness, portrayed throughout the whole of this curious old drama, in words which bees would talk with, could they talk: the very air seems replete with humming and buzzing melodies while we read them. Surely bees were never so be-rhymed before." (Vol. ii. Moxon's edition, p. 156.) Would to heaven that a horrid, heavy-headed monster called Hepatitis, —who has been hindering us from having our way of late, in the most unseasonable manner, and is at this minute clawing our side and shoulder for our disrespect of him, would have allowed us to go to the British Museum, and read the whole play for ourselves. We might have been able to give the reader some pleasant tastes of it, besides those to be met with in Mr. Lamb's book. The following is a specimen. Klania, a female Bee, is talking of her lovers:—

"Philon, a Bee
Well skill'd in verse and amorous poetry,
As we have sate at work, *both on one rose*, *
Has humm'd sweet canzons, both in verse and prose,
Which I ne'er minded. Astrophel, a Bee
(Although not so poetical as he)
Yet in his full invention quick and ripe,
In summer evenings on his well tuned pipe.
Upon a woodbine blossom in the sun,
(Our hive being clean swept and our day's work done—)
Would play us twenty several tunes; yet I
Nor minded Astrophel, nor his melody.
Then there's Amniter—for whose love fair Leade
(That pretty Bee) flies up and down the mead

* "Prettily pilfered," says Lamb, "from the sweet passage in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, where Helena recounts to Hermia their school-days' friendship:

'We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Created with our needles, both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion.'

*With rivers in her eyes—without deserving
Sent me trim acorn bowls of his own carving,
To drink May-dews and mead in. Yet none of these,
My hive-born playfellows and fellow Bees,
Could I affect, until this strange Bee came."*

It is pretty clear, however, from this passage, that Mr Lamb's usual exquisite judgment was seduced by the little loves and graces of these unexpected dramatis personæ ; for this is certainly not the way in which bees would talk. It is all human language, and unbee-like pursuits. "Rivers in her eyes" is beautifully said, but bees do not shed tears. They are no carvers of bowls ; and we have no reason to believe that they know anything of music and poetry. The bee

"Who at her flowery work doth sing,"

sings, like the cicada of Anacreon, with her wings. To talk as bees would talk we must divest ourselves of flesh and blood, and develop ideas modified by an untried mode of being, and by unhuman organs. We must talk as if we had membranaceous wings, a proboscis, and no knowledge of tears and smiles ; and as to our loves, they would be confined to the queen and the drones—and very unloving and unpoetical work they would make of it. The rest of us would know nothing about it. We should love nothing but the flowers, and brooks, and our two elegant manufactures of wax and honey, and the whole community at large—being very patriotic, but not at all amorous—more like tasteful Amazons than damsels of Arcadia ; ladies with swords by our sides, and not to be *hummed* by the beau-ideals of Mr. Thomas Day.

These same formidable weapons of the bees, their stings, remind us of the only drawback on the pleasure of thinking about them—their massacres of the drones. Every year those gentlemen have to pay for their idle and luxurious lives by one great pang of abolition. They are all stung and swept away into nothingness ! Truly a circumstance to "give us pause," and perplex us with our wax and honey. It seems, however, to be the result of an irresistible impulse—some desperate necessity of state, for want of better knowledge, or more available powers. We are to suppose them doing it unwillingly, with a horror of the task proportioned to the very haste and fury in which they perform it, as though they wished to get it off their hands and out of their minds as fast as possible, terrified and agonized at the terror and agony which they inflict. Why they leave this tremendous flaw in their polity—why they govern for the most part so well, and yet have this ugly work to do, in order to make all right at the year's end, is a question which human beings may discuss when nations have come to the years of discretion so beautifully anticipated by their present Majesties of France and Great Britain, and have grown wise enough, by the help of railroads and mutual benefits, to dispense with cuffing one another like a parcel of schoolboys. Mankind have not yet outlived their own massacres and revolutions long enough to have a right to be astonished at the massacres of the bees. What they have a right to be astonished at is, their holding up the bee-hive as a pattern of government, with this tremendous flaw in it staring them in the face. But we believe they have now become fully sensible of the

awkwardness of the analogy. Assuredly we should find no Archbishop of Canterbury now-a-days arguing in the style of his predecessor, in the play of Henry the Fifth :—

“ So work the honey bees ;
Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of sorts ;
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home ;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad ;
Others, like soldiers, armèd in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds ;
Which pillage they, with merry march, bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor ;
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold ;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey ;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate ;
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone.”

Alas ! in Bee-dom, the archbishop himself, inasmuch as he was no wax-chandler, would have been accounted one of these same lazy, yawning drones, and delivered over to the secular arm. Bees do not teach men, nor ought they. We have some higher things among us, even than wax and honey ; and though we have our flaws, too, in the art of government, and do not yet know exactly what to do with them, we hope we shall find out. Will the bees ever do that ? Do they also hope it ? Do they sit pondering, when the massacre is over, and count it but a bungling way of bringing their accounts right ? Man, in his self-love, laughs at such a fancy. He is of opinion that no creature can think, or make progression, but himself. What right he has, from his little experience, to come to such conclusions, we know not ; but it must be allowed, also, that we know as little of the conclusions of the bees. All we feel certain of is, that with bees, as with men, the good of existence far outweighs the evil ; that evil itself is but a rough working towards good ; and that if good can ultimately be better without it, there is a thing called hope, which says it may be possible. We take our planet to be very young, and our love of progression to be one of the proofs of it ; and when we think of the good, and beauty, and love, and pleasure, and generosity, and nobleness of mind and imagination, in which this green and glorious world is abundant, we cannot but conclude that the love of progression is to make it still more glorious, and add it to the number of those older stars which are probably resting from their labours, and have become heavens.

We had hoped to conclude this article with a passage or two from an admirable book just published, called “ Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation.” We know not the author, and must not seek to know, for he intimates that he wishes to remain concealed ; but we earnestly recommend it for its benignity, modesty, and profundity, to all who ever speculate on the origin of themselves and their fellow-creatures, and who cannot contemplate the smallest being in the universe without rising into thoughts of the greatest.

"WINTER WANDERINGS.

(CONCLUDED.)

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

Tarsus.—Archæological researches.—Enter into Taurus.—An invitation to dinner.—Armenian strongholds.—A mishap.—Ruins of Anazarbus.—Misadventures in the pass of Taurus.—Marash, ancient Germanicia.—Castle of the Romans.

A PLEASANT ride of a few hours, across the green and level plains of Cilicia, took us from Adana to Tarsus, renowned in antiquity as the rival of, and according to Strabo, surpassing Athens and Alexandria in its schools of philosophy and science, and endeared to Christians as the birth-place of the Apostle Paul. As we approached the broad valley of the Cydnus, we found ourselves in the midst of jungle and brushwood, intermingled with timber trees, and gradually merging into a close marshy forest, through which the road was almost impassable, except where a rare public spirit had constructed an occasional causeway. Tarsus lay in the midst of this forest, from out of which its mosques and dwelling-houses rose here and there, with a small extent of gardens, reclaimed from wood and water.

It is this positioning of Tarsus which gives to it its proverbial unhealthiness. The last English consul had died since we had been in the country, he was the second who had fallen a victim to the climate within a few years; and it is probable that, although Alexander is represented by his historians as deriving his sickness at this place from bathing in the Cydnus, that he in reality suffered from the ever enduring malaria.

Colonel Chesney and myself had rode on in advance, to secure quarters at the residence of the French consul. We found M. Gilet and his lady comfortably established in a convenient house, with a good open balcony. Our arrival took place before the dinner hour, and after a polite reception, the colonel delicately intimated slight apprehensions as to how the remainder of the party were getting on.

"What! are there more of you?" exclaimed the lady, with a somewhat clouded aspect.

"Yes, there are one or two more in the rear," was the answer given with some trepidation; and our hostess started to make preparations accordingly. The anticipatory ice had, however, been broken for them, and they arrived just in time to sit down to a European dinner, with French wines to boot.

M. Gilet, who, like all the French consuls in the East, was a person of much superior education and refinement than what our commercial representatives are generally in the same country, was, among other things, a zealous archæologist, and had been engaged for some time—albeit evidently somewhat against madame's inclination—in carrying on excavations in the chief monument of ancient times, which still exists at Tarsus.

This was an extensive walled-in space, in the form of a parallelogram, one hundred and twenty paces long by sixty broad, and the walls were seventeen feet high and fifteen thick. Within this enclosure were two solid masses of masonry, placed broadways, at its

opposite ends; and it was in one of these that the consul was carrying on his operations, but without any success, or any objects being met with that indicated the sepulchral character of the monument. It has been advanced with some degree of probability, that this is the mausoleum of the Emperor Julian, whose remains were brought from the field of slaughter, on the banks of the Euphrates, to this city; but the monument appeared, from its general simplicity and rude structure, to belong to a more remote antiquity; and it might also be asked, if sepulchral, why should there be two isolated masses within the enclosure? This ancient ruin stood in a picturesque situation in the woods, outside of the existing town.

The malaria of the country returned upon us at Tarsus; but this did not prevent an excursion to the falls of Cydnus, a wooded, rocky, and picturesque spot, close by which is a grotto, one of the many in Anterior Asia, to which the mediæval legend of the Seven Sleepers is attached.

From Tarsus we advanced into the wooded and hilly districts on the southern slopes of Taurus. We entered into these by low, undulating, naked hills, of snow-white gypsum, which led the way into open, grassy, and uncultivated valleys. The second range we arrived at was higher, wooded in parts, and in part cultivated, with interspersed villages. The third range, still in the ascending series, was composed of sandstones, which were remarkable for being divided into polygonal masses, like a tessellated pavement; and still more so, from containing numerous fossil oysters of a gigantic size, being from a foot to eighteen inches in breadth, and of great weight. Passing several villages of Turkomans, we arrived at a fourth and more extensive hilly district, on the summit of which we found a Roman arch, and the fragments of a sarcophagus, and close by, the traces of an ancient causeway, which led from Tarsus to the Cilician gates. The country after this assumed a more Alpine aspect. The valleys were narrow, and broken up by rounded hills, bearing castellated buildings, or covered with trees and shrubs, while naked rocks towered up beyond in perpendicular precipices many hundred feet in height, the crags above which were dotted with sturdy pine-trees, breaking the monotony of the wide-spreading snow.

At Mezarluk we entered a narrow and picturesque pass, having perpendicular cliffs on our left hand, in which were numerous sepulchral grottoes, whence its Turkish name, and several tabular inscriptions no longer legible. In the glen below we saw several foxes, and squirrels were playing in the trees about. We passed the night at the village of Bostan-luk Koi, situated in a wood upon the hill side, and the next morning the baggage having been sent down the valley of the rivulet, which flows out of the Golek Boghaz, with orders to stop at the first caravanserai, we proceeded up the valley to the south, to visit the lead-mines, the works at which had been lately reassumed by the pasha, under the superintendence of a Piedmontese; but were, as yet, in a very incipient state, and had not extended beyond the erection of furnaces, and the separation of useless matters from the results of former excavations.

The resident director afterwards accompanied us over the hills, by the foot of a lofty castle, which domineers over the narrowest part of the Golek Boghaz or Cilician gates, to the entrance into this ancient

and remarkable pass through Taurus, which is carried at first along the valley of a tributary to the Sarus, then ascends a hilly and wooded range, where the Egyptians erected their extensive defences, and descends through a narrow and precipitous fissure in the rocks, by the valley of a tributary to the Cydnus. We did not advance beyond this rock-obstructed gap, where the traces of a hewn causeway of ancient times are still visible, and a rock, with an inscribed tablet, lies with its face downwards in the midst of the struggling waters, but returned down the beauteous and wooded valley which leads into the Cilician plains, and where the pretty little cyclamen bloomed even in the winter season, sheltered by evergreen shrubs, while the noisy waters stole away beneath a canopy of myrtle and laurel.

In return for the civility of the director of the mines, who possessed but a sorry tenement in the mountains, the colonel invited him to proceed onwards, and take his dinner with us; and as I have often had occasion to refer to the black cook's artistic skill, it may be as well to mention here that our meals were pretty nearly always the same, and consisted of a quarter, more or less, of a goat, and when attainable, of a sheep, cut into fragments, and stewed down in the absence of bread and potatoes, with dried haricot beans, of a brown colour, but excellent eating, and flavoured with an onion or two. A copper or iron vessel was generally procured for this purpose at each station, and sufficient of this delectable stew was always made over night, that there should be enough to warm up again in the morning; Malta always rising at four, A.M., to light the fire, and we breakfasted at five, so as to start by daybreak. The colonel had also brought with him a small stock of rum and tea, which were occasionally sparingly enjoyed, in a proper admixture, after the fatigues of the day.

We tried the wooded copses on the hill side for game, but with little success; there were partridges, but they got away from us in the thick cover, and evening overtook us just as we approached the stern and windowless walls of a roofless and untenanted caravanserai. It was in vain that we sought for the commissariat; dismayed by the comfortless appearance of the khan, Malta had gone on further. We, accordingly, proceeded down the valley, a few miles distance to the next khan; but to the discomfiture of our prandial arrangements, Malta was not there either, and, as the road we intended to pursue turned off at this point, a native was procured to go in search of him, while we disposed of ourselves in two lines, along a carpetless mud divan, on the opposite sides of the interior of the caravanserai. The slight glimmer of a fire in the remote distance, just rendered visible the tattered and turbaned form of the keeper of the khan, who was busy in the important task of blowing the dying embers into a sufficiently lively condition to boil a few thimblefuls of bad coffee, and the ruddy glare which ultimately resulted from his perseverance, gave a first indistinct view of sundry countenances which had been in no slight degree lengthened by the unpleasant certainty of a dinnerless and bedless night, for our carpets and cloaks, be it also noted, were with the baggage.

The next morning Malta came up in safety, and bidding the Piedmontese, to whom we had given so cheerless a reception, farewell, we made but a short day's ride to the village of Chokahli, where we could get a meal concocted; and from whence a most magnificent prospect

was presented to us, of the whole extent of the Cilician plains, with the sea beyond, Cyprus islanded on its far-off bosom, and itself skirted by lofty Amanus, with the isolated peak of Mount Casius leading away to the indistinct outline of distant Lebanon.

The following day, while the remainder of the party were getting ready, the colonel and myself went out to try the woods for game, in doing which we got out of the proper direction, and thus lost our horses, and the ever-vanishing commissariat; nor did we rejoin them and the rest of the party, till three days' long and devious wanderings along the foot of Taurus, brought us to the ancient Armenian and patriarchal town of Sis, where we found them located in safe and snug quarters.

The ensuing morning, the colonel and myself started northwards into the mountains, to visit an old castle, called Kara Sis, or Black Sis. We advanced by a hilly and wooded country to some heights, on which was the village, called Yedezli, about six miles from Sis. Beyond this the country became irregularly mountainous, and very wild in appearance; and from the midst of this forbidding-looking tract, two rocky eminences—one to the north, the other a little east of north—made themselves prominent by their isolated position, bold precipitous sides, and table summits. Upon these stood the ruins of castles, one of which was called Andal Kal'eh; the other, Kara Sis, and to the latter of which, as the most extensive, we bent our steps.

After a long trot, by rough and stony roads, of a further six miles, we gained the foot of the hill, and clambering to the summit, found nothing but a crumbling wall of black basalt, without form or shape, to reward our toil, or attest the era of construction, and not a human being to cheer us with a local tradition. It was evidently, however, a ruin of considerable antiquity, and was, probably, with its sister rock-fort, a stronghold of the Reubinian dynasty of Armenians, who retired into the fastnesses of Cilicia before the invasion of Yengiz Khan, and for a long time made Sis the seat of their circumscribed rule. These Armenians became at one time warlike and powerful on the plains of Cilicia, upon which they descended from their mountain strongholds to harass and plunder their Christian crusading brethren, and from whence they, for a time, successfully resisted the ultimately victorious Turkomans. In the time of Diogenes Romanus, they drove back a large body of these warrior herdsmen, who were again cut off in their retreat at the bridge of Mopsuestia, by the Prince of Antioch, (called by old historians, by the absurd name of Chatagurio,) who had taken up his position at that place.

We were not at all sorry to set off on our return; but the difficulties of the road were so great, that darkness overtook us by the time we gained the acclivities of the Yedezli hills. Not to be benighted, we trusted in our steeds finding their way, and put them to a canter. Everything went on prosperously over the hills, where stones were numerous, but not large, and the myrtle bushes so small as to offer but a slight impediment to the progress of our horses, who, when not observing them in time to get out of the way, passed safely through the midst of them; but on the descent, matters altered considerably for the worse, and the aspect of the country presented a material difference. Shrubs of myrtle, Christ's-thorn, and dwarf-oaks of sturdy breed, had attained considerable size, overtopping at times horse and

rider; and the stones which had been rolled by the torrents of ages down the brow of the hills, were often of gigantic dimensions; still, the colonel sped onwards, and I, as at Kilis, when possible, gallantly followed in the rear. This was my second nocturnal ride, and a large stone soon put a stop to it. The horse stumbled with his knees right against its angular sides, and his nose and chest lay stretched over its rugged outline, while I was safely deposited on the other side, in the midst of a thick covert of spiny thorns. The ardour of progressing forward was considerably diminished by this sudden check, and recovering the open ground, I took the poor horse by the bridle, and proceeded to walk onwards, wondering what would become of the colonel. It was not long, however, before I heard a kind of moan issue from the very depths of the shrubbery, and proceeding in the direction from whence the lugubrious sound emanated, I found the colonel holding his horse in a similar plight to what I had just been placed in. On seeing me arrive he cheered up, and neither of us being hurt, we mounted again, and soon gaining the open plains, were enabled to put the spurs to our horses, and ultimately get back to the Armenian town without further mishap.

We started, strange to relate, the next day, in a body; but this pleasing coalition, not to mention the regard to proximity with the commissariat, was not destined to last long. Our direction lay across the great Cilician plain, the road was therefore easy and agreeable. I have already noticed that this plain is, in its southern portions, intersected by a range of rocky hills, called the "Mountains of Light," and which terminate in an isolated rock, bearing the castle of the King of the Serpents. The same character belongs to its northern portions. The castle of Sis crests the summit of a similarly isolated rock. At a short distance eastward, a low range of rocky limestone hills advanced far into the plain, and obliged us to follow a nearly due southerly direction, till, gaining the valley of the Pyramus, we were able to turn round its abutments. Beyond, and rising abruptly out of the plain, was another low isolated rock, bearing the ruins of a castle call Tum; and still further, to the eastward, and up the valley of the Pyramus, was a more extensive, but perfectly isolated, rocky eminence, which bore upon its summit the castle of ancient Anazarbus, once the metropolis of the country.

Several encampments of Turkomans lay on the plain, which was grassy, and well adapted for their herds; and after advancing a distance of some miles, a party, consisting of Murphy, Thomson, and the author, started to explore the ruins of a city, which, as far as I am aware, had not been previously visited by any Europeans in modern times, while Colonel Chesney proceeded onwards, with the rest of the party, in a north-easterly direction.

A considerable extent of wall, evidently of Saracenic origin, and still standing upright, stretched out from the rock in a south-westerly direction, and then curved round, to meet the bed of the river, which, flowing from the north, sweeps past the north-eastern aspect of the hill, and then suddenly turns round its base, to take a south-westerly direction, thus nearly encompassing, and, for defensive purposes, admirably peninsulating the acropolis of the city. Entering within these walls, we found the vast area included within to be naked and grassless, with scarcely the traces of a dwelling-house, or of any other

structure or public edifice. Traversing this desolate and abandoned space, we gained the foot of the rock, which we ascended, amid innumerable massive ornamented lids of sarcophagi, evidently of the Byzantine epoch, and surpassing, in number, anything I ever met with in Anterior Asia,—evidencing the former greatness and riches of the inhabitants of this episcopal city, and reminding us, as memorials of humanity, that Anazarbus had, among other learned and distinguished citizens, the poet Oppianus, and the physician Dioscoris.

There were various buildings still standing upon the crest of the hill; among which were an Imaum of Mohammedan times, and a castle, as the Turks or Arabs had left it, whoever may have been its founders. Although there was not a living being in the neighbourhood, these edifices were still in excellent keeping; and it was only with some trouble and exertion that we were able to explore all the various chambers and recesses of this lonely and tenantless fabric.

Anazarbus (*Αναζαρβος*) does not appear to have been a town of the same remote antiquity as some which we have previously described on the plains of Cilicia. It is certain, from the notices of Procopius (*Hist. Arcan.*, cap. xviii.), and of Cedrenus (p. 299), that it became, in the middle ages, the metropolis of the second Cilicia, as Cilicia Campestris was then called; yet it obtained but occasional and passing notice in the history of the time, until it was totally destroyed by an earthquake, in the seventh year of the Emperor Justinian's reign. It may also be indistinctly gathered from Suidas that it suffered in a similar manner, in the time of Nero. It was, however, rebuilt, and obtained among some an enviable notoriety, as the spot where John Comnenus received his death-wound, while hunting the wild boar. According to the historians, his spear-hand, being forced back by the boar turning upon him, it was hurt by a poisoned arrow, which lay in a quiver at his back. The wound was slight, but the poison active, and he was recommended by the surgeons of the day to have the arm amputated; but the emperor refused, saying, that the Greek empire could not be governed with one hand; and he accordingly perished soon after.

The original name of the city appears to have been Aïn-Zerbah, from a spring which issues from the castle rock; and the Romans appear not to have understood this, for Pliny calls it the city of the Anazarbeni, now Cæsarea; Ptolemy calls it Cæsarea ad Anazarbum; and Stephanus says it was called Anazarba, from the neighbouring hill, or from being built by Anazarbus! It was called, by the first emperors, Cæsarea, a term of distinction; and, by Suidas, Dio-Cæsarea; but coins of the time of Lucius Verus and Valerian have Anazarbus simply. Several other coins mark the river as Anazarb.

After a round of distant bearings, superadded to a rough triangulation of the neighbouring area, we descended by the eastern face of the rock, through a dense growth of Christ's thorn; but we found the river quite unfordable, and had thus to turn back, round the north face of the hill, and then to continue up the bed of the river, in a northerly direction, instead of, as we had hoped, cutting across the country, to overtake the remainder of the party. We had thus to ride several miles out of our way, till we reached a bridge, which the others must have passed over in an hour or two after the time that we first separated from them. Night overtaking us, we were obliged to seek

refuge in a Turkoman encampment, and a strange enough appearance we made. We had, since our arrival in Syria, learnt a few Arabic words, but we were now among a pastoral race, who knew nothing but the language of the Asiatic uplands, from whence they descended—the original Turkish. The consequence was, that, as we ventured amid barking, biting dogs into a cleanly-looking, reed-trelliced tent, it was impossible to make our position understood, or our wishes for a night's rest intelligible. Necessity, however, knows little that is insuperable, and after several rebuffs, and going from one tent to another, the desire, apparently, to protect the ladies from our inopportune visits, more than any active hospitality, obtained for us what we desired, and we were led away to a small hut, apart from the others, and in which no one was domiciled, and where we were left to get through the night, with a good allowance of hay for beds, and not without a mess of milk and boiled wheat, produced by sundry silver signals and expressive grimaces.

We started on the pursuit with the earliest dawn; and after a ride of three or four hours, came to a stream, a little up the banks of which we found a ferry, and on the opposite side a village, in which we soon discovered, to our great satisfaction, some members of our party. There was no time, however, to stay here, the baggage was already loaded, and our appearance only waited for, for another start, which was not accomplished, however, without sundry manifestations of hostility on the part of the natives, with whom, it appears, there had been some disagreement the previous evening, from their unwillingness to furnish provender for the horses, or guides for the journey, for the village was no longer tenanted by peaceable Turkomans, but by rude, uncivil, and independent Kurds.

Our road now, again, led us into the wooded, irregular, hilly districts of Taurus; and about mid-day, we were brought to, by a river called Kaishu, and a tributary to the Pyramus, which was swollen by recent rains, and presented a formidable obstacle to our progress. After several unsuccessful trials, and much consequent delay, the Kurd guides succeeded in finding a ford, which was passed without accident, although the waters were deep and the current strong. We were overtaken, in consequence of this delay, by darkness, before arriving at any village, and while travelling through an upland forest, by a very indifferent road. At length, lights were perceived, at a considerable depth in a valley that lay to our right, and from the bottom of which they glimmered faintly, like stars reflected from the sea. By a now common accident, we had got separated in the obscurity; and as the colonel and myself, who were on ahead, announced the neighbourhood of a village, by firing an occasional gun, to collect the wanderers, this created much alarm among the villagers, whom we found, afterwards, to be quiet Armenians; and when, after some toil and trouble given by a pathless descent, we arrived at the houses, all from different quarters, we naturally found them well closed against access. After some delay, Yusuf and the guides coming up, a correspondence was established, and we were ultimately kindly received, a boy being, at the same time, sent off on the fruitless errand of finding a telescope, which had been dropped in the forest.

Quitting the kindly Armenians of Kurtali, as their home was called, the country began to rise considerably, and became much more moun-

tainous. Passing over several successive ascents, we at length reached the valley of the Pyramus, where it flowed through a narrow mountainous pass, nearly a thousand feet beneath where we stood. The path which we had to follow was carried along the nearly vertical face of the precipice; while beyond all, the stupendous heights of Taurus, here called Durdun Tagh, rose up in bluff, conical, and inaccessible points, which appeared to oppose an impassable barrier to further progress.

It is remarkable that Strabo was intimately acquainted with this little-frequented pass in Taurus, which we were the first among moderns to traverse; and he describes, minutely, the difficulties which the Pyramus has to encounter—the salient and re-entering angle of the mountains, and the precipitous fissures of such little width, that, in some places, he says, a dog or a hare might leap them.

We soon arrived at a point where the path was so narrow, that it was impossible to proceed without unloading the horses; and the baggage had to be carried on the shoulders of the Kurds, for the least touch at the side must have hurled the horses down the precipice.

We had just succeeded in getting horses and baggage over this hazardous pass, when we came to a point where the road receded inwards a little, and then struck outwards, right up the slippery face of the rock. Our Kurd guides, who had long murmured, began to give way before the difficulties, which, as they increased in number, only served to rouse the colonel's resolution the more to overcome them. They now openly refused to carry the baggage up this new ascent, till the colonel, seating himself at the foot of the pass, compelled them to the work, with his gun resting on his knee, and ready cocked. One after another, the leathern sacks were carried up without accident, till it came to the turn of the horses, which had to be whipped up the path, so as to surmount it by one effort. Unluckily, in this attempt, two got upon the pathway at the same time; and one of them, which was Murphy's riding-horse, was tumbled off the road, and rolled over twice before it was caught by a tree, and from which most fearful position it was happily extricated, with some difficulty, somewhat shook, but without any serious hurt.

These difficulties overcome, we followed in the rear; but our surprise may be imagined, on gaining the top of the pass, to find the horses, with Yusuf Saada, alone, the Kurds having, to a man, taken themselves off to the woods, to the left, and where it would have been as vain to follow them as to pursue so many ibexes.

Without guides, our onward progress was not always effective. Murphy, who had fallen into the rear, sent us word that his horse would go no further; and, indeed, most of the horses, although we walked a great deal, to spare them, were suffering from these forced marches, lasting, as they invariably did, from sunrise till after sunset. It was essential, however, that, if possible, we should attain a village before sunset, and we accordingly made a further exertion; but such was the discomfited state of the poor beasts, that it was unsuccessful; and night overtook us at the foot of some hills, where an old man and his grown-up son were tending a flock of goats. We were glad to take refuge in his hut, constructed of a few twigs and branches, and we laid all night huddled in a space of about ten feet square; and even this hospitality was unwillingly afforded by the tenants, the younger

of whom politely informed us, at our departure, that, if we came again, we should have a different reception; for which he got a whip, administered by Yusuf, across his shoulders, as a reminiscence, I suppose, to be more civil to strangers.

During the course of the next morning's ride, I stumbled upon a fine vein of plumbago, or black lead, which had a very promising appearance; this was at a spot where the country opened a little, and led the way to a large village, called Ana-bat, surmounted by a castle of the same name. Here we obtained both milk and fruit, and corn for the horses. We then started again, approaching nearer to the valley of the river, and arrived before dark at a scattered village, upon the hill-side, while, on a steep precipice, on the opposite banks of the river, was a castle, called Dun Kal'eh.

The village we had arrived at, was called Fang; and its sheikh was sought out, to procure accommodations for the night. This, however, he protested, it was not in his power to give; and it was in vain that we produced firmans, for we had now entered the sultan's territory, and offered bribes; he remained inexorable, and would do nothing for us. At length, we got angry; when he said, "Well, if you want a house, take one." Thomson and myself volunteered on this ungrateful service; and selecting what we thought to be a promising cottage, approached, to take forcible possession of the same, when we were met at the threshold, not by bearded Kurds, but by a poor woman, with several children, who imploringly begged us not to drive them on a winter's night from their home. This was too much, and effectually subdued all our ardour in house-capturing; so we returned, with feelings somewhat akin to having sustained a signal defeat, to search for the colonel, whom we found, after some time, in a covered outhouse, or, rather, a cow-stable, in which he had fairly got the unfortunate sheik driven into a corner, and where he was poking him in the ribs with the butt-end of his gun, to bring him to terms. This process of extorting compliance ultimately succeeded; and finding that resistance was vain, he yielded, in bad grace, and provided us with a hard-earned night's lodging. This sheikh was, however, afterwards reported to the Pasha of Marash, who sent a kawass to reprimand him, while we were still at that city.

A picturesque and pleasant ride, the ensuing morning, amid rocky precipices and wood-crowned hills, led us out of Taurus into the open, but still, in part, snow-clad plain of Marash; and the same afternoon, after crossing the Pyramus, by a stone bridge, we arrived at this little-frequented city, the seat of a Turkish pasha, and situate at the eastern foot of a lofty mountain, called the Yagra Tagh.

Marash is a large town, and contains about forty thousand inhabitants, among whom the Christians form a considerable body. Its houses are chiefly built of mud, but have two stories, and the usual yard-enclosed balconies. The markets appeared to be bustling, and well supplied, not only with fruit, meat, and vegetables, but, also, with European goods, as well as products of home manufacture.

This city appears to be the Germanicia of the Latins, placed by Ptolemy in Amanus, and from which a Roman road leads, in the Antonine Itinerary, by Samosata to Edessa. Being an illustrious city in antiquity, it was dignified by the title of Cæsarea, and distin-

guished from *Cæsarea Anazarba*, and *Cæsarea Mazaca*, as *Cæsarea Germanicia*, as may be seen on coins of the time of *Severus* and of *Pescennius*. It is said to have been at this city that the latter assumed the purple.

It is, however, most celebrated in ecclesiastical history as the country of *Nestorius*, and the seat of the episcopacy of *Eudoxius*, both rude innovators of the primitive church doctrine. The first Crusaders captured this city, which was, at that epoch, called *Maresia*. It was afterwards a Turkoman principality, till the time of the Sultan *Suleïman I.*, about 1520, when it fell under *Osmanli* dominion. The celebrated *Ferhad Pasha* took the city by stratagem, after destroying the last of its princes, called *Sheh Suwar Oghlu*. In the campaign of *Suleïman*, the ensuing year (1553), when he reduced *Baghdad*, *Musul*, and *Van*, under *Osmanli* rule, his son *Selim* wintered at *Marash*. The Turkomans rebelled, however, on many occasions since, more particularly under a chieftain, of the name of *Kalendah Oghlu*, the Turkomans of noble family always adding "son of," to their name, and who preserved his independence, till reduced by the *Wuzir Kaja Murad Pasha*, in the reign of *Ahmed I.*, A.D. 1603.

The chief Turkoman tribes, occupying the country just traversed, from *Adana* to *Marash*, are the *Melanjinah Oghlu*, who enjoy the government of *Adana*, the *Ramadan Oghlu*, *Karsan Oghlu*, *Tekeli Oghlu*, and *Kusin Oghlu*. *Ibrahim Pasha* devastated the country of the latter of these tribes while we were in *Syria*, but without reducing them to acknowledge his supremacy. It is a mistake to name the *Bulgar Tagh*, and other portions of *Taurus*, as is still done in all maps, after the Turkoman tribes which inhabit them. It is a curious fact, that, till our visit to this city, within *Taurus*, that it was not known where to place it on the map. *Theodoritus* (ii. cap. 25) says, correctly enough, that it was situated on the confines of three provinces—*Cilicia*, *Syria*, and *Cappadocia*—and, to be more minute, it was a city in the province of *Commagena*, afterwards, and in the middle ages, called *Euphratensis*.

At *Marash*, the pasha was visited; and, in return, we were assailed by the whole household, from *kawass*, and *kawatchi bashi*, or head constable, and head coffee-maker, down to the scullion, in search of the perpetual *bakshish*, or present. The colonel, becoming anxious about the progress-making at *Port William*, started from hence, in advance of the remainder of the party, who left on the day following. On this occasion, the road lay across the plain of *Marash*, and then ascended, by a wooded range of hills, covered with snow, and from whence we descended into the valley of the *Ak Su*, or white water, a tributary of the *Pyramus*, which has its sources from a group of lakes, situated immediately below *Pelvereh*, the ancient *Perre*. A Roman road led from *Germanicia* to this latter place, which was the connecting point in the *Antonine Itinerary* and *Theodosian tables* between the routes to and from *Cappadocia*, *Commagena*, and *Mesopotamia*. We rested for the night in the valley of the *Ak Su*, in a Turkoman tent, where we were received with customary hospitality.

The next day's ride led us over a stony and woodless range of rocky hills, on which the snow lay deep; and by evening, we gained the great valley, called *Araban Owahsi*, which is watered by a tributary

to the Euphrates, and, in part, cultivated, with many villages, on its northern side. We were surprised, on arriving at one of these, for the night's halt, to find the Kurd peasants in a state of considerable excitement, and meeting us in far greater numbers than was usual. Their conduct, even after we had obtained a room, was rude and importunate to a degree; and after bearing with it a long time, and making useless endeavours to effect a clearance, we rose suddenly, by a preconcerted signal, and, making a simultaneous rush, ejected the crowd from the apartment and closed the doors. We afterwards found, that the night before, the colonel had lodged in this same village, and had, from the annoyance which he experienced, started without his baggage, which was lying in the village at the time we were there, and which they at first thought we came to reclaim; but gaining courage, on finding out their mistake, they began to consider the possibility of adding a little more to their previous perquisites. The colonel's baggage was, however, ultimately regained, through the Pasha of Marash. It was in this same valley of Araban Owahsi, that the Kurds first began to harass, by their desultory fire and attack upon stragglers, the Turks, whom I had the misfortune to accompany, in their retreat from the field of Nizib.

In the same valley, was an artificial tel, indicating an ancient site, and which, from the number of valuable coins found there, has obtained the name of Altun Tash, or the Golden Stone.

From the Araban Owahsi, we advanced, by a wooded and stony range of hills, upon which we observed a Roman arch in the distance to the left, to Rum-Kal'eh, or the Castle of the Romans, situate upon the Euphrates, and consisting of a considerable walled-in space of various architecture, but chiefly Saracenic, and within which were sundry ruinous dwelling-houses and castellated remains. Mr. Wood, now consul at Damascus, and a companion, were imprisoned in this place, as spies, on our arrival on the Euphrates; but were liberated, through the active intervention of the colonel. We visited the scene of their confinement, which was in the higher part of the castle, and having gone beyond this, to the very summit, in order to obtain a round of bearings, this brought a host of kawasses, like hornets, about our ears, and who came to order us down, as we overlooked the governor's harem.

This castle is peninsulated by a stream, which joins the Euphrates at the same point, flowing through a deep fissure in the rock, while a few houses line the opposite bank, giving to the whole site a picturesque appearance. Although surrounded by a bleak, barren, and stony country, and situated at a point of the river, where its waters are hemmed in by precipitous cliffs, and containing but a dozen or two of houses, there are some rich Turks, to judge by the bright colours of their flowing garments, who reside at this spot, the peculiar advantages of which, except as a stronghold on the river, I could not make out.

From Rum-Kal'eh, we had but a ride of some eighteen miles, amid the varied and pleasant scenery of the banks of Euphrates, to that little scene of European activity already familiar to us as Port William.

THE REBELS: A TALE OF EMMETT'S DAYS.

BY MRS. WHITE.

PART II.—THE LOVERS.

To throw a light upon the bad feeling entertained by Hugh Perring towards his cousins, it will be necessary to give an outline of their domestic history. Both Mrs. Perring and her sister had married men of good fortunes, and of an equal position in society; and during the childhood of their families, nothing could exceed the unity and affection subsisting between them. But, unfortunately, a jealousy arose between Mr. Perring and his brother-in-law, in consequence of some official place becoming vacant at the Castle, for which they both made application, and which the former obtained. After his decease, the sisters renewed their intercourse; but Hugh Perring perpetuated in his own breast the variance felt by his father, and long after death had set his seal on the dissensions of both parents, he continued to his unoffending cousins this feeling of jealous animosity.

Douglas Hewitt, the eldest of his uncle's sons, though equally high-spirited, was of a more forgiving and generous disposition; or, perhaps, the great secret of his forbearance to his haughty cousin was, the love with which Hugh's gentle sister Norah had inspired him. As children they had played together, and even then Norah found that her brothers were not half so gentle as cousin Douglas—dear cousin Douglas, who thought nothing of climbing the highest branches of the mountain ash to procure her the most gorgeous of its scarlet treasures, and afterwards of wreathing them amongst her dark and shining hair, till she looked like some little Indian princess, with coral circling her head.

It had never occurred to Hugh Perring that his sister's childish preference for her cousin Douglas should continue to influence her in after years; so that it was with no little surprise and chagrin that he learned that the good-looking young man in regimentals, whom he had seen on duty in the castle-yard on the day of his arrival, was no other than the plain and rather awkward-looking stripling whom he had left two years before in his trencher-cap and gown, at Trinity—and the now affianced husband of his sister. The very profession Hewitt had chosen, seemed like a display of opposition; for the republican principles of the Perrings were no secret among their fellow-collegians, between whom debating parties existed, where the politics of the period were discussed. This new, and closer connexion, therefore, Hugh determined should never take place; but as Norah's fortune was at her own disposal, he knew this was only to be compassed by some underhand machination.

Now, nature had not intended Hugh Perring for a villain, and the task he had proposed to himself was too repugnant to his feelings to allow him to go through with it. He therefore contented himself with exhibiting his unequivocal dislike of Douglas in such a manner as he hoped would lead the latter to resent it, and thus occasion a decided rupture between them. His cousin, however, for Norah's sake, determined to avoid everything that might give a pretext for his malevolence. And so the affair continued, until the unfortunate occurrence

of Sydenham's death afforded a sufficient plea for Hugh to put a decided veto on the marriage. He forbade Douglas the house; and, by alternate threats, entreaties, and cruel representations of the light in which her conduct would be viewed if she ever became the wife of her cousin, endeavoured to force Norah into a promise of discarding him; but her love had become a portion of her being, and she felt it would be easier to part with life than with the object of her affection.

Amidst this tumult of suffering, the tide of time swept on. It was a summer evening, and Norah sat alone in the little room that, in her mother's lifetime, had been the scene of so many hours of affectionate intercourse and light-hearted mirth. Her brother's frequent and prolonged absences left her now, more than ever, the prey of regretful memories. She had watched the sun's setting, and the after rising of the moon, and at length, with a feeling of almost faintness from the depressing reaction of overwrought anxiety, turned away from the window. Hours passed on—twelve, one o'clock came, and still she lingered in the room, without lights or companion. At this time, the figure of a man might be seen, not keeping the open path leading to the house, but stealing cautiously beneath the shadow of the trees. As the person drew near the windows of the sitting-room, he paused, and looking anxiously around, placed himself where the shade cast by a group of shrubs prevented the likelihood of his being discovered, and yet admitted of his perceiving the interior of the apartment. The heavy foliage of a few scattered trees in front of the windows formed the shadow of the picture, and between these, as they swayed to and fro in the night-wind, the bright, clear moon gleamed through, illuminating a portion of the apartment in which, at the open instrument, Norah Perring sat; but though her fingers occasionally touched the keys, the sounds produced were wild, unconnected, and sometimes dissonant, proving the utter abstraction of the player. As the breeze freshened, the waving of the branches became more irregular; and as the shade they caused sometimes fell upon the open music-page, or darkened the keys, she once or twice started, as if a living thing beside her had occasioned the shadow.

For a short time, Douglas remained within his hiding-place; but unable to contain himself longer, he rushed forward, tapped against the window, and the next moment held to his bosom the scarcely sensible form of Norah, who, overcome by tenderness for her lover, and terror at the possibility of her brother's return, could only weep forth her alarm and pleasure.

The brief and agitated discourse that ensued between them, was broken by a slight noise, as if the window had rebounded from a sudden pressure of the casement. Associating every fear with the presence of her fierce, remorseless brother, Norah trembled with apprehension as Douglas left her side to discover its cause. The young man gazed forth, but could see no one. The wind had gone down, and the trees stood still as if in sleep—the ramifications of each stately branch being traced against the clear sky with unerring fidelity—while the gravel-paths that intersected the flower-beds looked white and distinct in the moonshine.

"We are both nervous," said the young man, smiling. And he

beckoned her towards the window, where they stood looking out upon the lovely scene before them.

Just as Norah was restored to a state of comparative tranquillity, her fears were again excited by remarking that an old woman with a red handkerchief on her head, and wrapped in a grey cloak, crept cautiously from beneath the bushes near the window, and peering about for a moment, moved stealthily away. The bent form, and shuffling gait, discovered at once the mendicant Ansty Connelly.

Douglas was endeavouring to quell his fair cousin's uneasiness, when a bright flash of light suddenly shot up above a dark and distant part of the city, and was followed by a loud report that shook the window at which they were standing.

"My God!" exclaimed the young man, hastily. "They have risen—the city is attacked—and I am here! Let me go, Norah. I may yet save your brother. You have no need to fear; his party will not harm you, and the soldiery dare not. Farewell!" And he burst from her, before she half comprehended the fearful meaning of his words. When she did comprehend them, her first impulse was to follow him; and she ran wildly out upon the lawn, and down the avenue leading to the road, when something like a huge grey ball, just within the gate, opposed her progress. She stood still; it uncurled itself; and, throwing back the hood of her cloak, Ansty Connelly stood before her.

"Did a gentleman pass you just now, good woman?" inquired Norah, trembling with fright.

"I am surprised at such a question from the likes of you, Miss Norah Perring. Is it watching your gates I'd be at this hour of the night?" answered the old woman, evasively.

"Perhaps he went the other way," said Norah, utterly unmindful, in her anxiety, of the covert sarcasm of Ansty's reply; "hasten to the road, good woman, and meet him as he passes. I will reward you for it."

"Find another arrant woman for yourself," exclaimed the old crone, sharply; "the time is coming when Ansty Connelly 'ill be as good as any of you. An', signs by 'ont I make the Orange lads know it! My two fine boys at Ballyholan!—och hone! och hone! Did ye never hear your mother, Miss Norah—may the heavens be her bed!—talk ov the big fight at Ballyholan? and how the anchient Britons kilt Ansty Connelly's two sons? 'Tis that made me so fond ov the moonlight, avich! in hopes the good people 'ed take me out of my throuble, and give me my two fine boys again."

"Poor thing!" ejaculated Norah, who now remembered to have heard it said, that Ansty, was subject to fits of mental alienation. "Poor thing! what a sad example of these past times of terror! Alas! perhaps the consequences of to-night may be to make me equally desolate! Go home, Ansty; or come with me up to the house. This is no place for you, in the damp night air."

"Och! not a dhrop of the blessed dew falls on me, asthore! The fire in my ould head an' heart dhries it all up. Never mind for Ansty, the crater! the night's us't to her; an' the moon 'ed miss her, if she'd stay within."

So saying, Ansty again covered her head with her cloak; and rock-

ing herself to and fro to the monotonous measure of one of the wild and mournful death-cries of her country, seemed to have determined on remaining there for the night; and Norah, finding her persuasions useless, returned to her home, full of anxiety and apprehension. No sooner had Ansty satisfied herself that she could no longer be perceived, than she ceased her lamentations, and, with a step but slightly impeded by the lameness that distinguished her usual gait, set off in the direction of the city.

The report, which Douglas had taken for a signal of rising, had been occasioned by the explosion of a powder depot belonging to the insurgent party in Patrick Street, and which thus afforded government unequivocal proof of the means of a rebellion being in active preparation within the city. Yet no precautionary measures ensued. The next day, however, Hugh Perring returned home, and a stricter system of espionage on her actions convinced Norah that by some means he had heard of her interview with Douglas. All day long he continued in doors; but as soon as he had assured himself that she had retired for the night, he left the house, and returned no more till morning. Determined to find out whether he went alone, one night Norah followed him silently down stairs. No one was with him; and as with a boding heart she retraced her steps, her foot crushed some papers, and gathering them up, she discovered amongst them a proclamation for a general rising of the United Irishmen on the 23rd of the month. It wanted but a few days of the appointed time. Norah's resolution, therefore, was quickly taken, and as rapidly acted upon.

On the evening of the succeeding day, and an hour after sunset, a covered car drove into the castle yard, and a youth, clad in academical garb, stepped out, and walked on, until challenged by the sentinel on duty.

"Who goes there?" demanded the soldier, in a stern, peremptory voice.

"A friend!" answered the youth, in a low tone.

"Advance, friend!" rejoined the sentry, bringing his musket to the charge, "and give the countersign." But, instead of advancing, the action that accompanied the invitation had the effect of sending the collegian several paces back.

"I have no countersign," he answered. "I only want to see Lieutenant Hewitt."

"Devil a Lieutenant Hewitt you'll see, till I hears the countersign," returned the immoveable man-at-arms.

The youth, who had evidently expended his knowledge of military usages, in the customary response to the sentry's challenge, stood crushing the folds of his gown with a nervous and uncertain action; and from the working of his pale and interesting features, it was evident that he suffered much more than the chance of spending an hour in the sentry-box, until the guard came round, would have occasioned, under ordinary circumstances, to any son of Alma Mater. "Pray let me pass," he cried, taking out a purse, and speaking in accents of great distress, "I only want to see Mr. Hewitt. I am his cousin. Here is gold for you. Good, kind sentry, let me pass!"

"That's nothing to me; I must do my duty; and I can't let you pass without the parole," answered the man, doggedly.

"Oh! what shall I do—what shall I do?" cried the youth, in anguish.

"I'll tell you what you'll do," answered the soldier, a little softened by the offer of the gold—"you may walk out; but if you attempt to move an inch nearer this way, you are my prisoner."

"I cannot go till I have seen Mr. Hewitt; my business with him is of life and death. Surely, good soldier, you will let me pass?"

"Not a step," returned the sentry; "either you walk off my post, or into my box, till the guard comes round. And if you give the officer no better account of yourself than you have given me, I promise you you'll pass the night in the guard-house."

At this moment, a gentleman in plain clothes came towards them; and the distress of the youth became even more perceptible.

"Here is some one coming," he said; "pray—pray let me pass! Mr. Hewitt will acquit you of any blame. I will give you all that is in my purse."

"It is more than I dare do now," returned the man. "Here comes one of the officers." And he turned to repeat to the person approaching the accustomed military challenge, while the collegian drew his robe around him, and shrank close to the side of the building. Presently afterwards the other party drew near, and whispering the talismanic reply, approached the trembling gownsman, and courteously inquired if he should pass him in. No sooner had the latter uttered his thanks, than the officer drew his arm within his own, and walked on in silence, till out of ear-shot of the sentinel, when the youth inquired, "Will you have the kindness to point out Mr. Hewitt's quarters? It is to see him I have come."

"'Pon my word he does not deserve to see you," replied the officer, in a tone of confidence that strangely and painfully affected the youth—"he has not used you well in keeping you waiting for him, and exposing you to so much annoyance."

"Mr. Hewitt is not aware of my being here," replied the other coldly.

"I wish I could persuade you to let him remain in ignorance of your coming," continued the officer. "Or if not," as he felt the fragile arm within his own suddenly withdrawn, "come into my room, and I will send for him."

"Sir!" said the affected collegian, springing from his side, "since something has betrayed my sex to you, pray do not tarnish your kindness by rudeness more insufferable than any annoyance I have previously experienced. However strange my being here, and in this disguise, may appear, I am a lady; and my motive is not only innocent but, I trust, praiseworthy. Add to my sense of gratitude for the favour you have already conferred upon me, by telling me where I shall find Mr. Hewitt. Be assured, neither he nor I will ever forget the obligation."

"I will send him to you," replied the officer, in a tone as respectful as his former manner had been bold. "Stand here, out of observation; he shall be with you in an instant."

So saying, he touched his hat and departed, while Norah remained, watching, with nervous anxiety, every shadow that crossed the mess-room windows, impatient for, yet dreading Douglas Hewitt's approach. Presently, an officer in full regimentals hastened towards her, and her heart told her it was her lover.

"I have the honour to be the individual you have inquired after," he said; "may I know to what circumstance I am in——"

"Douglas, take me where I may speak to you," faltered Norah; "I had no other way of seeing you, and I could not write what I have to tell."

"Norah, my own love! what has happened?" said Douglas, anxiously, as he drew her arm fondly within his own, and hurried her towards his apartments.

In less than a quarter of an hour after the meeting, accompanied by her cousin, Norah was on her way back to Rathfarnham. On the same night, Hugh Perring, as he entered his own gate, was seized by a party of soldiers, at the head of whom was his cousin Douglas, charged with conspiring against the state, and was conducted a prisoner to the castle garrison. Instead, however, of finding himself incarcerated in a dungeon, or subjected to the cruel privation which had been the fate of other state prisoners, he found himself in excellent quarters, supplied with all sorts of good things, in the shape of edibles, and an equal feast of mental entertainment. His situation was a mystery to himself. The longed-for day of Ireland's struggle for liberty was fast approaching, and he should appear to his friends an apostate to the cause, in its hour of extremest need! He comforted himself, however, with the idea that his arrest was too important an event to be passed over by the government journals; and that, by this means, the self-elected chief of the United Irishmen would attribute his non-appearance to its proper cause.

At length, the evening of the 23rd of July arrived. Not only had Douglas Hewitt contributed his warning voice to his friends in authority, but information had been given to the under-secretary of the intentions of the insurgents, and even of the hour of their meditated outbreak; but, on the precautionary principle of creating no alarm, few preparations were made to withstand them, beyond the strengthening of the guard at the Phoenix Lodge, by an officer and thirty men. A large dinner-party was given on this evening, by the secretary of the war department, to his military and other friends, at the castle; and amongst the guests was Douglas Hewitt.

The orthodox toasts and loyal sentiments had all been duly honoured and dismissed, and the mercurial spirits of the party were rising in proportion as the contents of cooper after cooper of bright claret disappeared; song succeeded song, and the true Anacreontic feeling was fast diffusing itself around, when a wild and piercing shriek rang through the apartment, arresting each man's hand on its way to his lips, and driving the ruddy colour from his cheek. Every one instinctively arose, as the door was thrown open, and a lady, with her long hair dishevelled, and her white dress stained with blood, rushed madly into the apartment, announcing, incoherently, the horrible catastrophe of her murdered father. It was Miss Wolfe, the daughter of Lord Kilwarden, who was most inhumanly butchered by the pikes of the insurgents. In a moment the revel was over—the military flew to revenge—the civilians to defend themselves; but the horrors of that night are for the historian, and I gladly pass them over, to follow the fortunes of Douglas Hewitt and his cousin.

About five weeks after the occurrence just related, on the afternoon of a day in the early part of September, crowds of persons were to

be met returning along the Rathfarnham road. The low tones in which they conversed—the air of depression and gloom that rested upon all, so different from their national bearing under any ordinary circumstance, was, in itself, sufficient to arouse a painful conviction of the nature of the calamity that could thus strike down their naturally elastic spirits. These persons had been to witness the unfortunate Emmett's execution.

But let us turn from the road, to the residence of the Perrings, at Rathfarnham. The blinds of the windows were closed, as if death was in the house; and on a sofa in the little room previously described, lay Hugh, pale even to ghastliness, from no physical illness, but from the nervous anguish that had preyed upon him since the apprehension of his friend. Norah knelt beside him; her eyes blinded by tears, and her hand was pressed against his pallid brow. The door opened, and Douglas Hewitt entered. Hugh raised his head, and gazed inquiringly at him.

"Is it over?" he asked quickly.

"It is," said Hewitt, mournfully.

"Thank God!" muttered Perring, dropping back on the pillow, and bursting into tears. "And but for you," he continued, when the paroxysm subsided—"but for you, my generous-hearted cousin, and you, my dear—dear sister, I, too, should have paid the penalty of disloyalty and madness with my pure-intentioned but misguided friend."

"He is at rest," interrupted Douglas; "let us hope that the sincerity of his motives may outbalance the crimes his treason has occasioned. Do not dwell upon it; but in return for the mercy so graciously extended to yourself, prove to your king and country that a pardoned rebel can make a useful citizen and a loyal subject."

Little more need be added. Norah soon afterwards became the wife of her cousin; and in the spring of the ensuing year Hugh Perring started for the Continent, to seek Gerald Hewitt, who had quitted Ireland on the day after Sydenham Perring's death, and had sought to heal the anguish of a bruised spirit by successive changes of scene and occupation. The forgiveness and re-union of his family effected what neither time nor travel could accomplish; and the cousins returned to Ireland better and wiser men for the bitter experiences of the memorable year 1803.

NEW SOUTH WALES.*

WHEN a colony is still in its infancy, facts only are wanted,—statements of a simple but important character, which concern soil, climate, natural productions, and resources;—but when the same colony has attained a certain discretionary age, and can boast of its cities, towns, farms, cultivated lands, roads, and navigable rivers (as the creeks or inlets of the sea are always called), it is pleasant to turn from such details, to contemplate, for a moment, the new phases in which society presents itself in such a country—to look at the surface of things, as they pre-

* Notes and Sketches of New South Wales, during a residence in that colony from 1839 to 1844. By Mr. Charles Meredith. John Murray. London.

sent themselves to a fresh eye—and glance at the social state, as it appears to a stranger. First impressions, in these cases, are everything; custom wears off the salient points, and familiarity soon effaces the picturesqueness of novelty; so we rejoice when, as, on the present occasion, we meet with a little work, preluded by a sea-voyage, ensuring sympathy with a first arrival; and, still more, on entering into the country itself, to find the author engaged in simple sketches from nature, and turning attention chiefly to the general aspect of things, and to every-day topics.

It is, indeed, delightful and refreshing to enter with so light and agreeable, though not unfastidious, a companion as Mrs. Charles Meredith, into a new field of observation—to pass the mighty gates of New South Wales, and find ourselves, at once, at anchor off Fort Macquarie—steam-boats, sailing, and rowing-boats, moving about in every direction—large emigrant-ships, often lumbering and awkward-looking enough, lying at anchor, low hills rising from the beach, dotted here and there with villas and cottages, and the handsome city of Sydney, only, as yet, in part visible at the bottom of the cove.

And then, making a step in advance, the clean, distinct outline, “so different to the diffused aspect of an English landscape;” the different kinds of gum-trees, some of which bear large and handsome flowers; the English oaks, overtopped by sombre Norfolk Island pines; the shrubbery of tea-tree, and the hedges of geraniums, cactus and acacia, leading the way to bright white villas, “seeming almost to cut into their surrounding trees,” with the universal adjunct of veranda or piazza, telling of a sunny climate; the green lawns, sloping to the water’s edge; the sentinels pacing to and fro, before Government House;—and then the final arrival at the “large busy town,” of scarcely half a century’s existence.

George Street, it appears, is the Pall Mall of Sydney; and “up and down its hot, dusty, glaring, weary length, go the fair wives and daughters of the citizens, enjoying their daily airing.” Long strings of carriages are to be seen traversing it, or waiting near the “fashionable emporiums,” that being the term in which Australian shopkeepers especially delight. “No ‘lady’ in Sydney (your grocers’ and butchers’ wives included) believes in the possibility of walking;” but the “turn-outs,” motley enough in appearance, are often much wanting in well-appointed equipages; boxes are frequently innocent of hammercloths; and the horses are generally undersized, and terribly out of proportion with the carriage behind them.

A strong line of demarcation, as might naturally be expected, exists between the emancipated convicts, and their families and descendants (although sometimes these are the richest men in the colony) and the free emigrants and settlers.

“You may often see,” says Mrs. Meredith, “a man of immense property, whose wife and daughters dress in the extreme of fashion and finery, rolling home in his gay carriage from his daily avocations with face, hands, and apparel as dirty and slovenly as any common mechanic. And the son of a similar character has been seen with a dozen costly rings on his coarse fingers, and chains, and shirt-pins glistening with gems, buying yet more expensive jewellery, yet without sock or stocking to his feet, the *shoes* to which his *spurs* were attached leaving a debatable ground between them and his trousers! Spurs and shoes

are, I imagine, a fashion peculiar to this stamp of exquisites, but among them very popular."

The market in Sydney is well supplied, and the display of fruit is very beautiful. This includes the produce of hot climates, especially all descriptions of melons. The large green water-melon, rose-coloured within, is a very favourite fruit, grows to an enormous size, and may be seen, piled up like huge cannon-balls, at all the fruit-shop-doors, "being universally admired in this hot, thirsty climate." Mrs. Meredith, however, thought it insipid; and notices, as an improved method of eating this crisp, cool, and refreshing, fruit, the mixing a bottle of Madeira, or sherry, with its cold, watery pulp! We recommend this new kind of "sherry cobbler" to the Reform Club.

Excellent fish is to be procured at Sydney; and Mrs. Meredith had here the good taste to prefer such to the preserved salmon and cod from England, which *are alone served* at a Sydney dinner-table. Rock-oysters and cray-fish are also abundant and good.

The dust is one main source of annoyance at Sydney. Unless after heavy rain, it is *always* dusty. One would suppose the phrase of "Down with the dust!" must have originated in the colony; but this Mrs. Meredith does not mention. Flies are another nuisance; they swarm in every room, in tens of thousands, and blacken the breakfast or dinner table as soon as the viands appear. But worse than these, are the mosquitoes, whose bite, Mrs. Meredith, on two different occasions, describes as being "mountainous," and their attacks so persevering, as to be always more or less successful. These fierce assailants are also aided in their nocturnal invasions by still worse, and "thrice-disgusting creatures;" to say nothing of fleas, "which seem to pervade the colony in one universal swarm."

The Cumberland hunt have a tolerable pack of hounds, and the destructive native dog, or dingo, serves them for a fox; and this is often a *bagged dog*!

There are several rival and mutually abusive papers published in Sydney, where there is, also, a public library; but literature appears to be at discount; for "the gentlemen," says Mrs. Meredith, "are too busy, or find a cigar more agreeable than a book; and the ladies, to quote the remark of a witty (?) friend, 'pay more attention to the adorning of their heads without, than within.'"

Mrs. Meredith's travelling experiences in Australia, which extend to Bathurst, about one hundred and twenty miles from Sydney, are very entertaining, although they chiefly refer to interesting little facts in natural history, and to the backwood's condition of the public inns. The latter are the perpetually recurring subjects of animadversion. The walls are smoke-stained, the floors universally dirty, the tables covered with tobacco-ashes and liquor stains; the women slipshod, the beds have a hide-the-dirt kind of aspect; and even the dark-brown fat candles smell most insufferably. The fare was always the same—'am-an'-eggs, mutton-chops, English ale at 3s. 6d. a-bottle; and for bread, "damper," a cake of stiff dough, baked in the ashes;—not bad fare, we should think, though intolerable to a delicate stomach, apparently not fitted for *roughing it* on mutton-chops.

The habitations of the working-classes are also described as the least pleasing objects met with in the colony. They are wretched (?) huts, or hovels, "built of heaped turf, or more frequently of 'slabs,'"

rough pieces of split timber, set on an end, like a strong paling,) and thatched, and which, if plastered with mud, would be weather-proof and comfortable; but for the most part, the slabs are all falling asunder, the thatch half torn off, the window, or rather the place for one, stopped with pieces of wood, hides, and old rags, and the door, without hinges, inclining against the wall. A heap of ashes and chips usually lies in front, broken bottles, old casks, old rags, "bones and shoes, and various similar articles are scattered around. Not a herb, not a cabbage, is to be seen; no attempt at making a garden, although a fence might be had for the trouble of cutting it, and, by very little labour, abundant crops of vegetables and fruit produced."

This is a state of things which evidently will not last. At present wages are so high, that, by working only a third or fourth part of his time, a man can gain an ample livelihood; and this too frequently leads to the common vice of inebriety. So great is this besetting colonial sin, that our author has occasion to recur to it over and over again, and sometimes in a serio-comic manner; at one inn, they found every individual,—man, boy, and girl,—in a state of incapable intoxication. On another occasion, Mr. Meredith was driving a friend to the races, at Parramatta, and on reaching the turnpike, the engaging female keeper was discovered seated at a table by the door, with a cup, and a half gallon bottle of rum beside her, the effect of which was already evident. She offered Mr. Meredith a ticket, which he told her was not required, as she knew him so well from his passing constantly.

"Oh, sir! you'd better take it, for I shan't know anybody by the time you come back!"

Finally, wearied out, and disgusted by the want of congenial refinement, by the heat of the sun, the dust, the wind, the want of society, the living things, the ruling vice, and all the other inconveniences of a young country and an antipodal climate, Mrs. Meredith made her escape to Van Dieman's Land, where we wonder if she finds things much changed for the better. Perhaps Mr. John Murray, junior, will inform us in a subsequent volume of his Colonial Library.

DOOMED TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

It is curious that we never hear of people who are doomed to extravagant expectation, though we often hear of people who are doomed to bitter disappointment. Surely there should be some of both classes. There can be no disappointment without the expectation; and, in fact, the depth of the one is always exactly measured by the height of the other, so that destiny must deal even-handedly with the two, and a man might as reasonably say, I was born to hope, as, I am destined to be disappointed.

But people do not assign the origin of their hopes and expectations to destiny, but only the provoking failure of them. They blow their own brilliantly-coloured bubbles, fast as fancy can puff them off, and when they burst, call it fate. They expect impossibilities, and complain that fate always disappoints them.

Hope is an *ad libitum* affair; entertain it, therefore, in the largest possible quantity; but fulfilment must have its limit, and if it fall short of the calculated supply, pronounce it to be your doom. Expect extravagantly, and declare with bitterness that nothing you undertake prospers, nothing answers your expectations.

The sort of people who are most prone to disappointment will be found among the miscellaneous multitudes of Sight-seekers; or, as they are sometimes called by the ridiculous omission of a letter or two, the Sight-seers. Never were such wonderful people for expecting wonders; and never were any gifted with such eyes for discovering that there is nothing to see. The Sight-seers (to borrow the facetious designation) are a race by themselves. They are always half-way up a hill where there is no view; or looking with avidity through the wrong end of a telescope, and grumbling at the insignificance of the sight. No matter what the object of attraction may be,—a civic shew or a crowned head, pageantry two miles long, or a single star pre-eminently in the ascendant,—the cry is always the same;—there never yet was a spectacle so truly magnificent, and the shabbiness of it is wofully disappointing. These two declarations are invariably to be heard in one breath. The good folks are for ever going to be completely astonished, and for ever surprised that they should have expected anything of the kind.

The sight-seer, however, full often guards himself, as he conceives, most securely, against the cruelty of a disappointment, by taking care to expect little or nothing. On some special occasion, at least, he is resolved to put it out of fate's power to disappoint him. "I have formed my own conclusion," he cries, "and know exactly what the thing will be. I anticipate no miracles of splendour, no gorgeous paraphernalia, nothing dazzling or bewildering in any way. Such are *my* simple notions. Let others look forward to what magnificence they like; that is no illusion of mine. I expect nothing—positively nothing."

And when the spectacle which is the subject of these sage and moderate views has passed by, you may instantly know the man who expected nothing, by his being the noisiest and the most indignant of the throng. As soon as he has exclaimed, in a voice heavily laden with emotion, and proclaiming him utterly disconsolate, "Well, after this!—" he takes breath for five minutes, and then freely tells you what he thinks of the show. He suggests that he has heard of a breakdown once or twice before, and has himself witnessed a few failures rather ingenious in their way. But he puts it—not to the inhabitants of that parish, but to the feeling and judgment of unbiassed and enlightened Europe—whether a mockery so truly abortive had ever been heard of before. He blushes for the country of his birth, the land of his pride yesterday, of his pity to-day. It is true, he expected nothing—but then, such a spectacle as that! He feels for the Great Metropolis—feels deeply. He cannot help, for the honest soul of him, being very sorry indeed for the City of London, and thinks that, under such circumstances, it would be better for the capital of the empire to hide its head in its own smoke, or get out of town for a week or two, till the discredit blows over. Not that he expected anything—on the contrary, he expected nothing—absolutely nothing; but he never felt so disappointed!

In such natures the feeling of expectation will generate, and will grow, until it becomes a gross and vague exaggeration; and the mind that rejects it still dwells upon its obtruding image, and experiences the shock all the same in spite of its precautions.

What is true of a show, is equally true of an opera, a pic-nic, a dance, or a novel. They have heard a great deal about it, they have thought a great deal about it, they have taken considerable pains about it, and they have hoped a great deal from it. The time comes—they are disappointed. They can't help it—so it is—they are doomed, they do believe, to disappointment.

So also with things infinitely higher, the grandest objects in nature or in art. They are disappointed with Killarney, they are disappointed with the Louvre. Mont Blanc was striking, but not what they expected; St. Peter's was fine, but, on the whole, they were disappointed.

They are not to be easily persuaded that any reasonable expectation ever can be realized—and they are confident that in their own case no such miracle has been performed. If they had stood on the deck of the "Victory," and had seen the immortal signal displayed, "England expects every man to do his duty," they would have instinctively rejoined, "Then England will be disappointed."

Try the same people on the most trivial points, and they are equally fixed. The author of the charming new song does not quite come up to their expectation; agreeable, intellectual, and gentleman-like; yes, but not the kind of person—they must say they were disappointed. As for the beauty they had burned to be presented to, what highly-wrought expectations had they not formed of her! and now she is smiling before them. They are charmed, delighted, electrified, almost wonder-stricken—they are everything, except satisfied. True, she is perfect; it is impossible to find a fault, a blemish—but then, so very different to their estimate! not a feature like!—they never were so disappointed in all their days. They are enchanted with the new picture, and recognise in it the highest grasp of the artist's genius; but they are so unlucky—it is their fate—they had a notion that it was in water-colour, and they feel wofully disappointed.

Nothing falls out according to their anticipation. If it should appear that they had not formed an enormously excessive estimate, they had still formed one so egregiously erroneous as to fill them with dismay, and impress them with the conviction that they are fore-doomed to fail in every calculation.

There are some youthful disappointments which give a disheartening tone to a whole life. Of such is the shock to fresh and sensitive feeling, experienced when, in the first blush of boyhood, in early school-time, we fly to the treasuring-box for the plum-cake, and find that our faithful and beloved chum, to whom we would have given one twice as big, has pilfered it while we were in the upper-school, doing his exercise for him. How is such a blow to be warded off from the boy's heart! How are the wide-open eyes that stare into the blank box ever to become utterly closed again! From that moment, they have a habit of continually looking slyly out at the corners, though apparently shut. He has suffered a disappointment; he is wary and critical. He chooses his next friend for exactly opposite qualities to the last, is tricked for that reason, and is disappointed again.

Who can describe the disappointment to which youthful enthusiasm,

youthful expectation wrought up to a pitch of frenzy, is exposed, in an incident like the following? It is some years old, but we vividly remember it :—

A youth of strong impulses, and of keen susceptibility, loving the highest productions of the theatre with a passionate delight, and regarding Edmund Kean with a sentiment akin to idolatry, had fixed upon a night, a whole week off, to see his favourite for the first time in *Othello*. In the interim, *Othello* haunted him by day, *Othello* haunted him by night. He thought, read, talked, and dreamed of nothing but *Othello*!—*Othello*, *Othello*, *Othello*! The happy day arrived; but, alas, at the very beginning of it, a weight of novel and most unexpected duties fell suddenly upon the excited youth. He staggered, and looked pale with affright. They would occupy him till midnight; he should not, he could not, see *Othello*.

No deferring them; postponement, hesitation, was impossible; they were heavy and solemn duties. To the task, then! With incredible energy, the boy's hand (it was hardly more) was put to a man's work. Head and heart laboured hotly, but steadily, with it, aiding every stroke of the hammer, and driving in two nails for one. Two o'clock, and with amazing perseverance, by continually repeated strokes, the neck of the difficulty is nearly broken.

Shall he see *Othello*? Will the honourable, the inevitable, duty be discharged in time? The now merry, yet anxious, anxious work goes bravely on.

Ah! there is much, very much to do, and it is half-past four. How can the serious and delicate object that employs him be accomplished in two hours—two short hours? And yet, in little more than that small space of time, Kean will be upon the stage, performing his mighty masterpiece, *Othello*.

Heart and head now seem to set both hands to work, and each hand does the work of two; so that the rapidity of progress surpasses everything conceivable, except the steadiness of application. Nearer swells the work towards a finish, but very fast all the time runs the spiteful clock. No matter; the duty is almost done—it is only six, and Kean himself is not yet at the theatre. The young theatrical will see *Othello*. He will certainly see *Othello* after all.

What! a quarter past, and, alas! no seat procurable after the doors open! Seat! who cares for seats! The devotee was positive that he could have stood, squeezed and jammed, till he was five and twenty, to see Kean in *Othello*.

Half-past—half-past six! Curtain does not rise till seven. Drury Lane only two miles and a half off; *Othello* not on in the first scene! Twenty minutes more will complete a week's eventful labour, performed almost miraculously in nine hours. The Nine will reward their labourer: he will see Kean in *Othello*!

Done!—All done! Five minutes to seven! The enthusiast felt that he could walk the distance easily in half the time! He flew off in a hackney—no cabs—as the clock struck. All his toil, all his anxiety, would be repaid; he should witness the greatest work of human passion, illustrated by the greatest master of passion known to the stage. The distance to the theatre seemed now a stone's throw, and now a hundred miles.

He is at length on the steps; the money is paid; he clears the

rotunda; an announce-bill invites his attention, on which he bestows not one momentary glance. Sounds from the stage pierce the silent lobbies; the curtain has been up some time; but he shall see *Othello*! Yes, that must be Kean's voice!

"Boxkeeper! Fly! Any place?"

"Oh yes, sir, we can give you a place! Where would you like to sit, sir?"

"Open a door anywhere!"

And as a door was instantly opened, the heart of the young enthusiast leaped up indeed. Then, in another moment, as he sprang, not very decorously, down to an excellent seat on the front row, he saw first, and then heard, a tall awkward performer, singing, with a sad cold, and in execrable taste, a passage in *Artaxerxes*!—that opera having been, in consequence of the illness of Mr. Kean, substituted for the other stage-convenience—a tragedy, entitled *Othello*!

I was disappointed that night!

"For I had not deserved it, and it smote me to the heart."

Disappointment is a sharp stern monitor, but often a kind one, and his lessons have this virtue—they are apt to last. Let them be remembered, but not felt too acutely. How needless was the sting, self-inflicted on that worthy honest man, who, having signed a bill of exchange for five hundred pounds, kept the cash during the three days of grace, before his conscientious eyes, ready to be paid on demand. Alas! the bill was not presented when due. The appointed day expired, and the next in turn went the way of all sunshine. Others followed, and a month had elapsed—a year. The good debtor—this happened not lately—looked at the money which was not his, and felt that its golden lustre cast a shadow upon him inwardly. Its presence was a mystery, an unpleasant, a glaring intrusion. Still he sat in the simple faith of his contract, and hoped, and hoped. But nobody came; the cash was undemanded; and he grew fidgetty and restless. Then he saddened more. His expectation melted all away. He was a disappointed man; and when he died, an alms-house was erected with some spare money.

But what disappointment can life have in store for us—fashion our foolish expectations as we may—equal in intensity to the rapture of a late long-deferred and sudden surprise! When the character we had suspected comes into light, when the conduct we had misconstrued shews clear and fair, and the face in which we had seen but a dishonest scowl, laughs out in the flush of truth, as the film of jealousy, or envy, or common prejudice, drops from our wakened eyes, what bitterness of disappointment can equal the sweetness of that discovery! Gall has less potency than balm.

Still the fact remains, and it brings us round again to the point from which we started; that while none assure us with gravity that they are doomed to expect foolishly, thousands tell us that they are doomed to be disappointed cruelly. With this impression strong on the mind, even blessings and good luck may come in the form of a disappointment. The eastern sage, when the bowstring was already round his neck, was unexpectedly respited. "You are saved, philosopher," said the professor of strangulation. "Mashallah!" cried the pardoned one, shrugging his shoulders, "I was doomed to disappointment!"

THE COUNTRY CURATE.*

BY CHARLES OLLIER.

"The virtue and other qualifications of the Rev. Mr. Adams, as they rendered him equal to his office, so they made him an agreeable and valuable companion, and had so much endeared and well recommended him to a bishop, that, at the age of fifty, he was provided with a handsome income of twenty three pounds a-year; which, however, he could not make any great figure with, because he lived in a dear country, and was a little incumbered with a wife and six children."

JOSEPH ANDREWS.

CHAPTER I.

THE CURATE'S HOUSE AND FAMILY.

FEW things on earth can be more uninviting than the generality of small provincial towns. They have not the charm of rusticity, nor the animation of a metropolis; the attraction of opening prospects, nor view of grand edifices: they are not "*rus in urbe*," whatever they may pretend; neither can they boast the advantage of pure country air; for the houses of most of them are small and confined, the streets narrow and abutting on squalid courts, the drainage imperfect, the ventilation bad. A man might walk through London a whole day, and not have his sense of smelling so often offended as in a ten-minutes' perambulation of a country-town High Street. Now that the little life which they used to derive from the passage through them of stage-coaches has ceased, they must stagnate in utter listlessness: their inhabitants will approximate more closely than before to somnambulists; and their shops, except once a week on market-day, will be drearier than ever.

In a small tenement of one of these sleepy places, situated in the western extremity of Somersetshire, lived, about seventy years ago, a clergyman of the name of Westerwood. He officiated as curate of the parish church, of which the rector was a Doctor Bruiner. Mr. Westerwood was an accomplished scholar, and a pious man of apostolical simplicity; but being unfortunately destitute of other advantages,—that is to say, having no interest with influential persons, nor any talent for pushing his way, and manœuvring to the prejudice of others, (a thing he abhorred,)—he remained a poor curate, and never dreamed of even a *chance* of further advancement in the church. Doctor Bruiner, a wealthy pluralist, allowed Mr. Westerwood twenty pounds a-year for officiating at one of his best livings—namely, that in the town of which mention has just been made; and this salary being paid half-yearly, the poor curate could only obtain the necessaries of life through the disadvantageous medium of credit.

Mr. Westerwood had a wife and three daughters. His house, which consisted of no more than four apartments, was but scantily furnished. Two of the latter were used as bed-chambers. One of the rooms on the ground-floor was appropriated to kitchen purposes; the other answered the double purpose of the reverend gentleman's study and the family-

* The idea of this story is derived from an imaginary Journal of a Somersetshire Curate, occupying a single octavo page in a periodical work, published in 1777. Happy is it that such a story could not be written of the *present time*.

parlour. Here his books (and they were very few) were arranged in a little recess by the side of the fireplace. They consisted of an old Bible; including the "Book of Common Prayer;" Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying;" Barrow's Sermons, and a volume of the mathematical works of that great divine; Fuller's "Abel Redivivus," and (though Mr. Westerwood was not a Calvinist) the "Pilgrim's Progress" of John Bunyan, over which, he used to say, a noble spirit of genuine piety prevailed. The religious poems of Dr. Donne, Milton's "Paradise Lost," an old folio Cowley, and an odd volume or two of Shakspeare's plays, completed his library. But out of these few books he drew infinite solace under the pressure of want—unfailing *amusement*, (if such a term may be used,) and still-increasing enlargement of thought.

In one event of his life, Mr. Westerwood had been eminently fortunate: he had married happily; and though condemned by indigence to live apart from the world, he found a perpetual source of varied interest in the society of his helpmate, who, by activity and laborious attention to household duties (for they could not afford a servant), lightened the burden of his necessities, and by wise and cheerful conversation, when they sat together in the evening, brightened the poverty of his home till it shone like a little paradise. The girls were too young to have any marked character; but they were affectionate and dutiful; their dispositions, moreover, were so happy, and they confided with such perfect unreserve in their parents, that they scarcely perceived the privations which they and their father and mother endured daily. It was a family of love, which Misfortune could not blight, nor even Poverty render callous.

It has been said, that Doctor Bruiner allowed Mr. Westerwood twenty pounds a-year for officiating as curate; but this, though the largest part, was not the whole of his income. A few slight church-fees were permitted to fall to him; and when the pluralist-rector, according to the faculty of dispensation, was obliged to deliver his thirteen annual sermons in the benefice of which Mr. Westerwood was curate, the latter was able to preach in other parishes. But altogether his receipts were inadequate to the supply of his daily wants, humble as these were.

In spite of all this, our curate was alert in his sacred calling. He was a *working* parson, consoling, as far as in him lay, his fellow-poor—the *other poor*, as he used to call them—visiting the sick, whom he comforted with holy words and hopes; healing animosities among his parishioners; giving ghostly comfort to the conscience-stricken by demonstrating the efficacy of repentance; and drawing from the gospels perpetual themes for new, eloquent, vital, and edifying sermons. Poor man! it is wonderful how he did all this, gnawn as he was by viper-cares.

Cowley says of writing poetry, "There is nothing that requires so much serenity of spirit: it must not be overwhelmed with the cares of life, or overcast with the clouds of melancholy and sorrow, or shaken and disturbed with the storms of injurious fortune: like the Halcyon, it must have fair weather to breed in." True as this is, it may, with equal if not greater truth be affirmed as an almost necessary condition of *his* mind who, in composing homilies, has to meditate deeply, in order that his words may be effectual in reclaiming the vicious, the

cruel, the selfish, and other ungodly persons from the error of their ways. Had the rector thought fit to shake even some of his superfluities into the lap of his poor curate, he would have given him the frame of mind described by Cowley. Nevertheless, though he lacked this, the good man went on zealously in his vocation. Mr. Westerwood's character resembled that which Chaucer has given to the parish priest in his Prologue to the Canterbury Tales:—

“A good man there was of religioun
That was a pourè parson of a toun;
But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
He was also a learned man, a clerk,
That Cristès gospel *trewely* wolde preche;
His parishens devoutly wolde he teche;
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversité ful patient.”

Patient, indeed, “in adversity,” was our Somersetshire curate; and his patience grew the greater the more it was exercised. He recollected the words of the apostle Peter, in his first epistle: “If when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God. For even hereunto were ye called.” Thus was our curate comforted.

One evening, when his little stock of money was exhausted—when the importunity of those who supplied him with necessities was too strong to permit any further application to them, and the morrow threatened to rise dismally—Mr. Westerwood received a letter from Doctor Bruiner, saying he might come to him the next day and receive his half-yearly payment. This was good news indeed.

“Courage, my dear!” said he to his wife. “We shall be in cash to-morrow. I shall start early in the morning, so as to return in time to make our payments on the same day. The rector is at his other living in Devonshire, only eleven miles off. Let me see; how long will it take me to walk two-and-twenty miles? Three hours there, and an hour for rest, are four; and three back, make seven. Good. Then, if I start at six in the morning, I shall be at home by noon. How much do we owe, Constance?”

“Nearly nine pounds.”

“I feared it was more: excellent! Then we shall be able to acquit ourselves of debt, renew our credit, and have a pound in store. Out of this pound we must buy shoes for the girls, so that they may appear more respectably at church. Though my half year's salary is due, I did not, I must confess, expect it so soon. Courage, my dear! After all, we shall sleep happily to-night, not dreading the morrow.”

“Never was there so grateful a heart as yours, Godfrey,” returned Mrs. Westerwood.

“Besides shoes for the girls,” pursued the curate, not noticing his wife's remark, “you, my dear Constance, shall have a new bonnet.”

“No, no,” responded she; “with a fresh riband, the old one will look smart enough. Your own raiment,” she added, gazing with tearful eyes at her husband—“your own raiment, Godfrey, is much worn, and —”

“Think not of it,” interrupted Mr. Westerwood. “You forget that the cassock hides a multitude of imperfections in a clergyman's other garments.”

"And sometimes in the clergyman himself," returned the wife. "Is it not so? Alas! all do not resemble my husband!"

"Constance!" exclaimed the curate. "This is not like you. For years, I have not heard a word of bitterness escape your lips—no, not even during our greatest trials. Why, then, do you select this moment of relief for uttering a sarcasm?"

"Because, Godfrey, when I look at your careworn face, and reflect on the struggle to which we are condemned—a struggle, not for the comforts of life, but for bare subsistence, for actual avoidance of starvation—when I think that after all your hard work—your earnest and faithful discharge of your duties—we should be left in such tribulation as to regard the receipt of your pittance, when it is due, as a moment of relief, as a cause for rejoicing, I confess I cannot suppress a feeling of anger. Far more than in this *relief*, necessary as it is for you and me and the poor girls, do I rejoice at hearing you say that till now no word of bitterness has escaped my lips; but though I have not spoken, I have thought, and thought bitterly, not only of our condition, but of him who suffers us to remain in it while he rolls in luxury."

"Be still patient, as you have hitherto been, my own Constance," said the curate. "We have placed our trust where alone a Christian can place it," added he, looking upwards. "Depend on it, all will go right at last."

"Meanwhile," rejoined she, "we have trials to undergo; the more trying, because of their sordidness. We deserve to be freed from them. 'Do unto others as you would be done by,' is a precious maxim of our Saviour. How can one of his ministers dare to disobey it? We are stung beyond endurance. Do you call Doctor Bruiner a Christian?"

Mr. Westerwood was astonished at this burst of passion from his meek wife. He took her hand, kissed it, and then said, sorrowfully, "We must remember, my dear, another admonition from the same divine source: 'Judge not, lest ye be judged.' Let us, therefore, hold fast to our Redeemer, not for the sake of treasure here or anywhere, but out of faith and humble love."

The curate's wife felt his mild rebuke; she returned the fond pressure of her husband's hand; and with a prayer on their lips, the good couple betook themselves to repose.

CHAPTER II.

INTERVIEW WITH THE RECTOR.

THE morning dawned auspiciously. A July sun arose in all its fervid grandeur on a cloudless sky. No sooner did our curate, whose window looked eastward, behold rays of gold shoot like crowds of flaming arrows above the houses, than he left his bed and prepared for his walk. "I shall be home again at noon," said he to his wife; "keep up your heart, Constance. During the night, I have been thinking it would be as well to let Doctor Bruiner know how hardly we fare. He may not be aware of it. Perhaps he will do something for us. Who knows?"

Mrs. Westerwood shook her head distrustfully, as her husband left the room.

Our curate, on his road to the rector's house, had to mount and descend several of those lofty hills which lie on the borders of Devonshire. According to the presage of dawn, the morning was cloudless and sultry; and before Mr. Westerwood had walked five miles, he felt almost burned by the sun's fierce rays, and nearly blinded by the white, glaring, and dusty road. Large weeds under the hedges hung their broad leaves flaccidly; and the lately-shorn meadows looked in their bareness as though it had been cruel to rob them of their green defence and leave them parched and cracking beneath the unrelenting solar-tyranny. In his haste to depart from home, and possess his half-year's salary, our curate had altogether forgotten breakfast, so that his thirst by this time was tormenting. Willingly would he have stopped at some of the cool-looking way-side inns to refresh himself; but, alas, he had no money! He must, therefore, toil on through the hot air, which breathed on him like a furnace, and endeavour to beguile the weary way by thinking of the happiness he should soon convey to his home. "Besides," thought he, "the rector will, doubtless, offer me both meat and drink."

Thus solacing himself, our curate stepped out amain; and in little more than three hours, came within sight of the rectory,—a pleasant house, on a wide and green lawn, dotted with low shrubs and circular patches of flowers, and shaded towards the east by a grove of beech-trees. It was with difficulty he suppressed a rising feeling of envy, on contrasting the fragrant paradise with his own narrow tenement in a close street.

Wiping his brow, and striking with his handkerchief the dust from off his shoes, in order to make the best appearance possible, he rang the gate-bell, and in a little time a powdered and liveried lackey appeared, fresh, trim, careless in face, and plump in person. *He* wouldn't have walked eleven miles under a July sun; not he. Such things might do very well for poor gentlemen, but were altogether beneath the dignity of a footman.

Our tired curate being admitted, was consigned to the hall, while the menial went to his master. Oh, how Mr. Westerwood enjoyed the grateful coolness of this porch, as he stood waiting to be summoned to Doctor Bruiner! He was glad that the rector was in no haste, as he felt the interval would restore his heated face to its natural colour.

In a short time, our curate was conducted to the library, where the pluralist, in a flowing morning-gown and slippers, sat on his cushioned sofa. Green Venetian blinds, excluding sun, but admitting air, threw a subdued and grateful light over the richly-furnished apartment. A tempting breakfast, odorous with coffee, and lacking not the substantial adjuncts of cold fowl and ham, stood before the doctor, who had no idea of mortifying the flesh. The animal part of our nature seemed to predominate in him, though the perfect whiteness of his thick hair gave him a sanctimonious, if not a reverend look. Snow-white damask, bright silver, and transparent porcelain, made a goodly show on the table. Gladly would Mr. Westerwood have been asked to sit and partake, for he was tired, and hungry, and thirsty.

"You have had a long walk this hot morning, and look rather fatigued," said the rector, "therefore I will not keep you. Let me see," he added, opening a drawer, which, as he drew it forth, made a rattling sound of coin, "I have to pay you ten pounds. Well, then,

here are nine guineas, half a guinea, and sixpence, making the amount. Just sign my memorandum-book, and then, you know, you need not wait longer. You must be anxious to get back to your family."

Mr. Westerwood took the money, and signed the acquittance, when, mustering up a little courage, he thus fulfilled the purpose of which he had apprised his wife.

"Will you permit me, Doctor Bruiner, to say a few words before I go?"

"Of course,—certainly. What are they?"

"Why, sir," rejoined the curate, "it gives me much pain to say that I find my income inadequate to my wants. My half-yearly payments are always anticipated by debt, from the contraction of which I cannot disenthral myself. I know you will forgive me for thinking, that if I should mention this to you, you would make some little addition to my means, rather than see me thus perplexed."

Doctor Bruiner's countenance suddenly became grave—a symptom which threw his poor curate quite aback.

"Debt!" exclaimed he, with a strong emphasis—"debt!—nothing can be worse than running in debt. You should avoid it in future. Much mischief accrues from it—much unseemly humiliation—especially to men of our cloth."

"But I cannot avoid it," returned Mr. Westerwood, sorrowfully. "My wife and children," added he, with a strong effort to maintain the steadiness of his voice, and prevent it from becoming hysterical—"my wife and children would starve."

"You should eke out your income, Mr. Westerwood, by keeping a school," pithily observed the pluralist.

"I have thought of that, sir," returned our curate; "but you know my house is too small and too mean to receive pupils, and I have no funds to get a better and furnish it adequately."

"That is a pity," remarked Doctor Bruiner. "How much are you in debt?"

"About nine pounds."

"Indeed! almost all you are now receiving. How, then, do you mean to get on?"

"By satisfying the claims against me," returned the curate, "and thus obtaining fresh credit."

"Very bad indeed!" exclaimed Doctor Bruiner, looking (so Mr. Westerwood thought) with an aspect of commiseration at him.

"Why, you are only lengthening the links of your chain. You speak, my good sir, of your wife and children. How many children have you? It is not mere curiosity that prompts my inquiry."

This was striking a tender chord, and it was stricken with an appearance of tenderness. The curate's heart heaved and palpitated and swelled under the idea that his hard case was recognised, and that relief would soon be announced. Long-endured sorrow and coming joy were too much for him; his manhood gave way, and tears rolled down his cheeks as he replied,

"I have three daughters, sir—three helpless girls."

"Well," returned the rector, "we cannot call that a *large* family. I myself have one more child than you."

This was a discouraging remark. Mr. Westerwood did not exactly see its pertinence; he could not perceive what affinity existed

between the rector and his four children, waited on by obsequious servants, living in a handsome house surrounded by gardens, and amused every now and then by change of scene and pleasant diversions,—and himself, wife, and three ill-clad girls, cooped up in a dwelling little better than a hovel, and condemned to toil and never-varying gloom, and the pain of straitened means. Nevertheless, he did not lose all hope. So he stood patiently waiting for what was to come.

“Then, Mr. Westerwood, it appears,” resumed the rector, “that, after your debts are paid, you will have only one pound in ready money for the next half-year, except what you may earn by preaching elsewhere than in my parish.”

“No more, sir,” replied our curate, again receiving the doctor’s words as a favourable omen.

“But,” said Doctor Bruiner, “I understand your sermons are very popular. You must therefore be industrious, and get money.”

“Industrious!” echoed Mr. Westerwood, as a pardonable consciousness of his own exertions arose within him, “all the town where I officiate knows me for a hard-working man. I hardly ever preach the same sermon twice, and I believe that the sick or the troubled in mind do not call in vain on me for ghostly consolation. Forgive me for talking thus. I spoke unawares. To boast does not become a Christian minister; let me say rather that I *strive* to fulfil the duties of my calling.”

“No doubt, no doubt,” replied the doctor; “and I trust you will be rewarded, if not here, at least in heaven.”

“I seek not *reward* in the common acceptation of the word. My faith teaches me differently,” replied Mr. Westerwood. “I want, nevertheless, the common means of life, which, alas, at present I scarcely possess!”

“I am precisely of your opinion,” rejoined the pluralist. “But it is as necessary for me to *preserve* the means of life, as for you to *procure* them. I humbly thank Heaven that it has given me a heart capable of sympathizing deeply with all my fellow-creatures. I wish to do good to you and to every one; but I must take care of myself. You have children dependent on you; so have I. I repeat that I must take care of myself. Far be it from me, Mr. Westerwood, to put you to the least inconvenience; but, now I think of it, let me tell you that a gentleman has offered to fill the cure you now serve for fifteen pounds a year—one fourth less than I pay you.”

“He would starve!” exclaimed the curate.

“No,” pursued Doctor Bruiner. “He is a single man, and has a school which he would transfer to the town.”

“And do you intend to take him?” gasped our curate, bewildered at the unexpected turn the conversation had taken.

“Why, not just at present. I mean to act kindly by you, Mr. Westerwood; therefore you will not be displaced for the next half year. But even when you shall no longer be my curate, you may rely on my doing anything in my power to serve you. Be assured, that to Doctor Bruiner” (he liked sometimes to magnify himself by speaking in the third person) “it will always be a source of gratification to hear of your welfare.”

So saying, Doctor Bruiner rose and rang the bell. The poor, almost heart-broken curate took this hint, and, without uttering a syllable,

bowed and left the apartment wherein he had neither taken refreshment nor even sat down. The sleek and pampered footman conducted him along a corridor, through the hall, and across the well-kept and fragrant garden, when he again found himself in the burning road. How should he break such gloomy news to his wife? As he thought of what had passed between him and Doctor Bruiner—of the callous selfishness of which he had been the victim—the wanton raising of his hopes, only that they might be more signally crushed—the cruel and gratuitous inquisition into his affairs—the cold-blooded affectation of sympathy, united with real tyranny gloating on distress—(a cat-like pretence of dalliance ending in laceration)—when he thought of all this, the spirit of Adam was strong within him. But as he reflected on the meekness of Him who bore all wrongs, even the cross, without repining, our curate's resentment was stilled, and he was calm.

What ensued, on his return to his wife and children shall be told in the next chapter.

ANOTHER LEAF FROM MY THEATRICAL RECOLLECTIONS.

BY DRINKWATER MEADOWS.

THEATRICAL salaries are usually paid on Saturday mornings; but we, Stratford-upon-Avon actors, were informed, on the arrival of our first pay-day, that "the ghost would not walk"* until the evening; and, during the performance, Mrs. Manager desired me to call upon her for my salary, the following morning, "after church," as she should pay me herself then, presuming, as she said, it could make no difference to me, and that I should be able to "carry on the war" until that time.

I did not fail to fulfil my engagement; and at the time specified I hastened to the residence of my governess, which was within a few doors of the house where "Sweet Willy Shakspeare" was born. As I approached the residence of my treasurers, I saw her looking out of the parlour window, and, on my reaching it, she held forth her hand, and placed in mine—not twenty-one shillings, but *three—only three!*

I ventured to say, "This is not my salary, ma'am."

"There needs no ghost come from the grave to tell us that, young gentleman," she replied. "I am well aware of it, for your letter of engagement, or rather a copy of it, is now before me, for I am very methodical in my affairs; but Mr. —, the prompter, stands indebted to me the sum of two shillings and sixpence; as thus, sir—I gave him a sovereign this morning, his salary is seventeen and sixpence per week, he could not give me change, therefore is my debtor. You must wait upon him for the balance due to me; keep it—you will then have received from me five shillings and sixpence; return hither after your dinner, and more money shall be yours. Adieu."

I lost no time, but was prompt in calling upon the prompter for the said two and sixpence, preferring "eating my mutton cold," to losing "the means whereby I (was to) live." He paid me the enormous sum, quoting the words of *Charles Surface*—"somebody else may call who has a better right to it."

* A very old theatrical term for the paying of salaries.

My dinner over, I repeated my visit to my instalment salary-payer, and received from her five shillings more, with a further command to call upon her in the evening at eight o'clock, when the balance due should be paid in full.

All this appeared very odd to me, especially as the lady could not be receiving money on a Sunday, and I was greatly puzzled to find a reason for my being paid thus by dribblets; however, as the town clock struck eight I knocked at her door—"the third time of asking," and was desired by the servant to wait. After a short delay she returned, and handed me four shillings, with "Missess's compliments, and she'll give you the rest of your money to-morrow, at the *The-a-ter*;" and, sure enough, I did then and there receive it.

I inquired of one of the actors, how it was I had *thus* received my salary?

"I cannot tell," said he; "she is a very strange lady, as you will find; but be thankful you have received it anyhow. Be happy, and study hard whilst you have money in your purse; for when that shall become empty, you will find it as difficult, my young gentleman, to get words into your head as food into your stomach. We shall have good business, I dare say; but our sovereign lady left so many bills unpaid here last season, which must be paid now, or we can't go on, that I fear we shall not often receive full salaries. But don't despair; eat lightly, drink water, and sit in an old coat in the house, 'my constant custom in the afternoon.' I have an old acquaintance here with whom I dine nearly every day; on my first coming, he requested I would do so, as he was satisfied a single man could never dine comfortably in a lodging, therefore there would always be a knife and fork for me, and he hoped I would use it as often as I possibly could. And so I do—four days out of the seven, at least. Why, how you stare! *I do it upon principle*: if he really meant it, of course he must be delighted to see me; and, *if he did not*, it is a just punishment for his hypocrisy."

"That is capital," I ventured to say.

"Capital, indeed. If you ever have such a chance, don't throw it away."

During our stay in Stratford, an actor in want of an engagement "crossed the company," as travelling from one company to another in search of a situation is called; his name, I think, was Dendale, and as our company was thin, (short of numbers,) he was instantly engaged, to make himself "generally useful"—that is, to do anything and everything. He had very recently left a "sharing scheme," a sort of bubble, where "share and share alike" was the order of the day—the manager receiving one share for his management, one for his acting, and one for his scenery, books, and wardrobe; one also for his wife, if she were an actress.

In the "palmy days of the drama" sharing schemes flourished, so much at times, as to give eighteen, nineteen, twenty, and occasionally, twenty-five shillings per week to each individual; but the joint-stock company from which our new comrade came had not, he told us, yielded more than four, five, or six shillings per week, although the company was very thin, (not numerous.)

"I heard," said he, "that you were very shy here as to numbers, so I thought I would walk my body over to you, although 'the rumour

had reached me,' that the ghost did not walk regularly with you every week.* I can make myself useful in any company, and play anything and everything—the first or second lights,† the heavies,‡ the eccentrics,§ or the low comedy bits—the testy old men or country boys; am up to any dialect, can play Irishmen, Scotchmen, Welshmen, sailors, Germans and Jews—Harlequin, Clown, or Pantaloon—can sing comic songs, and dance anything, from a minuet to a clog-hornpipe. I went on|| for everything at Sutton, and stood my ground in the juveniles and sailors at Wedgbury—made a great hit in *Daran*, in 'The Exile,' and astonished the natives in *Chimpanzee*—played them both in the stock-business,¶ and took them for my Ben.** afterwards; cleared by it two pounds three and sixpence—the manager only beat me on his night seven and sixpence, though he stuck at the bottom of the bills that all demands upon him would be discharged the following day—not a bad gag†† that, my boys, leave the Manager alone!"

This gentleman was an exceedingly merry, careless, funny fellow; his age somewhere about forty-five, height middling, very short legs, pot-bellied, small, piercing dark eyes, and jet black hair, long and flexible. On first presenting himself before the company at rehearsal, immediately after his arrival in Stratford, he was dressed in a rusty black coat, exceedingly long in the skirts, somewhat white in the seams, high in the collar, and here and there void of a button—several of those which remained were casting their coats, the moulds peeping forth like half-hatched chickens from their shells—a waistcoat of doubtful colour and material—it was either a very dirty white, or a very pale yellow—buttoned as high up on the breast as the make would permit; thence to his throat pins sufficed to hide, effectually, his linen; his neck was adorned with a faded, red cotton 'kerchief; he wore no shirt collar, at least not in sight; nankeen trowsers, which, from repeated (not recent) washing, had evidently lost their colour, graced his lower extremities—they were made very wide, long and loose, (Cossack trowsers were the rage then;) black worsted hose, strong shoes, tied with black worsted binding, and a rusty, narrow-brimmed hat completed his costume.

The evening after his arrival I required a pair of black "unmentionables" for the character I was to perform, and on requesting our "mistress of the wardrobe" to let me have the said, the only pair we possessed of that colour, she wished I would wear something else, "it would so accommodate," she said.

"Why should I?"

"Well, sir, I think anything else would look better; you can have the yellow plushes, if you please."

"They wont do," said I. "Who ever saw *Lawyer Endless*, or any lawyer, in yellow plushes?"

"Well, sir, I am very sorry to say, you *can't* have our blacks; and there's an end of it."

"But why can't I have them, I should like to know?"

"You will promise not to mention it, if I tell you?"

"Certainly."

* Salaries not paid.

† The light or genteel comedy.

‡ Pizarro, the King in Hamlet, &c.

§ Dr. Pangloss, Ollapod, &c.

|| Acted.

¶ The nights not appropriated for benefits.

** Benefit.

†† Puff.

"Well, then, I have lent them to the new gentleman—he as was engaged yesterday—to wear, poor man, till he gets his own nankeens washed and mended!"

We acted only one of Shakspeare's plays during our season in Stratford, "The Merchant of Venice;" for Shakspeare, the inhabitants said, was a drug there, and no wonder, for I found every strolling company, on obtaining permission to act in the town, invariably announced something "from the text of Shakspeare"—*from* indeed! and that, too, without any reference to the number of characters, or the persons required to sustain them. If a representative was wanted for such or such a part, "cut it out," or "double it" with so and so, was the order of the day.

A party of two or three had, occasionally, on passing through Stratford, halted there, and announced (frequently in written bills) "celebrated scenes from Shakspeare,"—"no reckoning made" as to the *how* they could be executed, "but sent with all their (the actors') imperfections on their head."

The following is a copy of a bill shewn to me in Stratford:—

"Mr. and Mrs. —, accompanied by Mr. —, from the Theatre Royal Glasgow, on their way to the metropolis, will, by permission of the Right Worshipful the Mayor, and by particular desire, deliver an entertainment calculated to amuse and enlighten the most fastidious, selected with the greatest care and attention from the works of the Immortal William Shakspeare, the *Swan of Avon*, and NATIVE OF THIS TOWN. The evening's entertainment will commence with *Hamlet's* celebrated Soliloquy upon Death—"To be, or not to be," which will lead to 'Collins' Ode on the Passions.' *Iago's* comments upon Jealousy—"Oh, my lord, beware of jealousy." The angry quarrel between *Brutus* and *Cassius*, from the historical play of 'Julius Cæsar.' The terrific curse of *King Lear*. *Mercutio's* unparalleled description of Dreams—"Oh, then I see Queen Mab hath been with you." *Portia's* sublime definition of Mercy—"The quality of mercy is not strained." The celebrated scene between *Macbeth* and *Lady Macbeth*, in the exact costume of that day, commencing with—"Is this a dagger which I see before me?" Two scenes from the comedy of 'As You Like It,' by Mr. and Mrs. —, in the characters of *Rosalind* and *Orlando*; *Touchstone* by Mr. —. Between the first and second parts Mr. — will sing Grimaldi's most laughable song of 'Tippity-witchit.' Front seats, one shilling; back ditto, sixpence. Ladies' cloaks, shawls, and bonnets, taken care of. Private families and schools attended at an hour's notice, and on reasonable terms. An excellent assortment of plays and farces lent to read at one penny each."

Such announcements and exhibitions sufficiently accounted for the "beggary account of empty boxes" whenever a play of Shakspeare's was acted; and, assuredly, the receipts were considerably less on the occasion of our acting "The Merchant of Venice" than on any other.

My benefit produced me a clear profit of six pounds some odd shillings—a mine of wealth—a never-to-be-exhausted treasure, as I then fancied, especially as our salaries were very regularly paid, the business being "good—very good!" We were pronounced to be

"the best set as ever acted in Stratford." I have no doubt that the goodness of our houses, the regularity with which we were paid, and the applause bestowed upon us, worked a wondrous change in all.

The effects of our treasury regularly answering all demands were soon visible in our "new comer," as we always called Mr. Dendale. His rusty black coat was renovated—his waistcoat, of doubtful colour, regenerated—the nankeens returned to him reduced in size, and of a decided reddish yellow, the effects of the laundress' dying and mending—his black hose gave way to unbleached cottons—his shoes were tied with ferret, and a figured cotton cravat adorned his neck—he was a new man!

"A burnt child dreads the fire;" and I was so fearful of our stopping payment some day, and being compelled to change my fifer, (five-pound note,) as to determine me to live very frugally, and upon humble fare. I lodged in the same house with a brother actor; we boarded together, each paying an equal share; our weekly expenses were soon settled—our housekeeping not requiring any great book-keeping.

My brother lodger and self became very fond of fishing—our company's propensity—and we indulged in the piscatorial exercise whenever an opportunity offered, often supplying our table at a cheap rate. We could fish and study, study and fish. I made myself perfect in *Bob Acres* whilst fishing in the Avon, and committed the words to my memory as I committed the fish to my basket.

It was perfectly immaterial to us what we caught—trout, roach, or gudgeon—all was fish that came to our net, and considered excellent when placed on our table; but, alas! there were times when the scaly inhabitants of the Avon could not be induced to patronise our lines of performance, or swallow the bait thrown out for them, and so enable us to save our bacon—they too often floated before us in impudent mockery—passed by us in sportive play, with, as I fancied, a malicious smile in all their faces, a sort of "don't you wish you may get it?" or "a hooky" expression in all their eyes, wagging their precious tails in idle waggery; the water was, at times, too transparent, and so, to the finny tribe, were our intentions. We often laboured in vain to tickle them into compliance and a dryer situation; and frequently we might have whistled for a dinner, with quite as much success as we fished for it.

Mr. and Mrs. Bartley were announced to act with us for "one night only," on their way from Birmingham. The pieces selected were "Isabella" and the "Irishman in London." Mrs. Bartley acted *Isabella*; Mr. Bartley, *Biron* and *Edward*. All the seats in the boxes were let, and two rows taken in from the pit in addition; the front seats in our barn theatre being the boxes, the middle seats the pit, and the back the gallery—three shillings, two, and one.

The female portion of our company consisted of only four ladies—viz., the manageress; a young lady, very juvenile in appearance; a somewhat older lady, engaged to act "principal characters only"—a sort of double for our mistress; and an elderly person for the old women, who was to act the *Nurse*, in "Isabella;" but, to our consternation, she died very suddenly the day before, and how to supply her place at the moment we knew not.

Our juvenile lady's acting the *Nurse* was quite out of the question; and our principal lady, upon principle, refused to do it, though solicited.

"If," said she, to the acting-manager, somewhat pompously, "I once go out of my line, I shall be continually required to do some such preposterous thing or other. No, sir; let the great lady, our manageress, do it herself; she's a good figure for the part, is thirty years older than I am, and therefore much fitter for it. I must preserve my consequence in the theatre, sir. If the play were to be acted without a star, *I* should be the *Isabella*, of course, unless Mrs. Heavysides, as I call her, should choose to expose herself in it; (and there would be a riot in the house, if she did; for I am too great a favourite here to be trifled with, sir.) Let her play the *Nurse* herself, for *positively I shall not*. 'Good name, in man and woman, is the immediate jewel of their souls, sir!' And for *me* to sink down to the fat old woman, at *my* time of life, and in *my* position, would be to cut the throat of my professional reputation. 'Who steals my purse, steals trash;' but I'll take care and not be robbed of good parts, and then thrust into bad ones, sir! 'I know my price.' My kind regards to the manageress, sir, hoping, if she undertake the *Nurse*, she may make a decided hit in it, and take to that line of business. Adieu, you have our answer."

The manageress was thus compelled to become *Isabella's Nurse*, to our no small amusement, "for that night only," as the bills stated; and certainly not a "dry nurse," as the sequel will shew.

Mr. and Mrs. Bartley did not arrive in time for a rehearsal, therefore they were not acquainted with our stage arrangements, and must have been very greatly astonished when they beheld them.

The house was crammed; the play went off really very well, until the last scene, in which *Isabella* is torn from the dead body of *Biron*, and dragged by the servants from the stage.

Our numbers being few, and the management not in good odour with the *corps*, there was considerable difficulty as to who should, could, or *would* assist in removing *Isabella*. "I *can't* do it," said one. "I *won't* do it," said another. "If *Isabella* be not carried off, till I do it," said a third, "she will remain till I have my salary doubled, or my Tamworth arrears be paid; and I don't see much chance of either."

It was at length arranged that the manageress herself, as the *Nurse*, assisted by the "gent" who was to play *Count Baldwin*—a short, thin old man, with an affection of the lungs, accompanied by a wearying, wearing cough—should "bear the body off."

The time for removing *Isabella* arrived, but, alas! *Count Baldwin's* cough seized him at the moment, so that he could not move; and the *Nurse*, having, it was charitably suggested, had an attack of an old complaint, during the evening, had taken an over-dose of *eau-de-vie*, a sovereign remedy with her; in consequence of which, when she knelt down to assist in raising *Isabella* from the ground, she found herself incapable of so much exertion, and fell prostrate by her side.

"Oh, my countrymen, what a fall was there."

"Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down?"

Count Baldwin coughed, but could not assist the *Nurse*; the *Nurse* lay prostrate, and could not assist *Isabella* or herself; neither could *Isabella* bear herself off. Here was a scene!—all, as *Puff* says, were "at a dead lock;" and must have remained so, had not our scene-

shifter, seeing things in such a desperate plight, rushed on the stage, in his shirt-sleeves, and carried the heroine off, "by force of arms."

We styled the person who acted the serious old men, "Old Quotem," his conversation being generally interlarded with quotations, which were frequently most oddly applied. Quoting was so much a habit with him, that to speak entirely from himself appeared impossible. "Custom had made it in him a property of easiness," and to divest himself of it, would have proved a task of exceeding labour.

On my first seeing him, his salutation was—

" 'The grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round.' "

"I am glad to see you well."

" 'We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.' † But still, 'Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop, not to out-sport discretion.' ‡ I like my glass of ale, sir, for, as *Squire Richard* says, 'It never hurts me, and I sleep like a hound after it:'

'But in my youth, I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors to my blood;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.' §

'I have fed purely upon ale, and I always sleep upon ale.' ||

Old Quotem was a good-natured fellow, but had a very great objection to lending any of his stage properties—that is, wigs, buckles, feathers, &c.—his invariable answer to any "Will you lend me so-and so?" was—

" 'Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.' " ¶

To an imperfect actor, who was what he termed "shy of the syls," (imperfect in the text,) and boasted of his having scarcely read his part, and yet got through it without being hissed, he said—"Ay, sir, 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.'** But you distressed me sadly by your being so imperfect; you cut me out of several of my best jokes; and,

'He that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.' " ††

Our season at Stratford-upon-Avon terminated very favourably for all, and we repaired to Warwick, for the race week, where "most disastrous chances," and "moving accidents" awaited us. Our shifts there were *very* strange, and numerous; we clearly proved that "one man in his time plays many parts," Mr. Dendale, the gent with *the* nankeens, on the first night shewing his *extraordinary* convertibility, utility, and humility. Our band was a most singular one, in Stratford, (a fife and tamborine,) as I have already stated; but our orchestral arrangement in Warwick was still more strange, nor could I have believed it, "without the sensible and true avouch of mine own eyes."

* Othello.

|| Beaux Stratagem.

† Hamlet.

¶ Hamlet.

‡ Othello.

** Sterne.

§ As You Like It.

†† Othello.

LEVER'S "TOM BURKE OF OURS."

THAT this recent addition to a successful series of works is written upon the plan and principle of its predecessors has doubtless been sufficient to secure it immediate popularity, and possibly that favour would have been risked, or at least lessened, if for the expected variety of brilliant, stormy, and exciting scenes, continually shifting, a regularly constructed story, and a plot elaborated and laid down with military exactness, like a plan of battle, had been substituted. Who is to expect an author to employ the ingenious agencies of the most careful and deeply studied art, when it is precisely by the want of them that he works his charm! Mr. Lever produces his effects, not by one grand and startling conception steadily pursued and worked out, but by the number and impressiveness of a series of pictures, each of which is the story itself while it lasts, and must kindle its own emotions of laughter or fear, pity or horror, or it fails. What such works want of laboriously wrought out effect as a whole, in the long-deferred catastrophe, they clearly gain in the animation and force which characterize all their component parts, and make each chapter in succession a romance in itself. The reader, at the end, feels that he has, "supped full" of terror, pathos, whimsicality, or life-like adventure, as the case may happen, and has read a narrative the course of which required no long, tedious detail, or dry explanatory interlocations, to elucidate character by character and connect scene with scene. Though the strain upon him has been long maintained, and his curiosity has been kept protractedly upon the stretch, yet he is nevertheless thankful for having escaped the dulness which the circumstantial and steady-going narrator often finds it impossible to avoid.

But although Mr. Lever has not yet thought it expedient to take up his position on the field of literature with a display of great generalship in his plans and arrangements, and although the present, like his other works, does not evince any forethought with regard to his design, or any constructive power beyond the simplest order of arrangement, yet it is not to be inferred that some necessary art is wanting, or that there is not a needful sense of method and order in the management, not of the story, but of the chief character, which keeps alive its interest. On the contrary, there is in Tom Burke a manifestation of considerable art in this respect, under circumstances which commonly imply the absence of it.

Tom "of ours" is truly Irish, yet he seems a kind of Frenchman. He is a patriot of '98 engaged on the French stage; an ardent lover of liberty, yet smitten to desperation with the heroism of Buonaparte, and fighting for the military despotism which it establishes; a youth who always thinks rightly, and generally acts wrongly; who is, under all circumstances, true to his trust, and half his time on the very verge of betraying it; who is to the inmost core faithful to friend and master, and yet is continually found in the company of their enemies, and is often compromised; who is all honour and patriotism, yet contrives to get mixed up with secret plotters and blood-shedders in Ireland, and with the infuriate and remorseless Chouans in France; who never

harboured a dishonourable thought, or committed a disgraceful deed, and yet is tried for treason in one country and felony in another.

Is this enough to imply the thoroughly Irish temper and condition of our poor, perplexed, entangled hero? There is more behind. "Burke of Ours" has a father who loves him, but disowns and beggars him; a brother who never sees, but delights to ruin him; guardians, after a fashion, who are his deadly foes; a country he is anxious to die for, that thirsts for his life as her enemy while yet a boy; a country by adoption, from which he is glad to escape with all of the gallant and honourable blood he has not shed in her defence. He has enemies ever on his track; friends who are continually conducting him into traps and pitfalls; companions who invite him to a duel once a day; and lastly, a mistress whom he passionately adores, but who, maiden as she is, and loving him with equal purity and excess, bears, by the obligation of the marriage ceremony, the name of another, and is indeed the wife of his benefactor!

Here, at least, should be enough to stimulate curiosity. But all these contradictions are accounted for and reconciled with no common art, and every inconsistency is regulated upon a plan that renders it a fitting and well-adjusted portion of the character or the position. In fact, Tom Burke is entirely natural, but strictly Irish; in habits, disposition, and fortunes, he is gloriously Irish.

The author's principal object in this work is the portrayal of the general features of military life in France, during a period unquestionably most favourable to its display, and destined to be ever famous, beyond all modern precedent, in the annals of the world. The time was, we need not say, the time of the Consul and the Emperor. The events and characters, or what is more vaguely called the "lights and shadows," of that extraordinary period, were chosen as a subject which might be treated with little aid from fiction. The subject, too, had been long meditated upon, but it appears that distrust and difficulties arose in the course of it, and the original plan was departed from. Mr. Lever says at the close, what is more to be regretted, that these, "combined with failing health, rendered what might have been a matter of interest and amusement to the writer, a tale of labour and anxiety." The announcement is not to be read without sympathy and concern; but as regards the narrative itself, we venture to say, that such a declaration could nowhere be anticipated. The power of the work is especially strong and vivid in several of the closing scenes, and the admirable expositions in an Irish court of justice, with its superb touches of character and humour, are no whit inferior to those graphic scenes in which Irish barbarism and refinement, Irish cunning and fidelity, above all, Irish poverty, oppression, and love of country, are so splendidly portrayed in the opening of the story.

The scene between these two Irish points, and throughout the whole body of the narrative, lies in France, under the very eye of Napoleon, who is constantly on the scene. His shadow is over it, like a spell. The image introduced does not violate our conceptions of truth, or disappoint expectation. It is no disjointed or inflated impersonation of glory; but a delineation real enough, and coloured only up to the character of the scene it moves through. It is neither theatrical, nor abstract and idealized; neither merely formal, nor highly fantastic. Mr. Lever writes with enthusiasm; if he had written otherwise, he must have written most flatly; but his estimate of the great military

genius, of the mighty capacity that controlled men, and the power of character that shed its influences over all, seldom outstrips bare justice, and he carefully discriminates between the hero and the despot—the gigantic deeds and their desolating consequences.

Equal success marks the hasty but graphic sketches of the marshals, the statesmen, and the agents, courtly and military, surrounding the grand figure. Still greater ability is shewn in the portraiture of the chiefs of the Bourbon party, and in the narrative of the struggle, capture, and imprisonment of the desperate Chouans and their terrible leader. Amongst the characters most ably drawn, or exhibited in a light the most picturesque, is the loyalist Beauvais; but still more masterly is the sketch of the wily and accomplished Chevalier Duchesne.

The character of this subtle person, his spirit of intrigue, his unsated desire for revenge when once injured, the scoffing principle of his nature, the tendency of his powerful mind to depreciate what all around him loved or respected, to strip life of every beautiful illusion, and reduce the noble to the utterly selfish, is very nicely conceived; and in the execution of the conception, exhibiting the evil influences with which he mysteriously works out his ends, a high power, both of the dramatic in art, and the moral in purpose, is quietly but strikingly displayed.

There is another set of characters, drawn, as may be supposed, with an intimate knowledge of all the general features of active military life, and with a keen insight into the peculiarities of the situations in which they are represented. These are the soldiers, whether in bivouac, or the charge, in the mad laughing revel, in the hopeless march, or in the ghastly litter borne along to exulting cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" Chief amongst these is a character, old Pioche, who will ever be famous among corporals—a rank in the army which literature has rather delighted to honour. In connexion with his touching story, will be remembered the fate and character of one of the feminine powers of the work—the charming, the irresistible Vivandiere, thus known only by her military designation—the good angel of the army, and at once the most soft and daring, the boldest and most delicate, of her sex. Out of the exaggeration and melo-dramatic adventure which surround her, still rises an image, true to nature, and exquisitely womanly; and of the other female characters of the story, all that it is necessary to say is, that they are drawn with purity of taste, and power of painting, and that an influence is thus skilfully derived, which materially softens the savage and revolting associations of the narrative.

Yet another class of characters there is, in which great fidelity and power may be discerned; and these are more entirely of the Irish order. The characteristic sketches are numerous; but they all fade before Captain Bubbleton, who is a farce-hero of the first water, and must have astonished Lord Castlereagh. But he is, after all, a common-place, when measured with Darby M'Keown—the lying, daring, villanous, unconscionable, yet most conscientious, brave, faithful, honest, Ireland-loving piper! He is a creature to know, and in many of the finest qualities that lift man out of his native grossness, often in spite of himself, into almost angelic endeavours for his kind, ranks with Pioche and the Vivandiere.

Of the hero himself, the gallant and agreeable "Tom Burke of

Ours," the protégé of Josephine, (whose figure glides with grace and dignity through the Court scenes of the story,) and the favoured of Napoleon whom he idolized, it is fair to say, that his chequered course carries everywhere its moral with it. The voluntary soldier of Buonaparte, he had never borne arms against England; but signalized his devotion to his adopted chief, by rejoining him in the decline of his fortunes. He seals that devotion at Fontainebleau, and is rewarded with the hand he had ever sought—a maiden hand, though a widowed one; the virgin wife of his venerated general, who, by a stroke of Buonaparte-policy, had entered into a contract of marriage, that Josephine's maid-of-honour might be reserved, through every peril, for such a destiny. Thus, "Burke of Ours," it may be seen, obtained his wife, at last, in a rather Irish way.

Tom Burke merited more than half his misery, by his blindness to error, until entangled in it; by his foolish idea of combining two allegiances, or supposing that he could possibly have more than one at a time; and by his youthful and fatal mistake of confounding a dream of military glory with the golden visions of enlightenment and liberty.

The animated and brilliant narrative of party struggle and intrigue, as well as of the most exciting military contention, which form the larger portion of these volumes; the pictures of social strife; the powerful sketches of battle-adventure; would alone fix the eager attention of every intelligent reader, even if the story wanted the charm of fictitious interest, and the happiest combinations of natural character.

SONNET FROM CAMOENS.*

BY THOMAS ROSCOE.

THE quiet beauty of this verdant hill;—
 The shadow of these green-embowering trees—
 The gentle sweep of sunlit shores, whose breeze
 All sorrow banishes;—the evening still;
 The murmurs of the sea,—the wild bird's thrill
 Of vesper song;—day's dying glory please.
 The folding herds—the hum of home-wing'd bees—
 The golden fleecy clouds that paint each rill:—
 Yes! all that wondrous nature from her breast
 With lavish love—and varied bounty throws—
 Flowers, meads, and woods—earth—heaven in beauty drest—
 If thee I see not, yield me no repose—
 Absent, in vain by every charm carest—
 I meet fresh dawn, or loveliest evening's close.

* In one of the late Mr. Beckford's letters from Lisbon, (November 8th, 1787.) in which he recounts a conversation which he had with a young Portuguese poet, named Manuel Maria, there occurs the following interesting passage relating to the works of the great Camoens. "Perceiving how much I was attracted towards him, he said to me, 'I did not expect an Englishman would have condescended to pay a young obscure modern versifier any attention. You think we have no bard but Camoens, and that Camoens has written nothing worth notice but the *Lusiad*. Here is a sonnet worth half the *Lusiad*. . . . Not an image of rural beauty has escaped our divine poet; and how feelingly are they applied from the landscape to the heart! What a fascinating languor, like the last beams of an evening sun, is thrown over the whole composition! If I am anything, this sonnet has made me what I am.'"—*Beckford's Italy, &c.*, pp. 11, 205, 206.

Saint James's:
OR
THE COURT OF QUEEN ANNE.

BY THE EDITOR.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

WHEREIN HARLEY ATTAINS THE HIGHEST POINT OF HIS AMBITION; AND THE
MARQUIS DE GUISCARD IS DISPOSED OF.

SHORTLY afterwards, Mr. Bussière, an eminent surgeon, residing near Saint James's Park, arrived, and while examining the extent of injury sustained by the sufferer, the penknife-blade fell from the waistcoat into his hand. Seeing this, Harley took it from him, observing, with a smile, that it belonged to him, and requesting that the handle of the knife might be preserved. He then demanded of the surgeon, whether his hurts were likely to prove mortal? "If you think so," he said, "do not hide your fears from me. I profess no idle disregard of death, but there are some family affairs which it is necessary I should arrange before I am driven to extremity."

"I am not apprehensive of any serious consequences, sir," replied Bussière; "but as a slight fever will probably ensue, it may be well not to allow anything to disturb your mind. If you have any arrangements, therefore, to make, I would recommend you not to postpone them."

"I understand you, sir," returned Harley, "and will not neglect the caution."

His wounds were then probed and dressed. He bore the operation, which was necessarily painful with great fortitude, not once uttering a groan, and jestingly remarking, as the incision was enlarged, that the surgeon's knife was sharper than Guiscard's. The dressing completed, Bussière declared that there was not the least danger, and that he would be answerable for his patient's speedy and perfect cure—an announcement which was heard with the liveliest satisfaction by every one present except the assassin, who, as he lay bound in a corner, gave vent to his disappointment in a deep execration. This drew Harley's attention to him, and he begged Bussière to examine his wounds.

"Better let me die," cried Guiscard; "for if I recover I will make such revelations as shall for ever blast your credit."

"Ungrateful dog!" exclaimed Saint-John; "actuated, as you

evidently are, by vindictive motives, any statement you may make will be disregarded."

"You yourself are equally guilty with Harley, Saint-John," rejoined Guiscard. "I denounce you both as traitors to your country and your queen, and I desire to have my words written down, that I may subscribe them before I die."

"It is useless," cried the Duke of Ormond. "No one will believe the accusation of an assassin."

"You are all in league together," cried Guiscard. "If you will not listen to me, let a priest be sent for. I will make my confession to him."

"Better let the villain speak," remarked the Earl of Rochester, who, it may be remembered, was Harley's opponent, "or it may be said hereafter that his charges were stifled."

"I perfectly agree with you, my lord," said Harley. "Let one of the secretaries take down his declaration."

"Do not trouble yourself further," interposed Bussière. "Any excitement will retard your recovery, and may possibly endanger your safety."

"Be advised, Harley," urged Saint-John.

"No," replied the other; "I will stay to hear him. I am well enough now. Say on, prisoner. What have you to allege against me?"

Guiscard made no reply.

"Why do you not speak, villain?" demanded the Earl of Rochester.

"He cannot, my lord," replied Bussière; "he has fainted. Some time must elapse before he can be brought round, and then I doubt whether he will be able to talk coherently."

"If such is your opinion, sir, it is useless to remain here longer," rejoined Harley. "Saint-John, will you acquaint her majesty with the attempt made upon my life, and assure her, that, so far from repining at the mischance, I rejoice in the opportunity it affords me of testifying my fidelity? Had I not been true to the queen, her enemies would not assail me thus."

"I will faithfully deliver your message," replied Saint-John; "and I am sure the queen will be as sensible of your devotion as we are of your courage."

With this, Harley, assisted by Bussière and the Duke of Ormond, entered the sedan chair which had been brought into the room, and was conveyed in it to his own residence.

Bussière next turned his attention to the prisoner, and after dressing his wounds, which were numerous and severe, a litter was brought, in which he was transported to Newgate, under the care of two messengers, who had orders to watch him narrowly, lest he should attempt his life.

In compliance with Harley's request, Saint-John hastened to the queen to inform her of the disastrous occurrence. She was much shocked by the intelligence, as well as touched by Harley's

message, and expressed the most earnest hopes for his recovery, that she might have opportunity of proving her sense of his devotion. Next day, addresses were made by both houses of parliament, expressive of their concern at the "barbarous and villanous attempt" made upon Mr. Harley's person, and beseeching her majesty to give directions for the removal of all papists from the cities of London and Westminster. An act was afterwards passed, making it felony, without benefit of clergy, to attempt the life of a privy-councillor.

For nearly a week Harley continued in a precarious state, owing to the sloughing of his wound, and more than a month elapsed before his perfect recovery was established. His first step was to wait upon the queen at Saint James's, to offer thanks for her frequent inquiries after him.

"Heaven be praised?" exclaimed Anne, "that the malice of our enemies—for your enemies are mine—has been disappointed. I shall take care to let them see that each demonstration of their hatred only calls forth fresh favours from me."

On Harley's first appearance in the House of Commons, congratulations on his escape were offered him by the Speaker, to which Harley replied with much emotion:—"The honour done me by this house so far exceeds my deserts, that all I can do or suffer for the public during the whole course of my life, will still leave me in debt to your goodness. Whenever I place my hand upon my breast, it will put me in mind of the thanks due to God; of my duty to the queen; and of the debt of gratitude and service I must always owe to this honourable house."

Harley's return to business was signalized by the introduction of a grand project which he had long entertained for paying off the national debts and deficiencies, by allowing the proprietors of such debts six per cent. interest, and granting them the monopoly of the trade to the South Sea; a scheme which afterwards gave rise to the establishment of the South Sea Company. This scheme, though little better than a bubble, as it eventually proved, was admirably adapted to the speculative spirit of the age, and met with a most enthusiastic reception. The bill was instantly carried, and a new mine of wealth was supposed to be opened. Most opportunely for Harley, just at this juncture, while his popularity was at its zenith, his rival, the Earl of Rochester, died suddenly; and the queen having no longer any check upon her impulses, at once yielded to them; and having first created Harley Earl of Oxford and Mortimer, on the anniversary of the restoration of her uncle, Charles the Second, to the kingdom, placed the treasurer's staff in his hands.

Thus Harley's ambitious designs were at length crowned with success.

Brought to Newgate, Guiscard was taken to an underground cell on the Common Side of the gaol, the dismal appearance of which struck him with so much horror, that he implored his

attendants to let him have another chamber; and absolutely refused to lie down upon the loathsome bed allotted to him. His condition was supposed to be so dangerous, that force was not resorted to; and he was allowed to lie on a bench until the following morning, when the surgeon visited him, and found him in so alarming a state, that he instantly caused him to be removed to an airy apartment in the Master's Side. Here his attire was taken off, when another wound was discovered in the back, which, from want of attention, had already assumed a very dangerous appearance. As soon as it was dressed, he was put to bed; but his sufferings were too great to allow him to obtain any repose. About the middle of the day, the door was opened by the turnkey, who informed Guiscard that his wife desired to see him, and the next moment Angelica was ushered in.

"What brings you here, madam?" demanded Guiscard, fiercely.

"I have come to see you—to know whether I can be of use to you—to implore your forgiveness," she replied, in trembling accents.

"Then you have come on an idle errand," he rejoined. "Begone! and take my curse with you!"

"Oh, pity me!" she cried, still lingering—"pity! and forgive me!"

"Forgive you!" echoed Guiscard. "But for you, I should not be what I am!—But for you, I should now be the inmate of a magnificent mansion, reposing on a downy couch, full of hope and health, instead of lying here on this wretched bed, and in this narrow chamber—a felon—only to go hence to the gallows! Off with you, accursed woman! your presence stifles me. May your end be like mine—may you die in an hospital, shunned by all—a leprous, loathsome mass!"

"Horrible!" shrieked Angelica. "Oh, let me out! let me out!"

As the door was opened for her by the turnkey, another person was introduced. It was Bimbelot, who could not repress his curiosity to behold his victim.

"Ah, monseigneur! ah! my dear master! do I behold you in this deplorable condition?" whimpered the hypocritical valet.

"Ha!" exclaimed Guiscard, starting bolt upright in bed, and glaring at the valet with so fierce an expression that the latter retreated towards the door. "Are you come here to deride my misery?"

"On the contrary, monseigneur," replied Bimbelot, trembling. "I am come to offer my services. I deplore your situation, and will do anything in my power to relieve it."

"Get hanged, then, at the same tree as myself," rejoined the marquis, savagely.

"I am sorry I cannot afford you that satisfaction, monseigneur," replied Bimbelot; "but there is no need to talk of hanging

at all. I am the bearer of good news to you. Her majesty offers you a pardon, if you will make a full confession."

"Ah, villain! you are at your damnable practices again!" cried Guiscard. "You think to delude me further. But you are mistaken."

"No, monseigneur, I am your friend," replied the valet.

"Well, I will trust you once more," said Guiscard, changing his tone; "I have something to say to you. Come near that I may whisper in your ear."

"You may place perfect reliance on me," replied Bimbelot, winking at the turnkey, as he advanced towards the prisoner.

But as he came within reach, Guiscard caught him by the throat, dragged him upon the bed, and would have strangled him, if the turnkey had not flown to the poor wretch's assistance. As he was dragged out of the cell, more dead than alive, the marquis gave vent to a loud, demoniacal laugh.

But the exertion proved fatal to him. Ere long, he became delirious, uttered the most frightful blasphemies and imprecations, and evinced his terror of the ignominious death which he fancied awaited him, by clasping his hands round his throat, as if to protect himself from the hangman. An attempt was made later in the day, when he became calmer, to obtain a confession from him; but he was so oppressed by an extravasation of blood, which filled part of the cavity of the chest, that he was unable to speak, and indeed could scarcely breathe. His wounds had now become excessively painful, and some operations were performed by the surgeons for his relief. In this state of suffering, he lingered on till late in the following night, and then expired.

A shameful indignity was offered to his remains. The surgeons having received instructions to preserve the body, placed it in a large pickling-tub, in which state it was exhibited to a host of lovers of horrible sights by the gaolers. The body was afterwards interred, without any ceremony, in the common burying-place of the malefactors dying in Newgate.

Such was the end of the gay and once-admired Marquis de Guiscard! the shame of his race.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

CONTAINING THE FINAL INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE QUEEN AND THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

ALL friendly intercourse between Anne and the Duchess of Marlborough had, for some time, ceased, and the latter becoming sensible, at last, of the ascendancy of her rival, Mrs. Masham, and of the utter impossibility of regaining the influence she had lost, wrote to remind the queen of a promise she had extorted from her in a moment of good-nature, to bestow her

places upon her daughters, and entreated permission to retire in their favour.

Anne replied, that she could not think of parting with her for the present; but being again importuned, peremptorily desired not to be troubled again on the subject. Notwithstanding this interdiction, the duchess addressed another long letter of remonstrance and reproach to her royal mistress; after which, she withdrew altogether from court, and retired to the lodge at Windsor, held by her in virtue of her office as keeper of the Great and Home Parks. Advantage was immediately taken of her absence to circulate a number of reports to her disadvantage, some of which, reaching the ears of the duchess, she immediately returned to court, with the intention of exculpating herself before the queen. Anne received her with the greatest coldness, in the presence of the Duchess of Somerset and Mrs. Masham, and refused to grant a private audience. Unable to brook the sneers with which she was regarded, the proud duchess drew herself up to her utmost height, and glancing scornfully at Mrs. Masham, observed—"Since your majesty compels me to do so, I declare, openly, and in the hearing of all, that the basest falsehoods have been propagated concerning me by your unworthy favourite, and that she now prevents my justification from being heard."

"It is false, duchess!" replied Mrs. Masham. "But for my intercession, her majesty would not have received you, after your insolent letter to her."

"But for *your* intercession, minion!" cried the duchess, advancing towards her, and seizing her arm with violence. "Is it come to this? Can I have indeed sunk so low, that you—a creature whom I have raised from abject poverty—should tell me that you have interfered in my behalf with the queen?"

"Duchess!" exclaimed the queen, angrily.

"You will find her out in time, madam," rejoined the duchess, "and you will then learn whom you have trusted. The best proof of her uneasiness is afforded by the fact that she dares not let me speak in private with you."

"I would spare her majesty a scene—that is my only motive for opposing the interview," replied Mrs. Masham.

"So you admit that you *do* control her majesty's actions, minion," cried the duchess, bitterly. "She is governed by you—ha!"

"Whenever the queen deigns to consult me, I give her the best counsel in my power," replied Mrs. Masham.

"And most pernicious counsel it is," observed the duchess, furiously, "venomous serpent that you are!"

"To put an end to this dispute, duchess," interposed Anne, with dignity, "I will grant you a final interview. Present yourself at six, this evening."

"I thank your majesty," replied the duchess, "the rather that your permission is accorded against the expressed wishes of Mrs.

Masham. You will bitterly repent the favour you have shewn her."

"Her majesty cannot repent it more bitterly than she regrets the favours she has lavished upon you, duchess," observed Mrs. Masham, "and which have been requited by such base ingratitude."

"It is for her majesty to judge my conduct, and not you, minion," cried the duchess, proudly. "I will justify myself to her, and to the whole nation. Nay, more; I will open her eyes to your duplicity and treachery."

"I am too secure of her majesty's good opinion, and too confident in my own honesty to fear your threats, duchess," replied Mrs. Masham, derisively.

"Hypocrite!" exclaimed the duchess.

"Insolent!" responded Mrs. Masham.

"No more of this," cried the queen; "these broils distract me. I agreed to an interview with you, duchess, on the understanding that nothing more should pass here. If you persist in this quarrel, I withdraw my assent"

"I have done, madam," rejoined the duchess, restraining herself. "It shall not be said that I failed in proper respect to your majesty; neither shall it be said that any court favourite insulted me with impunity. This evening, I shall not fail to avail myself of your gracious permission to wait upon you." And with a profound obeisance to the queen, and a look of haughty defiance at the others, she withdrew.

"Her insolence is insufferable," exclaimed the queen. "I almost repent that I have promised to receive her."

"Why not retract the promise then, madam?" said Abigail. "Bid her make her communication in writing."

"It shall be so," replied Anne, after a moment's hesitation.

"I am glad your Majesty has so decided," said Mrs Masham. "It is not likely that the duchess will be satisfied with the refusal; but it will convince her that she has nothing to expect."

And so it proved. The message being delivered to the duchess, she begged the queen to make a new appointment. "Your Majesty cannot refuse me one last interview," she wrote; "neither can you be so unjust to an old and faithful servant as to deny her an opportunity of justifying herself before you. I do not desire any answer to my vindication, but simply a hearing."

"What shall I do, Masham?" said the queen to her favourite, who was present when the message was delivered.

"Decline to see her," replied Mrs. Masham; "but if she forces herself upon you, as will probably be the case, take her at her word, and do not vouchsafe any answer to her explanation, which, rely upon it, will rather be an attack upon others than a defence of herself."

"You are right, Masham," returned the queen. "I will follow your advice."

Mrs. Masham's conjecture proved just: on that same evening, without waiting for any reply from the queen, the duchess repaired to Saint James's Palace, and proceeding to the back staircase, of the door of which she still retained the key, mounted it, but was stopped on the landing by a page.

"Do you not know me, sir?" cried the duchess, angrily.

"Perfectly, your grace," replied the page, bowing respectfully; "but I am forbidden to allow any one to pass through this door without her majesty's permission."

"And the Duchess of Marlborough, especially, sir—eh?" she rejoined.

"It would be improper to contradict your grace," returned the page.

"Will you do me the favour, sir, to acquaint her majesty that I am here, and add that I crave a few minutes' audience of her—only a few minutes?" rejoined the duchess.

"I may incur her majesty's displeasure by so doing," answered the page. "Nevertheless, to oblige your grace, I will hazard it."

"Is the queen alone?" asked the duchess.

"Mrs. Masham, I believe, is with her," replied the page. "Her majesty has just dined."

"Mrs. Masham—ha!" exclaimed the duchess. "No matter. Take in the message, my good friend."

Nearly half an hour elapsed before the page returned, during which time the duchess was detained on the landing. Apologizing for the unavoidable delay, he begged her to follow him.

"You have tarried long enough to settle all that is to be said to me, sir," observed the duchess.

"I know nothing, your grace," replied the page, walking forward discreetly.

The next moment the duchess was ushered into a cabinet, in which she found the queen alone.

"Good evening, duchess," said Anne. "I did not expect to see you. I was just about to write to you."

"I am sorry to intrude upon your majesty," replied the duchess; "but I have some important communications to make to you."

"Ah—indeed!" exclaimed Anne. "Can you not put them in writing?"

"They will be quickly told, gracious madam," said the duchess.

"Better write to me," interrupted Anne.

"But, madam——"

"Write—write," cried Anne, impatiently.

"Oh, madam! you are indeed changed, if you can use me thus!" cried the duchess. "You never yet, to my knowledge, refused to hear any petitioner speak, and yet you refuse me—your once-favoured—once-beloved friend. Be not alarmed, madam. I do not intend to trouble you on any subject disagreeable to

you. I simply wish to clear myself from the imputations with which I have been charged."

"I suppose I must hear," cried Anne, with a gesture of impatience, and averting her head.

"Oh! not thus, madam," exclaimed the duchess—"not thus! For pity's sake, look at me. You were not used to be so hard-hearted. Evil counsellors have produced a baneful effect upon your gentle nature. Be to me, if only for a few minutes, while I plead my cause, the Mrs. Morley you were of yore."

"No, duchess," replied Anne, in a freezing tone, and without looking at her—"all that is past. You have to thank yourself for the change which has been wrought in me."

"Hear me, madam," cried the duchess passionately; "I have been much wronged before you—grievously wronged. There are those about you, whom I will not name, who have most falsely calumniated me. I am no more capable of saying aught against you majesty, than I am of taking the lives of my own offspring. Your name never passes my lips without respect—never, I take Heaven to witness!"

"You cannot impose upon me thus, duchess," said Anne, coldly. "Many false things are told of you no doubt, but I judge not of them so much as of your own deportment and discourse."

"I am willing to amend both, madam," returned the duchess.

"It is useless," said Anne, in the same tone as before.

"Is the quarrel, then, irreparable?" demanded the duchess.

"Notwithstanding your majesty's assurance, I am certain my enemies have prevailed with you. Give me an opportunity of clearing myself. What has been told you?"

"I shall give you no answer," replied Anne.

"No answer, madam!" cried the duchess—"Is this kind—is it just? Is it worthy of you to treat me thus? I do not ask the names of my accusers. Nay, I promise you not to retort upon them, if I should suspect them. But tell me what I am charged with?"

"I shall give you no answer," replied the queen.

"Oh, madam—madam!" cried the duchess, "the cruel formula you adopt convinces me you have been schooled for the interview. Be your kind, good, gracious self, if only for a moment. Look at me, madam—look at me. I am not come here with any hope of winning my way back to your favour, for I know I have lost it irrecoverably; but I have come to vindicate my character as a faithful servant. You cannot refuse that plea, madam."

"You desired no answer, and you shall have none," replied the queen, rising, and moving towards the door.

"Oh! do not go, madam!" cried the duchess, following her, and throwing herself at her feet—"do not go I implore of you."

"What would you more?" demanded Anne, coldly, and still with averted looks.

"I would make a last appeal to you, madam," said the duchess, as soon as she could command herself. "By all that is right and just I implore you to answer me. Have I not despised my own interest in comparison with serving you well and faithfully? Have I ever disowned the truth? Have I ever played the hypocrite with you? Have I ever offended you, except by over-zeal, and vehemence—or, if you will, arrogance? If this is true, and it cannot be gainsaid, I am entitled to credit, when I avouch that my enemies have belied me behind my back. Do not turn a deaf ear to my entreaties, madam; but tell me what I am charged with? Answer—oh, answer!"

"You compel me to reiterate my words," replied the queen, "You shall have no answer."

"You deny me common justice, madam," cried the duchess losing all patience, "in refusing me a hearing—justice, which is due to the meanest of your subjects. You owe it to yourself to speak out."

"Just or unjust, I will give you no answer," replied the queen. "And here our conference must end."

"So be it then," returned the duchess, resuming all her haughtiness. "I have loved you sincerely, madam—ay, sincerely—because I believed my affection requited; but since you have cast me off, I shall crush all feelings of regard for you within my breast. If you were but an instrument in my hands, as some avouch, I at least used you to a noble purpose. Such will not be the case with her who now governs you. She will degrade you; and the rest of your reign will be as inglorious as its opening was splendid and triumphant. Let my words dwell upon your memory. Farewell—for ever, madam." And without another word, and without an obeisance she quitted the apartment.

As soon as she was gone, Mrs. Masham entered from an adjoining chamber.

"Your majesty acted your part to admiration," she cried, "I did not give you credit for so much firmness."

"I had hard work to sustain my character," replied Anne, sinking into a chair; "I am truly thankful it is over."

"It is not yet quite over," said Mrs. Masham; "one step more requires to be taken."

"True," replied the queen. "I must call upon her to resign her places. But I do not like to give them to her daughters; and yet I believe I made a promise to that effect."

"Heed it not, madam," said Mrs. Masham. "Her grace has forfeited all title to further consideration on your part."

"I must own I should like to make you keeper of the privy purse, Masham," said Anne.

"And I admit I should like the place excessively, madam," replied Mrs. Masham.

"Would I could get rid of my scruples," said Anne, ruminating.

"I will relieve you of them, madam," replied Mrs. Masham, "the promise was extorted, and is therefore *not* binding."

"I will make another, then, freely, that shall be so, Masham," rejoined the queen. "You shall have the place."

"I am bound to you for ever, madam, by this and a thousand other obligations," returned the artful favourite, in a tone apparently of the most fervent gratitude.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

IN WHAT MANNER THE GOLD KEY WAS DELIVERED UP BY THE DUCHESS.

THE duchess's dismissal, though fully resolved upon, as has just been shewn, was, with Anne's customary irresolution, long postponed. At length, however, on the duke's return from the campaign of 1710, it was resolved to bring matters to a crisis, and accordingly, when he waited upon her, the queen received him very coldly, studiously avoiding making any allusion to his successes, but observing, with some harshness, "I trust your grace will not allow a vote of thanks to be moved to you in parliament this year, because my ministers will certainly oppose it."

"It pains me to hear your majesty speak thus," replied Marlborough. "Such unmerited honours have ever been unsought by me; and I have welcomed them chiefly because I thought they redounded to your glory. I shall take care to avoid them in future."

"You will do well, my lord," replied Anne.

"Here is a letter from the duchess, which she entreated me to present to your majesty," pursued the duke. "Will you deign to take it?"

"I pray you excuse me," rejoined Anne, with freezing dignity; "all communication is closed between the duchess and myself."

"It is a letter of apology, madam," replied the duke—"of humble apology. Her grace wishes to give you an assurance, under her own band, of her contrition for any faults she may have committed. She is willing and anxious to do anything that may be deemed reasonable, to prove the sincerity of her regrets, and since her presence has become irksome to your majesty, she is desirous of resigning her offices."

"I am glad to hear it, my lord," interrupted the queen, quickly.

"On the understanding, of course," pursued the duke, "that she is succeeded as groom of the stole by her eldest daughter, Lady Ryalton; and as keeper of the privy purse by Lady Sunderland. With your gracious permission, she would willingly retain the great and home parks, as well as her pension from the privy purse."

"I assent to the latter part of the proposition," replied the queen. "She shall have the parks and the pension, which will give her three thousand five hundred a-year; but the other offices I shall reserve for my friends."

"How, madam!" exclaimed the duke. "I trust it will not be necessary to remind you of your promise."

"It was extorted from me," replied the queen.

"Even if it were so, madam, which it was *not*," rejoined Marlborough, proudly, "your royal word once passed, should be kept."

"There must be some reservation in these matters, my lord," replied Anne, colouring; "my promise was conditional on her grace's good behaviour."

"Your pardon, madam," returned the duke; "I have always been given to understand by the duchess—and she is incapable of asserting an untruth—that it was unconditional. Nay, the very nature of the boon bespeaks it to be so."

"My word is as good as that of the duchess, my lord," cried the queen, angrily; "though you would seem to insinuate the contrary."

"Your majesty misunderstands me," replied the duke. "I do not design to cast a shadow of imputation on your veracity. That you made the promise with the tacit understanding you describe, I am satisfied; but that the duchess was unconscious of any such mental reservation I am equally satisfied. It is with this conviction that I beseech your majesty, on parting with your old friend and servant, not altogether to overlook her many services, nor give to strangers what is due to her."

"I have done all I think needful," said the queen; "and more, much more than I am advised to do. I accept her grace's resignation. You will bid her deliver up the gold key to me within three days."

Marlborough looked as if stricken by a thunderbolt.

"Three days!" he exclaimed. "If your majesty is indeed resolved upon the duchess's dismissal, and is deaf to my remonstrances, at least grant me an interval of ten days, during which I may concert means of rendering the blow less mortifying to her."

"On no account," replied the queen, alarmed; "I now repent giving so much time, and shall limit the space to two days."

"Well, it matters not since it is to be," sighed the duke. "I would now speak to your majesty on another subject."

"Do not trouble yourself, my lord," replied the queen, sharply. "I will talk of nothing till I have the key."

"I take my leave then, madam," replied the duke, "lamenting that I should have lived to see you so changed."

And he bowed and departed.

"Well, Masham," said the queen, as a side door in the cabinet opened to admit the favourite, "are you satisfied?"

"Perfectly, madam," replied Mrs. Masham. "You will have the key to-night."

"You think so?" cried Anne.

"I am sure of it," returned the other. "I would not for all the honours the duke has gained be the bearer of your message to the duchess."

"Nor I," replied the queen, with a half smile.

Marlborough fully sympathized with these opinions. He had never felt half the uneasiness before the most hazardous engagement he had fought that he now experienced in the idea of facing his wife. He would willingly have broken the disagreeable intelligence he had to communicate by a note or in some indirect manner; but the duchess met him on his return, and rendered his intentions nugatory. Perceiving from his looks that something had gone wrong, she came at once to the point and asked—"You have seen the queen—what says she?"

"Give me a moment to recover myself," replied Marlborough.

"If you are afraid to answer the question, I will do so for you," rejoined the duchess. "My resignation is accepted. Nay, do not seek to hide it from me—I know it."

"It is so," replied the duke.

"But she has granted the places to our daughters? At least, she has done that?" cried the duchess.

"She refuses to fulfil her promise," returned Marlborough.

"Refuses! ha!" cried the duchess. "She is the first queen of England who has acted thus dishonourably. I will tell her so to her face. And all the world shall know it."

"Calm yourself," replied Marlborough. "This passion is useless. The queen requires the key within two days."

"She shall have it within two minutes," rejoined the duchess, snatching it from her side. "I will take it to her at once."

"But consider——" cried the duke.

"I will consider nothing," interrupted the duchess. "She shall, at least, know how much I hate and despise her. If I perish for uttering them, I will let her know my true sentiments."

"You shall not go forth in this state, Sarah," cried Marlborough, detaining her. "Tarry till you are calmer. Your violence will carry you too far."

"Are you, too, joined with them, my lord?" cried the duchess, furiously. "Let me go, I say. I will not be hindered. My indignation must out, or it will kill me."

"Go, then," replied the duke, releasing her. And as she rushed out of the room, while he sank upon the sofa, he ejaculated "No rays of glory can gild a life darkened by tempests like these!"

Still in the same towering passion, the duchess reached the palace. In spite of all opposition, she forced herself into the ante-chamber of the cabinet, and Anne, who chanced to be there,

had only time to retire precipitately, ere she entered. She found Mrs. Masham alone, who could ill disguise her uneasiness.

"Where is the queen?" demanded the latter.

"You see she is not here," replied Mrs. Masham. "But I must demand, in her name, the meaning of this strange and most unwarrantable intrusion."

"So you are the queen's representative, hussey," cried the duchess. "It must be confessed that the majesty of England is well represented. But I will not bandy words with you. I wish to enter the cabinet to speak with the queen."

"You shall not enter," replied Mrs. Masham, planting herself before the door.

"Dare you prevent me?" cried the duchess.

"Yes, I dare, and I do," replied Mrs. Masham; "and if you advance another footstep, I will call the guard to remove you. Her majesty will not see you."

The duchess looked as if she meditated further violence, but at last controlled herself by a powerful effort. Glancing at Mrs. Masham with unutterable scorn, she said, "Your mistress has required the key from me. Take it to her." And as she spoke, she flung it upon the ground.

"Say to her," she continued, "that she has broken her word—a reproach under which none of her royal predecessors have laboured. Say to her, also, that the love and respect I once entertained for her are changed to hatred and contempt." And with a glance of defiance she quitted the room.

"Is she gone?" cried the queen, half opening the door, and peeping timidly into the room.

"She is, madam," replied Mrs. Masham, picking up the key; "and I am thankful to say she has left this behind her. At last, you are rid of her for ever."

"Heaven be thanked!" ejaculated Anne.

"Will it please you to take the key?" said Mrs. Masham.

"Keep it," replied Anne. "Henceforth you are comptroller of the privy purse. The Duchess of Somerset will be groom of the stole. But I have better things in store for you. The Duchess of Marlborough shall not insult you thus with impunity. On the earliest occasion, I will give your husband a peerage."

"The duchess says you do not keep your promises, madam," cried Mrs. Masham; "but I have found it otherwise."

"It is the duchess's own fault that I have not kept them with her," returned Anne. "I loved her once as well as you, Masham—nay, better."

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

SHEWING HOW THE SERJEANT QUITTED THE SERVICE.

RECALLED to the scene of war in Flanders, the serjeant remained with his regiment till the termination of the campaign of 1711.

He had been absent nearly two years, and having been severely wounded at the siege of Bouchain, in the autumn preceding his return, had been incapacitated from writing home; neither had he received for nearly three months, tidings from those in whom he was interested, in consequence of which his heart misgave him so much, that he determined before proceeding to Marlborough House, to seek out Proddy. Accordingly, he repaired to the palace, and inquiring for the coachman, was told he was in his room, whither he directed his steps. Full of the pleasurable surprise which he imagined his appearance would occasion the coachman, he entered the room, and closing the door after him, made a military salute to Proddy, who was seated beside a table, in a semi-somnolent state, with a pipe in his mouth, and a mug of ale before him. On raising his eyes, and beholding the unlooked-for apparition, the coachman dropped his pipe, pushed his chair back, and with eyes almost starting out of their sockets, and teeth chattering, remained gazing at him the very picture of terror and astonishment.

"What!—don't you know me?" cried Scales, greatly surprised.

"I *did* know you once, serjeant," gasped Proddy; "but I don't desire any further acquaintance with you."

"Pooh—pooh!" cried the serjeant; "what's the matter?—what are you afraid of? You must come with me."

"Oh, no, thank'ee—much obleeged, all the same," replied Proddy, getting as far back as possible.

"Well, if you wont go with me, I must stay with you," replied Scales, taking a chair. "I don't mean to leave you any more, Proddy."

"You don't!" exclaimed the coachman, with a look of increased affright.

"No, we shall part no more," replied Scales. "I've got a pretty long furlough, now."

"Why, you don't mean to say they give leave of absence from below?" cried Proddy.

"From below!" echoed the serjeant. "Oh, I see—you mean from the Low Countries."

"You may call it by that name if you please," rejoined Proddy; "but we generally give it another and less pleasin' happellation."

"Well, we wont quarrel about names," returned the serjeant. "What I mean to say is, I'm no longer in the service. I'm the same as a dead man."

"I know it," returned Proddy, shuddering.

"But I shan't give up my former habits," said Scales; "I shall beat the drum as heretofore, and clean the duke's boots. I shall still haunt the old spot."

"Oh! don't—don't!" cried Proddy.

"Why not?" returned the serjeant.

"Has anything happened to prevent me? Why do you stare so hard at me, man? D'ye think me altered?"

"Not so much as I expected," replied Proddy.

"I dare say I *am* changed," ruminated the serjeant. "The last three months have tried me hard. I've had terrible quarters—hot as h——"

"Oh, don't mention it," interrupted the coachman. "What a relief it must be to get away."

"You'd think so if you tried it," replied Scales. "How cool and comfortable you feel here! I shall often pass an hour with you."

Proddy groaned audibly.

"By the bye," pursued the serjeant, "talkin' of my looks, do you think they'll find me changed?"

"What, the women-folk!" cried Proddy. "Do you mean to appear to them?"

"Of course, and this very night," returned Scales.

"Lord help 'em!" cried Proddy; "how frightened the poor creators will be. It's as much as I can do to bear you. Why, you don't mean to say you care for 'em now?"

"Not care for 'em!" replied Scales. "It's anxiety about 'em as has brought me to you!"

"Well, this beats everythin'!" said Proddy. "I thought your last bullet must ha' settled that long ago."

"Not a bit of it," replied Scales. "Here's your health, and glad to see you, Proddy!" he added, taking up the mug, and emptying it, very much apparently to his satisfaction.

"What! can a ghost drink ale?" cried Proddy, in surprise.

"Why, zounds!—you don't take me for a ghost, surely?" cried the serjeant, looking up.

"I *did*," replied the coachman, drawing nearer to him; "but I begin to think I must be mistaken. We heard you were killed at the siege o' Bushin."

"Wounded, but not killed, Proddy," replied the serjeant. "My hurt was at first supposed mortal; but here I am, as you see, alive and kicking."

"Oddsbodikins! how delighted I am!" cried the coachman, throwing his arms round his neck. "I never expected to behold you again."

"Well, I thought your reception rayther odd," said the serjeant, as soon as he had extricated himself from his friend's embrace. "So you took me for a sperrit, eh!—very flatterin', ha! ha! You ought to have known that ghosts never walk in broad daylight—to say nothin' o' my substantial and earthly appearance."

"I was puzzled woundily, I must own," returned Proddy; "but arter the han'kicher stained wi' blood, and torn into two pieces, which you sent home to Mrs. Plumpton and Mrs. Tip-ping, none of us could doubt your disserlution."

"Eh! what!" cried the serjeant. "Do *they* think me dead, too?"

"To be sure," replied Proddy. "There came a letter from the fifer o' your regiment, Tom Jiggins—him as played at your 'Drum,' you remember, enclosing the bloody relics, and saying you was grievously wounded, and couldn't recover."

"But I *have* recovered, howsomever," replied the serjeant. "Poor Tom Jiggins! two days after he wrote the letter, he was shot through the head by a carabineer."

"Poor fellow!" echoed Proddy; "then *he* really is dead."

"Dead as your great grandfather, if you ever had one," replied Scales. "But I'll tell you how my mischance came about. Bouchain, you must know, is a strongly fortified town, with the river Sanzet flowing right through it, and the Scheld almost washin' its walls. Round about it, there are broad, deep ditches, filled to the brim wi' the waters of the two streams I've mentioned; and besides these, there are miles of great flat swamps capable of inundation, so that the place is as difficult of approach as a besieged garrison could desire. Our general's object, you must understand, after investing the place, was to draw a line o' circumwallation round it; but in accomplishin' this, he experienced great obstacles. It would be no use tellin' you how Marshal Villars, who was posted wi' his army in the open space betwixt the two rivers, threw bridges across the Sanzet—and how we demolished 'em—how entrenchments were constructed under General Albergotti, by means o' which, and the batteries o' Bouchain, Villars intended to sweep the intermediate ground wi' a cross-fire—how the duke passed over the Scheld in the night time to interrupt these operations, and how he was foiled by the marshal, and obligated to return—how he covered the front from Haspres to Ivry wi' a line of redoubts and lunettes—and again crossed the Scheld at the head of fifty battalions, and as many squadrons, when, perceivin' that the enemy were rapidly extendin' their works, he ordered the line o' circumwallation to be forthwith commenced between their entrenchments and the town. Upon which four thousand men were set to work, and, notwithstanding a heavy fire from the garrison, and repeated volleys from the hostile entrenchments, the line o' circumwallation was continued to the inundation o' the Sanzet——"

"Come to the point, serjeant," interrupted Proddy. "Your circumwallations and nunindations confuse me sadly."

"To make a long story short," replied Scales, laughing, "the marshal, finding himself driven hard, was more than ever anxious to keep up a communication with the garrison; and he contrived to introduce a reinforcement o' fusileers into it by means o' a small dam, together with a supply of powder and flour, of which they were runnin' short. Havin' accomplished this, he next attempted to fortify the dam by means of fascines attached to an avenue of willows, though the water was at least four feet deep."

"D—n the dam," cried Proddy, "I'm a-gettin' out o' *my* depth again."

"I'll land you presently," returned Scales. "Behind the dam ran a cattle-track, on which were posted four companies o' French grenadiers, together wi' the king's brigade, to protect the work. To dislodge these troops, and check the operations of the workmen, was the duke's object. Accordingly, a fascine road was made across the inundated morass; and under cover o' night, six hundred British grenadiers, sustained by eight battalions of infantry, made the attempt. It was a hazardous enterprise, for we had to wade for near a quarter of a mile sometimes up to the middle, and sometimes up to the very shoulders in water, and to keep our muskets high and dry above our heads all the time. Two-thirds o' the distance had been safely accomplished, when the duke, who was with us, and who had been sufferin' from ague, began to feel fatigued. I besought him to mount upon my shoulders; he consented; and, nerved with the glorious burthen, I pressed forward wi' redoubled ardour. It was impossible to advance so silently as not to betray our approach to the enemy, and when we came within shot, they fired a volley at us, but owing to the darkness it did little execution. A ball, however, had struck me in the breast; but I said nothing about it, determined to go on as long as my strength lasted. Despite my exhaustion, I was the first to reach the traverse, where I deposited the duke, and then dropped, luckily not into the water, or I must ha' been drowned. I had no share, as you may suppose, in what followed; but I afterwards learnt that the French were compelled to evacuate their posts, while the duke was enabled to extend the road across the marsh, and so complete the circumvallation."

"Bray-vo!" exclaimed Proddy, rapturously. "I'm sure the duke didn't forget you, serjeant?"

"Hear it out, and then you'll learn," replied Scales. "When I came round, I found myself in my tent, whither I had been conveyed by the duke's orders, and with the surgeon dressin' my wounds. I asked him what he thought o' my case; and he said that knowin' as how I didn't fear death, he must say he thought my chance but a poor un. 'Very well,' says I, 'I shan't go unprepared.' So I sends for Tom Jiggins, and I bids him write a farewell letter for me to the two women; and I tears the han'kercher with which the blood had been stanchd, in two, and encloses a half to each o' em. This done, I felt more comfortable. Half an hour afterwards, the duke himself came to see me, and expressed the greatest concern at my sitivation. 'I owe my life to you, my brave fellow,' he said; 'and if you recover, I'll give you your discharge, and make you comfortable for the rest o' your days. Live for my sake.' 'Always obey orders, general,' I replied, 'since you command me to live, I *will* live.' And so I did."

"Bray-vo, again!" exclaimed Proddy. "Walour ought to be

rewarded. I've no doubt when I'm superanivated, and no longer able to drive, that her majesty 'll perwide for me."

"No doubt of it," returned Scales. "Well, as soon as I was able to be moved, I was taken to the hospital at Douay, where I remained till the end o' the campaign. I wasn't able to write, but I got a comrade to indite a letter for me; but I dare say it miscarried."

"Most likely," said Proddy.

"It's an awkward question to ask," said Scales, hesitating; "but did the women seem at all afflicted at the news of my supposed death?"

"Werry much," replied Proddy—"werry much, especially Mrs. Plumpton. Mrs. Tipping cried a good deal at first, but her eyes soon got as bright as ever. As to Mrs. Plumpton, she looks like a disconsolate widow."

"Poor soul!" cried Scales. "Poor soul!"

"I may say a word for myself, serjeant," pursued Proddy; "I was as much grieved as if I'd lost a brother."

"Thankee, thankee!" cried Scales, in a tone of emotion, and grasping his hand with great cordiality. "You are a true friend."

"You've just come back in time, serjeant, if you still have any likin' for Mrs. Tipping," remarked Proddy, significantly.

"How so?" asked Scales, becoming suddenly grave. "Isn't she true to her colours, eh?"

"She encourages Bamby a great deal more than I like," replied Proddy; "and I've been half expectin' her to throw herself away upon him."

"The devil!" exclaimed Scales, angrily. "That little rascal is always in the way. But I'll settle him this time."

"I say, serjeant," said Proddy, after a moment's reflection; "have you made up your mind which of the two women you'll take for a wife?"

"Pretty nearly," replied Scales; "but why do you ask, Proddy?"

"For a partik'ler reason o' my own," returned the coachman.

"Very likely I may decide to-night," said Scales. "Do you mind which I choose?"

"Oh, no; it's quite immaterial to me," answered Proddy, with an air of unconcern—"quite immaterial."

"An idea has just struck me, Proddy," said the serjeant; "they suppose me dead. What if I appear to 'em as a ghost, to-night?"

"Don't frighten 'em too much," replied the coachman, or the consequences may be serous. I know how I felt just now. But how will you contrive it?"

"Oh, it's easily managed!" replied the serjeant. "As soon as it becomes dark, I can steal into the house unperceived, and get into my den."

"You'll find it undisturbed," said the coachman. "Mrs.

Plumpton wouldn't suffer a single article in it to be moved. She cleans it regularly."

"Bless her!" exclaimed Scales, in a voice rendered hoarse with emotion.

"Bamby and Savagejohn are sure to be there to-night," pursued Proddy, "so that any scheme o' wengeance you may meditate can be put into execution."

"All falls out as I could desire," said Scales. "Now, then, let's lay our heads together, and arrange our plans of attack."

"First of all, let me get you a pipe, and replenish the mug," said the coachman.

This done, they held a close conference, which lasted till about eight o'clock in the evening, by which time they had smoked nearly a dozen pipes, and discussed at least three mugs of strong ale. They then thought it time to set forth, and while Scales stole into Marlborough House, through the garden gate in Saint James's Park, Proddy entered boldly from Pall Mall.

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

IN WHICH THE SERJEANT'S GHOST APPEARS TO HIS OLD FRIENDS; AND IN WHICH MRS. PLUMPTON AND MRS. TIPPING FIND EACH A HUSBAND.

PREPARATIONS were making for supper, and most of the household were assembled in the servant's hall, including, of course, Fishwick, Parker, Brumby, and Timperley. Neither Mrs. Plumpton nor Mrs. Tipping, however, were present; but as Proddy was inquiring after them, the last-named tripped into the room. She had evidently been taking unusual pains with her toilette, and it must be confessed, looked extremely piquante and pretty. A rose-coloured paduasoy dress, with short open sleeves, edged with crow's-foot, displayed her trim little figure; a laced cap and lappets adorned her head; and a patch here and there set off her complexion, and heightened the brilliancy of her eyes. Her roguish and coquettish air proclaimed that she was bent upon conquest.

"You expect Mounseer Bambyloo, I see," said the coachman.

"Why, yes; it's just possible he may come," replied Mrs. Tipping; "he and Corporal Sauvageon generally drop in about supper-time; and very pleasant company we finds 'em."

"Werry pleasant, indeed!" echoed Proddy, drily. "You seem to have quite forgotten the poor serjeant."

"The serjeant! puff!" cried Mrs. Tipping. "What should I think about him for, eh? Would you have me sit sighin' and groanin' all day, like that poor fool Plumpton?"

"Ay; she's a model o' constancy," said Proddy; "there are few o' your sex like her."

"The fewer the better, to my thinkin'," cried Mrs. Tipping, spitefully. "Oh! here she comes! I declare it gives one the wapours to look at her."

As she spoke, Mrs. Plumpton entered the room. She was clad in deep mourning, and evinced by her altered demeanour the sincerity of her affliction.

"You must take care o' yourself, my dear Mrs. Plumpton," said the coachman, kindly; "you are quite a-losin' your good looks."

"Why should I preserve them, supposing that I ever had any?" she answered, with a melancholy smile.

"You may find another admirer—one you may like as well as the serjeant," he urged.

"Never!" she replied, firmly.

"Mrs. Tipping has done so," he said, glancing maliciously at the lady's-maid.

"Mrs. Tipping is no rule for me," returned Mrs. Plumpton, gravely.

At this moment, a great shuffling in the passage announced the arrival of Bimbelot and Sauvageon. The former was dressed with extraordinary smartness, wore a laced velvet coat, diamond, or what looked like diamond, buckles, speckled silk stockings, a full-bottomed peruke, a clouded cane, and a silver-hilted sword. He was patched and perfumed as usual, and carried his feathered hat in the points of his fingers.

Nodding in reply to the little Frenchman's bow, Proddy inquired gruffly, "if he had got a place, seein' he was so sprucely rigged out?"

"Oui, mon cher Proddy, oui," he replied; "I have got a new place, certainly; but I am no longer a valet. I am employèd by my Lord Oxford."

"Oh! indeed!" exclaimed the coachman. "May I ask in what capacity?"

"I regret I cannot answer you; c'est un secret," he replied, mysteriously—"un grand secret."

"But you will tell me?" said Mrs. Tipping.

"Tout à l'heure, ma chère," he replied; "dans un tête-à-tête. Oh! I must tell you, I have sush a sharming aventure dis mornin' on de Mall. I meet sush a pretty lady, and she give me sush tender glances. Oh, ma foi!"

"And you returned them, no doubt?" said Mrs. Tipping, in a tone of pique.

"Oh! mon Dieu! oui," cried Bimbelot. "You wouldn't have me insensible to a lady's advances! Ven she ogle me, I ogle her again."

"Very pretty proceedings, indeed!" cried Mrs. Tipping, bridling up. "And you've the audacity to tell me this to my face?"

"Ah, pauvre chérie—dear little jealous fool!" cried Bimbelot; "don't fly into a passion."

"Leave me alone—I don't wish to speak to you—I hate you!" cried Mrs. Tipping.

"Au contraire, chère petite; you love me so much you can't live vidout me," rejoined Bimbelot. "Soyez raisonnable, cher ange."

"Vain coxcomb!" muttered Mrs. Tipping. "I'll lower his pride."

At this moment, supper was announced. Bimbelot offered his arm to Mrs. Tipping, but she turned from him disdainfully, and took that of Proddy.

The supper passed off pleasantly enough, for Mrs. Tipping, to mortify Bimbelot, chattered incessantly to Proddy; and the latter, who was secretly anticipating the fun that was to ensue, was in high good-humour. The only person who seemed out of place was Mrs. Plumpton. She sat silent and abstracted, ate little or nothing, and neither the lively sallies of Bimbelot, nor the tender assiduities of Sauvageon, who still continued to pay court to her, could draw a smile or a word from her. But an occurrence took place which somewhat altered the complexion of the party. When supper was nearly over, a loud knocking was heard at the outer door of the passage, and Timperley got up to answer the summons.

"Who can it be, I wonder?" said Proddy, wondering whether the serjeant had made any alteration in his plans.

"Perhaps it's the fair lady that Monsieur Bimbelot met this morning on the Mall," observed Mrs. Tipping, maliciously.

"Oh! non ce n'est cette dame—j'en suis sur," replied Bimbelot, with an uneasy look.

"It's a woman, however," cried Fishwick, as female tones in a high and angry key were heard in the passage.

As the voice reached his ears the little Frenchman turned pale and rose suddenly.

"Bon soir, messieurs et mesdames," he stammered; "I feel very ill; de supper disagree vid me; bon soir."

"Stop a bit," cried Proddy, laying hold of his arm. "What's the matter?"

There was a slight struggle heard outside, and a shrill female voice exclaimed, "Let me come in. I know he's here. I *will* see him."

"Oh, je suis perdu!" cried Bimbelot, with a distracted look at Sauvageon; "c'est elle! Vat sall I do?—vere sall I go?"

"Sit down, I tell you," cried Proddy, still detaining him in his grasp.

"No, I tank you—no; I must go," cried Bimbelot. And in his efforts to extricate himself, he pulled the coachman backwards upon the floor, while his own coat was rent in the effort up to the very shoulders. Just at this moment, an enraged female burst into the room, and shaking her hand menacingly at Bimbelot, who retreated from her, cried, "I knew you were here. Oh, you base little deceiver!"

And she forthwith proceeded to pull off his peruke, and cuff him tremendously about the ears.

"Pardon—pardon, ma chère," cried Bimbelot. "C'est la dernière fois. I vill never do so again—never, je te jure!"

"I know better," cried the lady, "You've deceived me too often. Oh, you wicked little creature!—there's for you." And she gave him a sounding buffet, that made him put his hand to his ear.

"He has deceived me as well as you, ma'am," said Mrs. Tipping, getting up, and boxing him on the other side.

"He hasn't married you, I hope," cried the strange lady. "If so, I'll hang him for bigamy."

"No, he's only perposed," replied Mrs. Tipping.

"That's nearly as bad!" cried Madame Bimbelot.

"Very nearly," replied Mrs. Tipping. "Oh, you base little wretch!"

Upon which they both began to box him again, while Bimbelot vainly endeavoured to shelter his head with his hands.

"We'll teach you to play these tricks again!" cried Madame Bimbelot.

"Yes, we'll teach you," added Mrs. Tipping.

The well-merited punishment of the little Frenchman gave great entertainment to the spectators, and even drew a smile from Mrs. Plumpton. Proddy, who had got up from the floor, was so convulsed with laughter, that he had to hold his sides. At length, however, thinking the chastisement had proceeded far enough, he good-naturedly interfered.

"Come, come, ladies, let him alone," he said. "You, at least, ought not to be so hard upon him, Mrs. Tipping, for you're quite as much to blame as him."

"I don't doubt it," cried Madame Bimbelot, gazing spitefully at her. "I dare say she gave him every encouragement."

"Oui, ma chère," cried Bimbelot, piteously, "dat she did."

"Oh! you base, hypocritical little monster!" cried Mrs. Tipping, in a fresh access of passion. "Didn't you give me to understand you were single?"

"Well, never mind, if he did," said Proddy, "you can't misunderstand him now. Come, make it up, and let us finish supper."

Fishwick and Brumby, joining their solicitations to those of Proddy, peace was at length restored; and Bimbelot, having resumed his peruke, sat down again with a very crest-fallen air. Madame Bimbelot was accommodated with a seat near Mr. Parker. Now that she was a little more composed, and the company were at leisure to examine her features more narrowly, she proved to be a very fine woman—a little erring on the score of *embonpoint*, but far surpassing Mrs. Tipping in attraction. She was very tawdrily dressed in a blue and silver sack, highly rouged, with her neck considerably exposed, and

covered, as were her cheeks, with patches. Her features were small, but excessively pretty, the mouth inclining to the voluptuous, and the eyes bright and tender. Her hair was powdered, and dressed in the *tête de mouton* style. As Proddy looked at her, he thought he had seen her before, but could not recollect when, or under what circumstances. Madame Bimbelot wanted little pressing from Parker to partake of the supper. She ate of everything offered her—cold fowl, ham, game pie, pickled oysters, stewed cheese, fish *rechauffée*; and when the butler himself thought she must be satiated, begged for a taste of the corned-beef,—it was so very tempting,—and devoured a large plateful. Notwithstanding this inordinate display of appetite, her charms produced a sensible effect upon Mr. Parker, and without saying a word, he went in search of some choice old Madeira, which he kept in a little press in his pantry. Returning with a bottle under each arm, he drew the cork of one of them, filled a bumper for Madame Bimbelot, who, requiting the attention with a tender look, tossed it off in a twinkling, and held out the glass to be replenished. Parker gallantly complied, drank a bumper to her health, and passed the bottle round the table. The effect of this generous wine on the company was magical and instantaneous. All tongues were loosened at once, and the conversation became loud and general. Even Bimbelot recovered his spirits, and ventured to cast an imploring look at Mrs. Tipping, who, however, took no notice of him, but put on her most captivating airs to Proddy. One person only amid this noisy assemblage was silent—one person only refused the wine—need it be said it was Mrs. Plumpton. As time flew on, and the bottle went round, Mr. Parker seemed to grow more and more enamoured of Madame Bimbelot; they drew their chairs close together, whispered in each other's ears, and a complete flirtation seemed to be established between them.

"I say, Bamby," said Proddy, nudging him, "where are your eyes, man? Don't you see what love Mr. Parker is a-makin' to your wife?"

"He does me great honour," replied Bimbelot, shrugging his shoulders with an air of supreme indifference. "A jealous husband is a fool."

"Well, he has *one* recommendation, at all events," observed Mrs. Tipping. "I suppose *you* would be jealous, Mr. Proddy?"

"Of you,—werry," replied the coachman, with a slight wink.

"La, Mr. Proddy, how am I to understand that?"

"I'll tell you more about it an hour hence," returned the coachman.

"O gemini! you quite confuse me," she rejoined, casting down her eyes, and forcing a blush.

In this way another hour passed. More Madeira was brought by Parker, who was unwilling to let the flame he had excited expire for want of aliment. Proddy discovered beauties in

Mrs. Tipping which he had never discerned before, and the lady on her part almost gave him to understand that if he found his bachelor life solitary she was ready to enliven it with her society. All were extremely happy and comfortable, and all apparently very unwilling to separate.

About this time, Proddy cast his eye towards the clock, and, seeing it only wanted a few minutes to twelve, thought it high time to turn the conversation into another channel.

"Mrs. Plumpton," he said, calling to her across the table, in a voice calculated to attract general attention—"I hope you haven't lost the poor serjeant's han'kercher."

"Lost it!—oh, no," she replied, drawing forth the ensanguined fragment; "it's my only comfort now."

"I've mine safe enough, too," said Mrs. Tipping, drawing the other half from her pocket. "Here it is—heigho!" And she heaved a deep sigh.

"Those are the halves of a han'kercher sent home by poor Serjeant Scales when he was mortally wounded," observed Parker to Madame Bimbelot. "They're stained with his blood."

"So I see," she replied. "How purely shocking!"

"Talkin' o' the serjeant," said Proddy, mysteriously, "some-thin' werry extraordinary happened to me last night."

"About the serjeant?" cried Mrs. Plumpton, starting.

"About the serjeant," replied Proddy, still more mysteriously.

"In Heaven's name, what is it?" demanded Mrs. Plumpton, eagerly.

"Thus adjured, I must speak," replied the coachman, in a solemn tone, "but I don't expect you to believe me."

There was a general movement of curiosity, and all conversation ceased. Mrs. Plumpton seemed as if her very being were suspended.

"I had been a-bed and asleep, as far as I can guess, about an hour," proceeded Proddy, "when I suddenly waked up wi' a strange and unaccountable feelin' o' dread about me. Why, I can't tell, but somehow the poor serjeant came into my head, and I thought of his lyin' far away in a gory grave."

"Oh dear!" cried Mrs. Plumpton, bursting into tears, and pressing the handkerchief to her lips.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" sobbed Mrs. Tipping, folding up her half, preparatory to putting it into her pocket.

"Don't cry, ladies, or I can't go on," said Proddy. "Well, I was a-thinkin' of the serjeant in this way, and a-tremblin' all over, when all of a sudden, wi' a rattlin' o' rings, that made my blood rush to my 'art, the curtains was drawn back, and I saw—the serjeant!"

"The serjeant!" exclaimed Mrs. Plumpton.

"Or rayther his ghost," replied Proddy. "There he was, lookin' as pale as a corpse, and holdin' his hand to his left breast, just where the bullet as caused his death struck him. I

tried to speak, but my tongue clove to the roof o' my mouth, and I couldn't get out a word. After lookin' at me steadfastly for a short time, the spirit says, in a hollow voice, 'You wonder what I'm a-come for, Proddy. I'll tell you. I want that ere torn han'kercher again. I must have it to-morrow night.'

"Oh dear! did he say so?" cried Mrs. Plumpton.

"Here's my half," screamed Mrs. Tipping; "I wouldn't keep it another minute for the world."

"And what happened next?" asked Fishwick.

"Nothin'," replied Proddy. "The happarition wanished."

"Why didn't you tell me this before?" asked Mrs. Plumpton, reproachfully.

"I didn't want to spoil the pleasure of the evenin'," answered Proddy; "besides, I thought midnight the fittest season for a ghost story."

As he spoke, the clock struck twelve, slowly and solemnly.

There was a deep silence. Each one looked round anxiously; and Mrs. Tipping whispered to Proddy, that she was sure the lights burned blue.

All at once, the ruffle of a drum was heard, proceeding apparently from the other end of the passage. Every one started, and the women with difficulty repressed a scream.

It was a strange, mysterious, hollow, death-like sound.

Rat-a-tat-a-tat-a-ra-ra!—Rat-a-tat-a-tat-a-ra-ra!

Then it stopped.

"Surely, my ears haven't deceived me?" cried Fishwick. "I heerd a drum."

"Oh, yes, I heerd it plain enough," returned Brumby, "and so did all the others."

"Oh, yes; we all heard it," they rejoined.

There was a pause for a few moments, during which no one spoke. Alarm and anxiety were depicted in every countenance.

Again the drum was heard, but more hollowly than before.

Rat-a-tat-a-tat-a-ra-ra!—Rat-a-tat-a-tat-a-ra-ra!

"It's the serjeant's call," cried Proddy. "I shall go to his room. Who will accompany me?"

There was no reply for a moment. At length Mrs. Plumpton got up, and answered—"I will."

"Don't be so wentersome!" cried Fishwick; "you don't know what you may see."

"I shall see *him*, and that will be sufficient," replied Mrs. Plumpton.

"I should like to go if I durst," said Mrs. Tipping, her curiosity getting the better of her fears; "but I'm sure I should faint."

"I'll take care of you," said Proddy.

"We'll all go," said Fishwick; "we'll see whether it really is a ghost!"

"Yes, we'll all go," rejoined the others.

At this moment the drum sounded for the third time, but so hollowly and dismally, that the hearers shrank back aghast.

Rat-a-tat-a-tat-a-ra-ra! Rat-a-tat-a-tat-a-ra-ra!

"Come away," cried Proddy, taking Mrs. Plumpton under one arm, and Mrs. Tipping under the other.

"Yes, we're all a-comin'," replied Fishwick, half-repenting his temerity.

Emboldened, however, by numbers, he followed Proddy and his companions down the passage. Parker and Madame Bimbelot brought up the rear, and the lady was so terrified that the butler found it necessary to pass his arm round her waist to support her, though his own apprehension did not prevent him from stealing a kiss—an impropriety which escaped the notice of her husband, no lights having been brought with them. All was silent, for the beating of the drum had ceased. Arrived at the door of the den, Proddy paused before it. It was a thrilling moment, and Mrs. Tipping declared she was ready to faint.

After a brief delay, the door was thrown open, and a cry of terror was raised by all the spectators, as they beheld the serjeant at the end of the room. There he stood, erect as in life, in his full regimentals, with his three-cornered hat on his head, his sword by his side, and a drum-stick in either hand. Before him, on his three-legged stool, was his drum. The black patch was still visible on his nose, so was the other on his forehead. A lamp, placed out of sight in a corner, threw a ghastly green glimmer upon his face, which had been whitened with pipe-clay.

At the sight of this frightful spectre, a universal cry of alarm was raised by the beholders. Mrs. Tipping screamed aloud, and threw herself into the arms of the coachman, while Madame Bimbelot sank into those of Parker, who carried her off, as fast as he could, to the servants' hall.

Amid this terror and confusion, the spectre struck the drum.

Rat-a-tat!

"What d'ye want?" demanded Proddy.

Rat-a-tat-a-r-r-r-r-a!

"What d'ye want, I say?" repeated Proddy, as the hollow ruffle died away.

"My han'kercher," answered the ghost in a sepulchral tone.

"Here's my half," said Mrs. Plumpton.

"Give him mine," murmured Mrs. Tipping to Proddy.

"You must give it yourself," replied the coachman; "the sperrit wont take it from any other hand."

"I da-r-r-r-arent," she rejoined.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Plumpton had advanced slowly and tremblingly, and holding out the fragment of the handkerchief. When she came within reach, the ghost stretched out its arms, and folded her to its breast.

"He's alive!" exclaimed Mrs. Plumpton; "alive!" And she became insensible.

"Halloa, Proddy!" shouted Scales, in most unspiritual tones; "she has fainted. Some water—quick!"

"Why, what the devil's the meaning o' this?" cried Fishwick. "Are you alive, serjeant?"

"Alive?—to be sure I am," he replied. "But stand aside for a moment. You shall have a full explanation presently."

And hurrying off with his burthen, he was followed by most of the spectators, who could scarcely credit their senses.

"Oh! good gracious, Mr. Proddy," cried Mrs. Tipping, who had remained behind with the coachman. "Is the serjeant come to life again?"

"He has never been dead at all," replied Proddy.

"Not dead!" echoed Mrs. Tipping. "Oh! then let's go after 'em immediately." And she flew to the servants' hall, where she found the others crowding round the serjeant and Mrs. Plumpton.

A little water sprinkled in the housekeeper's face revived her. As she opened her eyes, she gazed fondly and inquiringly at the serjeant.

"I see how it is," she murmured; "you have played me this trick to try my fidelity."

"At all events, it has quite satisfied me of it," replied Scales, pressing her to his heart. "I'll tell you how I recovered from my wound, which at first was supposed mortal, anon. At present, I shall only say that I have quitted the service—that my noble master has promised to provide for me—that I mean to take a wife—and that wife, if you will have me, shall be yourself. How say you?"

She buried her face in his bosom.

"Serjeant!" exclaimed Mrs. Tipping, reproachfully.

"You're too late," said Proddy, detaining her. "Since you've come to the resolution of marryin', I can't do better than follow your example; and since you've at last made a choice, the only difficulty I had is removed. Mrs. Tipping, have you any objection to become Mrs. Proddy?"

"None in the world," she replied; "on the contrary, it will give me a great deal of pleasure."

"Then we'll be married at the same time as our friends," said the coachman.

"And that'll be the day after to-morrow," cried Scales; "I can't delay my happiness any longer."

"Pray accept my best compliments and congratulations, mon cher sergent," said Bimbelot, stepping forward.

"And mine, too, mon brave sergent," added Sauvageon, advancing.

"I had an account to settle with you, gentlemen," said Scales, stiffly; "but I'm too happy to think of it."

"Oh! pray don't trouble yourself," replied Bimbelot. "Allow

me to present Madame Bimbelot. Angelique, ma chère, où es tu?"

"Madame's too much engaged with Mr. Parker to attend to you," replied Proddy.

"So it seems," said Bimbelot, with a disconcerted look.

At this moment, the door suddenly opened, and two tall men, of stern appearance, with great-coats buttoned to the throat, pistols in their belts, and hangers at their sides, entered without ceremony. They were followed by an elderly man in a clerical cassock, and a female about the same age.

"Hippolyte Bimbelot," said one of the men, advancing, "and you, Achille Sauvageon, we arrest you of high treason in the queen's name. Here is our warrant."

"Arrêté!" exclaimed Bimbelot, in extremity of terror. "Oh, mon Dieu! what for?"

"You are accused of treasonable correspondence with France," replied the messenger. "Come along. We have a coach outside. We learnt at your lodgings that you were here."

"Ma pauvre femme!" cried Bimbelot; "vat vill become of her if I'm taken to prison!"

"Don't be uneasy about her—I'll take care of her," rejoined Parker.

"Here are two of her relations, who wanted to see her, so we brought 'em with us," said the messenger.

"Jelly!" cried the elderly lady, rushing forward, "don't you know me—don't you know your poor distracted father?"

"What, mamma, is it you?" cried Madame Bimbelot. "Well, this is purely strange."

"I meant to scold you severely," cried Mrs. Hyde, embracing her, and shedding tears, "but I find I cannot."

"Come along," said the messenger, laying hold of Bimbelot's shoulder. "We can't wait here any longer."

"Eh bien, I sall go!" replied Bimbelot; "but you'll find yourself in de wrong box, bientôt. Mr. Harley vill take up my case."

"Why, it's by Mr. Harley's order you are arrested," rejoined the messenger, with a brutal laugh.

"Oh dear, it's all over vid us," groaned Bimbelot. "Ve sall be hang, like de pauvre Greg."

"Most likely," replied the messenger. "Come along." And he dragged forth Bimbelot, while his companion led out Sauvageon.

As this was passing, Angelica threw herself at her father's feet, and, with tears in her eyes, implored his forgiveness.

"I will forgive you, my child," he said, "and grant you my blessing, on one condition," namely, that you return with us into the country at once. The Essex wagon starts from the 'George,' Shoreditch, at three o'clock to-morrow morning. Will you go by it?"

"Willingly,, father," she replied, rising; "willingly. I have not known a day's real contentment since I left your roof."

"Then you shall have my blessing," cried her father, extending his arms over her.

"And mine, too," added her mother.

And fearing if they tarried longer that her resolution might change, they took a hasty leave of the company, and hurried to the George, from whence they left for Essex, in the wagon, about two hours afterwards.

Angelica, it may be added, became a totally changed person. The former fine lady would not have been recognised in the hard-working, plainly-dressed woman, who was to be seen, ere a month had elapsed, actively employed in her daily duties in Mr. Hyde's humble dwelling.

The day but one after this eventful evening two couples were married at Saint James's Church. They were Serjeant Scales and Mrs. Plumpton—Proddy and Mrs. Tipping. Both unions turned out happily, though Mrs. Proddy became a widow, two years afterwards—her husband dying of apoplexy, about a week before the decease of his royal mistress. The serjeant was appointed superintendent of the gardens at Blenheim, and had a pretty cottage allotted him by his noble master, which was charmingly kept by his wife, who made him a most excellent and affectionate helpmate. And here they both passed many happy years, enlivened occasionally by a visit from Mrs. Proddy.

TWO POEMS BY FRIEDRICH VON SALLET.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN, BY JOHN OXENFORD.

I.

THE GIANT'S DEATH.

ALONG the earth a noble giant stalks,
Bathing his proud head in the deep blue sky;
The ant and mole are lab'ring where he walks;
He heeds them not—his glance is fix'd on high.

He thinks the stars his daring hand invite,
With such high majesty they meet his gaze;
And he would twine them to a wreath of light,
Which from his head should dart afar its rays.

Heav'n* smiles, as it perceives his bold intent,
And says,—“Ah, long ago the law was made,
That thou, who in the herb find'st nourishment,
My garden of bright stars should'st ne'er invade.”

The giant lifts his arm—his hand will close
Upon the nearest star-flow'r—no, not yet!
He finds, while on his way he blindly goes,
His feet already in the soil are wet.

He heeds it not—besotted with his pride,
Higher he reaches, but he sinks more deep;
The heavy soil impedes that giant-stride—
Blood-sucking reptiles round his body creep.

* “Der alte Gott,” altered for an obvious reason.—J. O.

He strives for liberty with all his might—
 He stamps upon the earth, and still sinks in;
 The more he struggles, worse becomes his plight,
 The mud and water cover o'er his chin.

The uninvaded stars above him smile,
 But now to look on them he has forgot;
 The ant and mole in humble safety toil,—
 How willingly would he accept their lot!

'Tis all in vain!—The giant meets his death—
 The dread eternal law has spoke his doom;
 He who from stars would twine himself a wreath,
 In the foul mud of earth has found a tomb.

II.

THE COMET.

ONCE in my path a lovely star I shone,
 While mighty harmonies were rolling round,
 To the vast hymn I join'd my humble tone,
 Happy, that even I was bless'd with sound.

When hymns were thunder'd forth, when all was still,
 When order ruled, when, wild, I rush'd along;
 There woke in me at last a godless will,
 And the world's music seem'd a paltry song—

A childish lay,* become quite weak and old—
 A ditty, fashion'd by some feeble brain;
 And I—within whose heart new music roll'd—
 Should I toil on to such a homely strain?

Resolved to bear this weary state no more,
 I snatch'd myself away with reckless force;
 The adamantine bonds of order tore,
 That I might choose my own—my glorious course!

Ah, from that peaceful stream of music torn,
 The very sense of self has pass'd away;
 Through the still vault of heav'n thus wildly borne—
 A maniac, with dishevell'd hair, I stray.

A nobler song, how vainly I essay'd!
 Harshly upon the planets' hymn I break;
 Only for Him, by whom they all were made,
 Will the world-organ in sweet music speak,

Would I were once more in my bounded sphere!
 But by that fault to endless doom I rush'd,
 And now I reel along, in constant fear,
 Lest, by my shock, some planet should be crush'd.

Forth from my bosom flows a burning stream,
 As I am through the world, loud-yelling, tost;
 It breaks to streaks of light, that wildly gleam,
 Would it were in the floods of ether lost!

* I give the original of this verse, to shew the modifications which have been made:—

“Der alte Gott schien kindisch und voll Schwäche,
 Sein himlos Lieblingsliedlein abzuklimperm
 Und ich—im Busen frische Liederbäche,
 Soll mit am altersschwachen Biertakt stümpern?”

The reasons for the alteration must be evident to all who can read the verse.—J. O.

MR. W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH'S TRAVELS IN THE
TRACK OF THE TEN THOUSAND GREEKS.*

THE *Anabasis* of Xenophon is not only known to all scholars as the choicest piece of ancient military history extant, but the profound interest and exceeding beauty of the narrative, have been themes of applause for centuries. The chief episodes of the Advance, are the collecting of the troops in Asia Minor, the pass of the Cilician and Syrian gates, the descent by the great river Euphrates, and the battle delivered by Artaxerxes, which terminated in the overthrow and death of Cyrus. The retreat by Opis and by the valley of the Tigris, of the Ten Thousand Greeks, treacherously misled, harassed, and assailed by the surrounding Persian and Babylonian hosts; the wonderful and unexampled forcing of the passes of Taurus, defended by a hardy and warlike race of mountaineer Kurds; the long and devious wanderings over the snow-clad uplands of Armenia; the final arrival at Trebizond, and return by the coast of the Black Sea, constitute the points of prominent interest in a retreat which has been designated, on all hands, as the most splendid of all the military events recorded in ancient history.

But at the same time, from the very nature of these events, it was essential to the perfect understanding of this remarkable narrative, to be able to follow the movements made by the Grecian warriors, and appreciate the difficulties surmounted by their endurance, that accurate delineations of territory and places should be given, and a correct knowledge of the geography of the country be obtained. In the case of so important a work as that of Xenophon, this want has been endeavoured to be supplied by a number of cabinet geographers; but naturally, unsuccessfully, as the materials for such an inquiry were not in existence.

By the advantages which belonged to Mr. Francis Ainsworth, in having accompanied the Euphrates Expedition during its first navigation of that great river—having explored various parts of Asia Minor, under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society—and in having been the first traveller in modern times, who succeeded in attaining the uplands of Armenia, by the same rude and well-defended passes of Kurdistan, which were the scene of the oft-repeated combats delivered by the Greeks,—he has been enabled to accomplish much towards this point. Out of a journey estimated by the historian at three thousand four hundred and sixty-five miles, there is not above six hundred miles that Mr. Francis Ainsworth has not personally explored.

In such a long tract of country it is impossible that every identification made can be quite perfect and satisfactory; but the best materials for arriving at such a result are now first presented to the admirers of Xenophon, and Mr. Francis Ainsworth's work henceforth will inevitably form the starting point from which any future commentaries must emanate, while it gives the value of place and spot to a work that has immortalized its author.

* *Travels in the Track of the Ten Thousand Greeks; being a Geographical and Descriptive Account of the Expedition of Cyrus, and of the Retreat of the Ten Thousand Greeks, as related by Xenophon.* By W. Francis Ainsworth, Esq. John W. Parker, London.